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THE

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A MONTHLY REVIEW.

VOL. XXX.

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MARCH 1918.

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NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

No. 3—March, 1918.

THE REVISED ENGLISH BIBLE.

The Bible is the text of the Christian religion. It is a collective book or collection of writings of the Old and the New Testaments. The Hebrews call it *Mikra*, signifying lesson or lecture. It is the foundation of both the Jewish and the Christian religions, with the difference that, while the Jews accept the Old, the Christians prefer the New, Testament. The collection is ascribed to Ezra. It was he, who, after the return of the Jews from the Babylonish captivity, restored and published their scriptures. He collected copies of the sacred writings; corrected the errors of negligence or mistakes of transcribers; gave a proper order to the books, settling the cannon of scripture for his time. He wrote in the Chaldee character, the language adopted after the return. It is, probably, for this that the Jews regard Ezra as their legislator next to Moses. Ezra divided the books into three parts: 1 The Law; 2 the Prophets; 3 the Cetubim or Hagiographia, that is, the holy writings. In mentioning this division, Josephus says:

"We have only twenty-two books, which we believe to be of divine authority; of which, five are the books of Moses. From the death of Moses to the reign of Artaxerxes, the son of Xerxes, King of Persia, the prophets who succeeded Moses, have written in thirteen books. The remaining four books contain hymns to God and moral precepts for the conduct of life."

Twenty-two is the number in the Hebrew alphabet, beginning with Aleph and ending with Tau.

The word 'Bible,' from the Greek 'biblia,' means 'books.' It does not occur in any of the Testaments. It is the name "given in the fifth century by Chrysostom to the collection of sixty-six writings which are recognized by Christians as divine, of which thirty-nine are in the Old Testament and twenty-seven in the New Testament. To these sixty-six are sometimes joined about fourteen apocryphal writings, so that the total number amounts to about eighty." (*N. C.*)

In English, as now understood, the Bible is the Book, or the best book. Still, to preserve its distinction or eminence, it is always published as the Holy Bible. Besides, it is the book of the English language of the time. It is an important part of English literature. To well understand the English language, one must be familiar with the English Bible.

This Bible is a translation from the Hebrew and Greek. The Septuagint (LXX) is the Greek version of the Old Testament including the Apocrypha. It is said to have been made about 270 B.C., by seventy or seventy-two translators.

The date of the earliest English translation of both the Testaments is 1357. It was by John de Trevisa, a secular priest, at the request of Thomas Lord Berkley. This version is doubted. The first Englisher is accepted to be the English divine John Wycliffe, "the morning star of the Reformation." He was born about 1324 or 1325, and died on the 31st December, 1384. He had attacked the abuses in the Church and then declared that it would be better without pope or prelate. He denied the priestly power of absolution, and the whole system of enforced confession, of penances and indulgence. "Up to this time his works had been written in Latin; he now appealed to the people in their own language, and by issuing popular tracts became the first English prose writer. He organized a body of itinerant preachers, his 'poor priests', who spread his doctrine widely through the country, and began his translation of the Bible, of which there was no complete English version. The work was carried through rapidly, and widely circulated. He entered upon more dangerous ground when in 1830 he assailed the central dogma of transubstantiation. A convocation of doctors at Oxford condemned his thesis; he appealed without success to the King. In 1832 Archbishop Courtenay convoked a Council and condemned Wycliffite opinions. Wycliffe's followers were arrested and all compelled to recant; but for some unknown reason he himself was not judged." For his heresy in life, forty years after his death, the Council of Constance condemned some 45 articles of his writings and passed sentence. Accordingly, in 1428, his bones were dug up, burnt and cast into the Swift."

The next great stage was the William Tyndale's version. Wycliffe's was a translation from the Latin Vulgate. Tyndale preferred the original, Hebr ew. Both the translation and the translator were strangled. The preamble of 35 Henry VIII. C, 1. (1542) says :

" Many seditious and ignorant people had abused the liberty granted them for reading the Bible, and that great diversity of opinions, animosities, tumults, and schisms had been occasioned by perverting the sense of the scripture. To remove the mischiefs arising from hence, it is enacted, that a certain form of orthodox doctrine be set forth, as a standard of belief, and that Tindal's false translation of the Old and New Testament—be suppressed and forbidden to be read in any of the King's dominions."

Yet, Tyndale is said to be—the patriarch, in no remote ancestry, of the Authorized Version. With a consistent, unswerving purpose, he devoted his whole life to this one work ; and through dangers and difficulties, and enemies and treacherous friends, in exile and loneliness, accomplished it. More than Cranmer or Ridley he is the true hero of the English Reformation.

In 1535, Tyndale was seized through the treachery of one Henry Philips. He lay sixteen months in the castle of Vilvorde, was tried in 1536, and, on 6th October, was first strangled, then burnt.

If the ecclesiastical autho rities opposed the popular knowledge of the Bible, to them also is attributable the remarkable fact that, though the art of printing was introduced into England in or about 1474, yet no English Bible or Testament was prin ted till 1526, and then at a foreign press.

The Bible read in the Churches was the Bishops Bible. It came out in the reign of Queen Elizabeth (1568). It was the work of several of that order.

That now read, by authority, in all the Churches of England, is what is called King James' Bible. In the second year (1604) of James I, it was resolved at the Conference held at Hampton Court, to make a new translation. It was entrusted to 47. Begun in 1604, it was completed, seven years after, in 1611. This is the Authorized Version. Another correction was begun in 1870 and completed in

1881. The last is the result of both English and American labour and study. This is the Revised Version. It has yet to supersede the Authorized Version, which still holds its ground. The Geneva Version (1560) had for some time general acceptance against the Authorized. That version was the favourite of the great Puritan party through the whole reign of Elizabeth and far into that of James. It had many conveniences and was the first to entirely omit the Apocrypha.

The Revision, which awaits adoption as the present best, has many changes—by correction, alteration, marginal explanations, omission, or otherwise. It, however, does not extend to the headings of chapters and pages, for, the revisers say, in the Preface to the Revised New Testament, it "would have involved so much of indirect, and indeed frequently of direct interpretation, that we judged it best to omit them altogether."

Regarding the translation, they remark in the same Preface:

"The alterations which we have made in the Authorized Version may be roughly grouped in five principal classes. First, alterations positively required by change of reading in the Greek text. Secondly, alterations made where the Authorized Version appeared either to be incorrect, or to have chosen the less probable of two possible renderings. Thirdly, alterations of obscure or ambiguous renderings into such as are clear and express in their import. ...Fourthly, alterations of the Authorized Version in cases where it was inconsistent with itself in the rendering of two or more passages confessedly alike or parallel. Fifthly, alterations rendered necessary by *consequence*, that is, arising out of changes already made, though not in themselves required by the general rule of faithfulness."

For specimens, take the two following:

A. V., Luke ii. 14 reads:

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

The R. V. drops "good will' and limits peace to one favoured class, thus:

"Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth peace among men in whom he is well pleased."

In A, V., Luke xi, the form of prayer is;

"2 Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done as in heaven, so in earth.

3 Give us day by day our daily bread.

4 And forgive us our sins; for we also forgive every one that is indebted to us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil."

That prayer is revised into:

"2 Father, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. 3 Give us day by day our daily bread. 4 And forgive us our sins; for we ourselves also forgive every one that is indebted to us. And bring us not into temptation."

Here, two important particulars are left out, such as, Father's will in earth as in heaven, and Deliverance from evil. The Revision omits twenty words, adds one and alters one.

The American Committee recommended, for the New Testament, the uniform adoption of 'Holy Spirit' for the old rendering 'Holy Ghost.' Accordingly, perhaps, it is marginally noted against 'Holy Ghost' first occurring in Matthew, i, 18,—"*Or* Holy Spirit: and so throughout this book." 'Holy Ghost' or 'Holy Spirit' is the spirit of God or the third person of the Trinity. 'Ghost' by itself may be the principle of life as in *give up the ghost*, die. 'Spirit' may be disembodied soul, incorporeal being. The phrase *give up* or *yield up the ghost* occurs in all the four Gospels when relating the end of Jesus on the cross, In two, the first and the last, Matt, xxvii, 50 and John xix 30, 'the ghost' is corrected into 'his spirit,' retaining the old rendering 'the ghost' in Mark xv 37 and Luke xxiii, 46.

The Revisers explain the change of the neuter possessive pronoun from 'his' to 'its', thus:

"It is well known that 'its' does not occur in the Bible of 1611, and it does not appear to have been introduced into any edition before 1660. But it is found ten times in Shakespeare, and there is other evidence to shew that at the time of the Authorized Version it was coming into use. It was found necessary in some cases to substitute 'its' for 'his' in order to avoid obscurity, and there seemed no good reason, when it was once introduced, for refusing to admit it generally when it referred to purely inanimate objects."
—Preface to the Revised Old Testament.

'Its' would be formerly written with the possessive sign as *it's*.

They have abandoned the headings of chapters and with them the head-lines of pages.

'I am the Alpha and the Omega, the first and the last, the beginning and the end.' is the revised rendering of Revelation, xxii. 13. It is the same as in A. V. with the addition of 'the' before 'Alpha' and 'Omega' and change of places between 'the beginning and the end' and 'the first and the last.' One would expect that, in an English rendering, the letters of the English alphabet would be named and not the Greek or the Hebrew. But the Greek is inseparable from the English Bible. Then, in spelling, 'judgement' with an additional *e* is preferred to 'judgment' with only one *e*.

An error almost perpetuated by the A. V. has been rectified by the R. V. The old rendering of Matt. xxiii, 24—'Ye blind guides, which strain *at* a gnat, and swallow a camel' has been made—'Ye blind guides, which strain *out* the gnat, and swallow the camel.' It was long feared that 'strain at' was a typographical error, since the translations before the A. V. had 'strain out,' from the Greek word signifying 'to strain through (a sieve etc.), to filter. Typographical mistakes have given special names to the Bible. Thus, the Breeches Bible, so called because Gen. iii. 7 was rendered, "the eyes of them bothe were opened...and they sewed fig-tree leaves together, and made themselves breeches" (aprons or girdles). Then, the Vinegar Bible, so called from the heading to Luke xx given as "The Parable of the Vinegar" (Vineyard). The worst was The Wicked Bible, wherein the seventh commandment was made (by omission of the word *not*) a permission instead of a prohibition. The printers, however, "were summoned before the Court of High Commission, aud this *not* served to bind them in a fine of three thousand pounds."

There have been other *corrupting* and even *corrupt* Bibles. Instances are to be found in D'israeli's *Curiosities of Literature.* In the article 'The Pearl Bible, and Six Thousand Errata,' speaking of the extraordinary state of the English Bibles, 'which were for some time suffered to be so corrupted that no books ever yet swarmed with such innumerable errata,' he explains:

"These errata unquestionably were in great part voluntary commissions, passages interpolated and meanings forged for certain purposes; sometimes to sanction the new creed of a half-hatched sect, and sometimes with an intention to destroy all scriptural authority by a confusion, or an omission of texts—the whole was left open to the option or malignity of the editors, who, probably, like certain ingenious wine merchants, contrived to accommodate 'the waters of life' to their customers' peculiar taste. They had also a project of printing Bibles as cheaply and in form as contracted as they possibly could for the common people; and they proceeded till it nearly ended with having no Bible at all: and, as Fuller, in his 'Mixt Contemplations on better Times,' alluding to this circumstance, with not one of his lucky quibbles, observes, 'The *small price* of the Bible hath caused the *small prizing* of the Bible.'...A large impression of these Dutch English Bibles were burnt by order of the Assembly of Divines, for these *three errors*:—

Gen. xxxvi, 24.—This is that *ass* that found rulers in the wilderness—for *mule.*

Ruth iv, 13—The Lord gave her *corruption*—for *conception.*

Luke xxi, 28.—Look up, and lift up your hands, for your *condemnation* draweth nigh—for *redemption.*

These errata were none of the printers; but, as a writer of the times expresses it, 'egregious blasphemies, and damnable errata' of some sectarian, or some Bellamy editor of that day!"

In the Revised Bible of the present day, the *mule* of the first (Genesis) quotation gives way to *hot spring* and the *ass* remains. That verse 24 now reads:

"And these are the children of Zibeon; Ajah and Anah: this is Anah who found [*not* the mules *but*] the hot springs in the wilderness, as he fed the asses of Zibeon his father."

The Pearl Bible, so called from the size of its printing type and diminutive form of a twenty-fours, is set off by many notable *errata,* of which these are noticed:—

Romans vi, 13.—Neither yield ye your members as instruments of *righteousness* unto sin—for *unrighteousness.*

First Corinthians vi 9.—Know ye not that the unrighteous *shall inherit* the kingdom of God?—for *shall not inherit.*

The Pearl Bible was printed by Field in 1653. Says D'israeli—

"This Field was a great forger; and it is said that he received a present of 1,500*l.* from the *independents* to corrupt a text in Acts vi. 3, to sanction the right of the people to appoint their own pastors. The corruption was the easiest possible; it was only to put a *ye* instead of a *we*; so that the right in Field's Bible emanated from the people, not from the apostles. The only account I recollect of this extraordinary state of our Bibles is a happy allusion in a line of Butler:—

> Religion spawn'd a various rout
> Of petulant, capricious sects,
> The maggots of corrupted texts."

In that article on the Bible, the expression 'chapter and verse' is suspected to have—originated in the puritanic period, probably just before the civil wars under Charles the First, from the frequent use of appealing to the Bible on the most frivolous occasions, practised by those whom South calls 'those mighty men at *chapter and verse*.'

Every Boer telegram in the Boer war would have a quotation from the Bible.

The Jews called the ten commandments, the ten words. Hence, their name of Decalogue. They, however, joined the first and second into one, and divided the last into two. This was, perhaps, authority for the Church of Rome to omit the second commandment and retain the complete number by dividing the last into two. There is like omission and division in I John, v. 7-8 of the Revised English Bible.

The Christians of the East as of the West had their translations of the Bible. It is, however, significant to read :—"The first and most antient translation of the Bible, in the German language, is that of Ulphilas, bishop of the Goths, about the year 360. This bishop left out the books of *Kings* which treat chiefly of war, lest it should too much encourage the martial humour of the Goths."

Inspite of this priestly precaution, Germany attained the height of militarism to bring on the world war. The home of the Reformation, equally with the Church in the 16th century, Germany reforms the State in the 20th. Its Five Years' War (August 1914 to November 1918) has ended autocracy in Europe, resulting in democratization of the Christian States, great and small. The rule is over of, in the language of Shakespeare, "an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar, and Pheezar."

J. C. DUTT.

EUGENICS IN HINDU SCRIPTURES.

Eugenics has come to stay. It is already looked upon as a science, though quite in its infancy. Many eminent men of culture are now engaged in unravelling the crop of intricated problems it has given rise to. The genius of Sir Frances Galton, a renowned scientist and original thinker, rescued Eugenics from the debris of past ages and found for it a place among the nascent sciences. Plato and Aristotle it is true, thought seriously how to improve the Hellenic race. What Plato said in his "Republic" and "Laws" about the betterment of the human race still arrests the attention of modern thinkers. They all marvel at the shrewdness of his observations—the more so, as he lived in old Greece, many centuries back, long before the birth of Christ. Aristotle in his "Politics" discussed Eugenics no less sapiently. Human thought brooks no bar—as years roll on, thinkers of the highest calibre arise under circumstances quite unexpected. Gregor Johann Mendel, an Austrian monk and a contemporary of Sir Francis Galton (they were both born in the year 1822) experimented in his lonely cell on the hybridisation of animals and plants. His experiments and inferences have a direct bearing on heredity, a burning question in Eugenics. In short, both Sir Francis Galton, by his statistical summarisation of facts and the monk Mendel by his experimental hybridisation of animals and plants started Eugenics on a useful and eventful career. Many distinguished Scientists and Mathematicians have followed in their wake (Sir Archdale Reid, Professor Karl Pearson and others). But it is not my intention to dwell on what success Eugenics has already achieved or its potential utility in the near future.

It has occurred to me that in the remote past, it was not Greece alone which divagated into Eugenics, but India too worked, with conspicuous success, in the same direction. For the betterment of the Aryan race—at any rate of the branch which conquered and settled in ancernt India—Hindu legislators and lawgivers strove hard. This is what I want to establish by reference to the institutes of old Indian Sages. Law, morality and statecraft are all compressed into them. In short, one would find there all that the Indian Society, in its pristine phase of development, may have required.

I think I may, at the outset, lay the institutes of Manu under contribution. They enjoy a world-wide reputation and occupy, without doubt, the highest place among Hindu Scriptures. No student of comparative jurisprudence can, to be sure, do without them.

"গুরুণামনুমতঃ স্নাত্বা সমাবৃত্তো যথাবিধি ।
উদ্বহেত দ্বিজো ভার্য্যাং সবর্ণাং লক্ষণান্বিতাম্ ॥
অসপিণ্ডা চ যা মাতুরসগোত্রা চ যা পিতুঃ ।
সা প্রশস্তা দ্বিজাতীনাং দারকর্ম্মণি মৈথুনে ॥
মহান্ত্যপি সমৃদ্ধানি গোঽজাবিধনধান্যতঃ ।
স্ত্রীসম্বন্ধে দশৈতানি কুলানি পরিবর্জ্জয়েৎ ॥
হীনক্রিয়ং নিষ্পুরুষং নিশ্ছন্দো রোমসার্শসম্ ।
ক্ষয্যাময়াব্যপস্মারিশ্বিত্রিকুষ্ঠিকুলানি চ ॥
নোদ্বহেৎ কপিলাং কন্যাং নধিকাঙ্গীং ন রোগিণীম্ ।
নালোমিকাং নাতিলোমাং ন বাচাটাং ন পিঙ্গলাম্ ॥
নর্ক্ষবৃক্ষনদীনাম্নীং নান্ত্যপর্ব্বতনামিকাম্ ।
ন পক্ষ্যহিপ্রেষ্যনাম্নীং ন চ ভীষণনামিকাম্ ॥
অব্যঙ্গাঙ্গীং সৌম্যনাম্নীং হংসবারণগামিনীম্ ।
তনুলোমকেশদশনাং মৃদ্বঙ্গীমুদ্বহেৎ স্ত্রিয়ম্ ॥
যস্যাস্তু নভবেদ্ভ্রাতা ন বিজ্ঞায়েত যা পিতা ।
নোপযচ্ছেত তাং প্রাজ্ঞঃ পুত্রিকাধর্ম্মশঙ্কয়া ॥"

মনুসংহিতা, তৃতীয়োঽধ্যায়ঃ ।

"A scion of the twice-born class who has been allowed by his preceptor to return home, who has, as prescribed bathed and rejoined his family should take unto himself a wife who belongs to his class and bears auspicious marks on her person. A girl who offers no funeral cakes to one's maternal ancestors nor is born in his father's line is highly commendable for wedlock and cohabitation. The following ten families, however rich in cows, goats, sheep, grain and other wealth-producing articles should be studiously avoided, when selecting a wife :—Families in which the ordained sacraments are not duly observed, in which a large number of girls is born, in which *vedas* (the sacred books of the Hindus) are not studied, in which there are too many hairy girls, and in which many members are affected with piles or phthisis or indigestion or epilepsy or leucoderma or leprosy. None should marry a girl of darkred colour or one who has a larger number of limbs than usual or who suffers generally from one disease or other or who has markedly more or less hair on her person or who talks volubly and offensively or whose complexion is an odd mixture of blue and yellow. A girl who bears the name of either of the Bear constellations or of a tree or of a river or of a woman of the lowest rung (Chandals &c.) or of a mountain or of a bird or serpent or of a slave or whose name is frightfully repulsive should not be asked in marriage. One should marry a girl whose limbs are whole, whose name is sweet and pleasant, whose gait resembles that of a duck or an elephant, whose cutaneous hair locks and teeth are not superabundant and whose body is agreably soft. A reasonable man should not marry a girl who has no brother or whose father is unknown, as her adoption by her father or her being born out of wedlock might well be feared."

What is found in the institutes of other Sages may now well be referred to. The Sage Agni observes as follows :—

"ক্রয়ক্রীতা চ যা কন্যা পত্নী সা ন বিধীয়তে।
তস্যাং জাতাঃ সুতাস্তেষাং পিতৃপিণ্ডং ন বিদ্যতে ॥"

অত্রিসংহিতা।

"A girl actually bought off is, strictly speaking, no wife. Sons borne by her are not competent to offer funeral cakes to their father."

In the institutes of Bishnu one may find what follows :—

"ন সগোত্রাং ন সমানার্ষপ্রবরাং ভার্য্যাং বিন্দেত। মাতৃতস্ত্বাপঞ্চমাৎ পুরুষাৎ পিতৃতস্ত্বাসপ্তমাৎ। নকুলীনাম্। ন চ ব্যাধিতাম্। নাধিকাঙ্গীম্। ন হীনাঙ্গীম্। নাতিকপিলাম্। ন বাচাটাম্।"

বিষ্ণুসংহিতা, চতুর্বিংশোঽধ্যায়ঃ।

"One should not take unto himself as wife, a girl descended from his stock or from a Sage common to him and her. Nor should he marry a girl who is related to any of his ancestors, on his mother's side, up to the fifth degree or on his father's side, up to the seventh degree. Nor should he wed a girl unless she is born in a highly respectable family. A girl stricken with an incurable or obstinate disease should also be avoided. Nor is a girl who has more or less limbs than usual eligible. A girl pronouncedly of a darkred complexion is ineligible. Nor should a girl who talks volubly and abusively be selected as a wife.

The Sage Hareet tersely observes in a couple of verses what the other sages say more elaborately.

> "গৃহীতবেদাধ্যয়নঃ শ্রুতশাস্ত্রার্থতত্ত্ববিৎ ।
> অসমানার্ষগোত্রাং হি কন্যাং সভ্রাতৃকাং শুভাম্ ॥
> সর্ব্বাবয়বসম্পূর্ণাং সুবৃত্তামুদ্বহেন্নরঃ ।
> ব্রাহ্মেণ বিধিনা কুর্য্যাৎ প্রশস্তেন দ্বিজোত্তমঃ ॥"
>
> হারীতসংহিতা, চতুর্থোঽধ্যায়ঃ ।

"After having read the *vedas* and acquired the main truths of the *vedas* and other religious books, a superior member of the twice born class should marry according to approved *Bramha* rites a girl who is not of the same stock nor has a Sage common to both in their ancestry, who has a brother or brothers, who bears auspicious marks on her person, all whose limbs are whole and who is besides very well-behaved."

In ancient India eight different forms of marriage were prevalent of which the *Bramha* form was the most approved.

> "আচ্ছাদ্য চার্চ্চয়িত্বা চ শ্রুতশীলবতে স্বয়ম্ ।
> আহূয় দানং কন্যায়া ব্রাহ্মোধর্ম্মঃ প্রকীর্ত্তিতঃ ॥"
>
> মনুসংহিতা, তৃতীয়োঽধ্যায়ঃ ।

"To invite a man who is well-versed in the *vedas* and behaves properly and to bestow on him one's daughter, well-draped and bejewelled, is spoken of as the *Bramha* form of marriage—a form highly conducive to morality."

Hareet therefore enjoins, in clear terms, a marriage in this approved form. For my purposes, I do not think, it is necessary to refer to the less approved forms of marriage.

The well-known law-giver *Jajnavalkya* is also, on all material points, at one with the other Sages.

> "গুরবেতু বরং দত্ত্বা স্নায়ীত তদনুজ্ঞয়া ।
> বেদং ব্রতানি বা পারং নীত্বাপ্যুভয়মেব বা ॥
> অবিপ্লুতব্রহ্মচর্য্যো লক্ষণ্যাং স্ত্রিয়মুদ্বহেৎ ।
> অনন্যপূর্ব্বিকামসপিণ্ডাং যবীয়সীম্ ॥

অরোগিণীং ভ্রাতৃমতীমসমানার্ষগোত্রজাম্ ।
পঞ্চমাৎ সপ্তমাদূর্দ্ধং মাতৃতঃ পিতৃতস্তথা ॥
দশপুরুষবিখ্যাতাচ্ছ্রোত্রিয়াণাং মহাকুলাৎ ।
স্ফীতাদপি ন সঞ্চারিরোগদোষসমন্বিতাৎ ॥"

যাজ্ঞবল্ক্যসংহিতা, প্রথমোঽধ্যায়ঃ ।

"After having thoroughly studied the *vedas* or duly observed the austerities enjoined to students or done both, one whose pupilage has come to an end should make the usual parting gifts to his preceptor and bathe with his permission. He who has not anywise lapsed from the austerities prescribed for a pupil of the twice born class should, on returning home, marry a beautiful girl who is younger than himself, who was unbetrothed to any one before and who is not closely connected with him either on the father's or mother's side. She should besides be free from all diseases, have brothers, be descended from different Sages and stocks and removed five degrees from the mother's side and seven degrees from the father's. But none should marry a girl from an aristocratic family stricken with transmissible diseases, even though it has been celebrated for ten generations for *vedic* learning and is possessed of vast wealth."

The Sage Vyasa observes also much in the same strain :—

"এবং স্নাতকতাং প্রাপ্তো দ্বিতীয়াশ্রমকাঙ্ক্ষয়া ।
প্রতীক্ষেত বিবাহার্থমনিন্দ্যান্বয়সম্ভবাম্ ॥
অরোগাদুষ্টবংশোত্থামশুল্কদানদূষিতাম্ ।
সবর্ণামসমানার্ষামমাতৃপিতৃগোত্রজাম্ ॥
অনন্যপূর্ব্বিকাং লঘ্বীং শুভলক্ষণসংযুতাম্ ।
ধৃতাধোবসনাং গৌরীং বিখ্যাতদশপুরুষাম্ ॥
খ্যাতনাম্নঃ পুত্রবতঃ সদাচাররতঃ সতঃ ।
দাতুমিচ্ছোর্দুহিতরং প্রাপ্য ধর্ম্মেণ চোদ্বহেৎ ॥

ব্যাসসংহিতা, দ্বিতীয়োঽধ্যায়ঃ ।

"After having arrived at the stage of the duly bathed *i.e.* after having been discharged by the preceptor for returning home, one wishing to enter on the second division of life, should wait, with a view to matrimony, for a girl descended from a blameless line. She should besides come of a family unstricken with disease and devoid of all vileness. Nor should she be sullied by the payment of a price. She should moreover belong to the class the groom comes from and have no Sage common to both for an ancestor. Nor should she be descended from the parental lines of the youth who seeks her hand. The girl, in addition, must be one who was previously unaffianced or unbetrothed to any one, is of slender make, bears auspicious marks on her person, wears a lower garment (indicative of adolescence) is of fair complexion and has ten renowned ancestors. When the daughter of a virtuous person who has earned fame, is possessed of sons, and is besides willing to give her away is found, she should be married according to the approved rites,"

To turn to the Sage Sankha, He thus summarises his views :—

"বিন্দেত বিধিবদ্ভার্য্যামসমানার্ষগোত্রজাম্ ।
মাতৃতঃ পঞ্চমীঞ্চাপি পিতৃতস্তথ সপ্তমীম্ ॥"
শঙ্খসংহিতা, চতুর্থোঽধ্যায়ঃ ।

" One should take unto himself according to the prescribed rites, a wife who is not descended from his stock or from a well-known sage in his line. She should besides be removed more than the fifth degree from his mother's line and the seventh degree from his father's."

The Sage Katyayana expresses himself as follows :—

"অজাতব্যঞ্জনা লোম্নী ন তয়া সহ সংবিশেৎ ।
অযোগ্যা কাকবন্ধ্যায়া জাতা তাং ন বিবাহয়েৎ ॥"
কাত্যায়নসংহিতা, অষ্টাবিংশখণ্ডঃ ।

" None should unite himself with a hairy girl or with a girl whose sexual characteristics are not fully developed. A girl moreover born of a mother who conceived but once is unfit for marriage—her hand should not be asked for."

The passages, given below, are extracted from the institutes of the Sage Gautama :—

"গৃহস্থঃ সদৃশীং ভার্য্যাং বিন্দেতানন্যপূর্ব্বাং যবীয়সীম্ ।
অসমানপ্রবরৈর্ব্বিবাহ ঊর্দ্ধং সপ্তমাৎ পিতৃবন্ধুভ্যো।
বীজিনশ্চ মাতৃবন্ধুভ্যঃ পঞ্চমাৎ ।
গৌতমসংহিতা, চতুর্থোঽধ্যায়ঃ ।

" One who wishes to be a householder should marry a girl of his class, younger than himself and unaffianced to any other man previously. Marriage is proper where the girl does not come of a sage.

who occupies a prominent place in the pedigree of the young man and is besides not related to his paternal relations up to the seventh degree and his father's maternal relations up to the fifth degree."

The Sage Basistha declares that :—

"গৃহস্থো বিনীতক্রোধহর্ষো গুরুণানুজ্ঞাতঃ
স্নাত্বা অসমানার্ষামস্পৃষ্টমৈথুনাং যবীয়সীং
সদৃশীং ভার্য্যাং বিন্দেৎ। পঞ্চমীং
মাতৃবন্ধুভ্যঃ সপ্তমীং পিতৃবন্ধুভ্যঃ।"

বশিষ্ঠসংহিতা, অষ্টমোহধ্যায়ঃ।

" Having brought anger and pleasure under control, having been permitted by his preceptor, having bathed, a young man who wishes to be a householder, should marry a virgin girl who has not the same pedigree sage as his, who is younger than himself and who belongs to his class. He should besides be removed more than five degrees from his mother's relations and seven degrees from his father's."

To summarise. All the sages condemn in one voice consanguineous marriages. This points, in no small measure, to their foresight. Modern Eugenics also looks askance at consanguineous marriages. Mr. Edgar Schuster, a modern Exponent of Eugenics, circumspectly observes that "the latent character of cousins are much more likely to be similar than those of two unrelated persons, so it follows that on the whole it is safer for cousins not to intermarry." Diseased or deformed girls make no good wives in the opinion of the ancient Indian sages Modern Eugenics hesitates to pronounce a definite opinion on the subject. It is not a little puzzled to determine whether inheritance or infection—whether "nature" or "nurture"—plays the dominant rôle. Hindu scriptures disapprove in very clear terms, selection of girls from illiterate or inconsequential families or from families afflicted with transmissible diseases. Nor do they countenance union with girls actually bought off or of doubtful origin. Their objection, it seems, is broad-based on the principle of heredity. It, no doubt, looms large in modern Eugenics and all ardent workers are striving hard to tackle it. The Mendelian theory is now in the crucible. To all serious students however it seems, to have struck a deep root. Be that as it may, the Indian sages obviously attached the utmost weight to heredity. A girl who has no brother or is born in a family where there is a conspicuous paucity of boys or male children is also condemned by them. Nor should a girl, they think, whose mother has had no other children than her, be taken as a wife. Those who are now engaged in Eugenic researches would tell us some day, it is hoped, whether these restrictions have a grain of scientific truth in them or not. There is another point insisted on by some of the sages. The girl must be younger in age than her would-be husband. Whether a husband younger than the wife is likely to beget less hardy or less intelligent children than if he were older calls for a searching inquiry. I think the Eugenists may well consider what should be the respective ages of the parties seeking union—whether the husband must needs always be older than the wife. Common sense suggests that as girls develop faster than boys, the husband should invariably be older than the wife. But whether equality of ages or disparity of years has any baneful influence on the children or not may carefully be considered by all who take an intelligent interest in Eugenics. The great sage Manu himself is of opinion that a young man of thirty should marry a girl aged twelve and a young man of twenty a girl aged eight.

ত্রিংশদ্বর্ষো বহেৎ কন্যাং হৃদ্যাং দ্বাদশবার্ষিকীম্ ।
ত্র্যষ্টবর্ষোঽষ্টবর্ষাং বা ধর্ম্মে সীদতি সত্বরঃ ॥
মনুসংহিতা, নবমোঽধ্যায়ঃ ।

" A young man aged thirty may marry a lovely girl of twelve and a young man aged twenty-four a comely girl of eight. He may however marry earlier, if a slackness in the observance of the laws of duty is noticed."

It is sufficiently clear from the verse quoted that there should, in the opinion of Manu, be an appreciable difference of age between the pair mated—the wife should be much younger than the husband. Some of the lawgivers observe that the girl married should be a virgin and unaffianced to any one before. Whether these reflections have a Eugenic value or not, modern scientists will do well to carefully consider. But if *telegony* finds a permanent place in Eugenics, virgins alone will not be specialised for matrimonial purposes. Lastly the Indian sages direct all young men to marry into their own classes. Intermarriage between the different classes was tolerated by them *nolens volens*. Such marriages, it seems, obtained more or less in ancient India and the sages were obliged to recognise them much against their will. I shall now attempt to present within a small compass their views on it.

The following verses are found in the institutes of Manu:—

সর্ব্বাগ্রে দ্বিজাতীনাং প্রশস্তা দারকর্ম্মণি ।
কামতস্তু প্রবৃত্তানামিমাঃ স্যুঃ ক্রমশো বরাঃ ॥
শূদ্রৈব ভার্য্যা শূদ্রস্য সা চ স্বা চ বিশঃ স্মৃতে ।
তে চ স্বা চৈব রাজ্ঞঃ স্যুস্তাশ্চ স্বা চাগ্রজন্মনঃ ॥
ন ব্রাহ্মণক্ষত্রিয়য়োরাপাস্থপি হি তিষ্ঠতোঃ ।
কস্মিংশ্চিদপি বৃত্তান্তে শূদ্রা ভার্য্যোপদিশ্যতে ॥
হীনজাতিস্ত্রিয়ং মোহাদুদ্বহন্তো দ্বিজাতয়ঃ ।
কুলান্যেব নয়ন্ত্যাশু সসন্তানানি শূদ্রতাম্ ॥
শূদ্রাবেদী পতত্যত্রেরুতথ্যতনয়স্য চ ।
সৌনকস্য সুতোৎপত্ত্যা তদপত্যতয়া ভৃগোঃ ॥
শূদ্রাং শয়নমারোপ্য ব্রাহ্মণো যাত্যধোগতিম্ ।
জনয়িত্বা সুতং তস্যাং ব্রাহ্মণ্যাদেব হীয়তে ॥”
মনুসংহিতা, তৃতীয়োঽধ্যায়ঃ ।

"In the case of the twice-born classes, a girl belonging to the same class as the groom, is preferable far and away for matrimonial purposes. Those who marry to satisfy lust only, the girls mentioned below are preferable in the order of narration. A girl of the Sudra class is a suitable match for a young man of her class. For a youth of the *Vaisya* class, a *Sudra* girl or a girl of his own class may be a suitable wife. A groom of the Kshatriya class may seek the hand of a *Sudra* or *Vaisya* or *Kshatriya* girl. A Bramhin youth may marry a girl from all these classes and a Bramhin maiden too. In no narrative has there been a mention of a Sudra wife of a Brahmin or Kshatriya, even under highly distressing circumstances. If those who belong to the twice-born classes marry through infatuation girls of the lower order, they soon reduce their families, together with their issues, to the level of a *Sudra*. According to Atri and Gautam (son of Utathya), one of the twice-born class, no sooner he marries a *Sudra* girl, than he lapses into the class of fallen and degraded men. Saunak opines that as soon as he begets a son he becomes a fallen outcast. Bhrigu however is of opinion that when the son of a *Sudra* woman by a father of the twice-born class begets a son himself, the husband of the *Sudra* woman enters for good the class of the fallen and the ostracised. A Bramhin when he allows a *Sudra* woman to share his bed, brings on himself obloquy and ignominy. But he divests himself of all the qualities of a Bramhin when the *Sudra* woman bears a child to him."

The Sage Bishnu says as follows :—

"সমানবর্ণাস্থ পুত্রাঃ সবর্ণা ভবন্তি।
অনুলোমাস্থ মাতৃবর্ণাঃ।
প্রতিলোমাস্বার্য্যবিগর্হিতা।"
বিষ্ণুসংহিতা, ষোড়শোঽধ্যায়ঃ।

"Sons of wives of the same class belong to the class of their parents. Where husbands belong to classes superior to those of their wives, the sons are regarded as belonging to the classes of their mothers. Sons born of mothers belonging to classes higher than those of their fathers are looked down upon by the Aryas (the aristocracy of blue blood)."

The Sage *Vyasa* records his views on mixed marriages in the following couplets :—

"ঊঢ়ায়াং হি সবর্ণায়ামন্যাং বা কামমুদ্বহেৎ।
তস্যামুৎপাদিতঃ পুত্রো ন সবর্ণাৎ প্রহীয়তে॥
উদ্বহেৎ ক্ষত্রিয়াং বিপ্রো বৈশ্যাঞ্চ ক্ষত্রিয়োবিশাম্।
স তু শূদ্রাং দ্বিজঃ কশ্চিন্নাধমঃ পূর্ব্ববর্ণজাম্॥
নানাবর্ণাস্থ ভার্য্যাস্থ সবর্ণা সহচারিণী।
ধর্ম্ম্যা ধর্ম্মেষু ধর্ম্মিষ্ঠা জ্যেষ্ঠা তস্য স্বজাতিষু॥"
ব্যাসসংহিতা, দ্বিতীয়োঽধ্যায়ঃ।

"If a person marries willingly another girl, after having married a girl of his own class and begets a son on her, he does not lapse from his own class. A Bramhin may marry a Kshatriya girl and a Vaisya maiden, a Kshatriya may marry a girl of the Vaisya class and a Vaisya may marry a Sudra girl. But no member of the twice-born class, however evil his inclinations may be, should marry a girl of the superior class. Among wives of classes more than one, she who belongs to the class of her husband is the lawful partner in life. Among wives of the same class, she who excels in the performance of her lawful duties deserves seniority."

The Sage Sankha endorses, it seems, the same views :—

“একৈব ভার্য্যা বৈশ্যস্য তথা শূদ্রস্য কীর্ত্তিতা ।
ব্রাহ্মণী ক্ষত্রিয়া বৈশ্যা ব্রাহ্মণস্য প্রকীর্ত্তিতাঃ ॥
ক্ষত্রিয়া চৈব বৈশ্যা চ ক্ষত্রিয়স্য বিধীয়তে ।
বৈশ্যৈবভার্য্যা বৈশস্য শূদ্রা শূদ্রস্য কীর্ত্তিতা ॥
আপৎস্বপি ন কর্ত্তব্যা শূদ্রা ভার্য্যা দ্বিজন্মনা ।
অস্যাং তস্য প্রসূতস্য নিষ্কৃতির্ন বিধীয়তে ॥”
শঙ্খসংহিতা, চতুর্থোঽধ্যায়ঃ ।

“A *Vaisya* or a *Sudra* should have but one wife. A Bramhin however may marry a girl of the Bramhin or the Kshatriya or the Vaisya class. A Kshatriya, in his turn, may marry a Kshatriya or a Vaisya damsel. A *Vaisya* may marry a *Vaisya* maiden and a *Sudra* girl only. Even when in great distress, a Brahmin should not marry a Sudra girl. There is no absolution for a child born by her to him.”

From the verses quoted above it will be abundantly clear that the Indian lawgivers disapproved of intermarriage among the different classes. Unable as they were to wink at a stern fact, they very charily tolerated marriages of men of superior castes with girls of comparatively inferior classes. But they condemned, with all the vehemence they could command, the union of girls of the superior classes with young men of inferior blood. The Aryans who conquered India and made it their home were, it seems, numerically weaker in comparison with those whom they had brought under subjection. To guard against frequent rebellious risings, they (the Aryans) were very probably obliged, as years rolled on, to intermarry with the conquered. The Dravedians had been in previous occupation of the country and there had, in all likelihood, been autochthons too. The Aryans began to marry into the non-Aryan classes to rest, it seems, their supremacy on an unshakable foundation—to have an intermediate class of hybrids, numerically strong, favourably inclined towards them. It would serve, they very probably thought, as a buffer class between them and the irreconcilable non-Aryans. So intermarriage between the several classes was largely in vogue when the Indian Sages began to compose their Codes. Ardently believe, as they did, in the principle of heredity, they could ill approve of unrestricted fusion of blood. But as a matter of fact, intermarriage between the four classes was an accomplished fact and they could ill ignore it. So they struck into a *via media.* They gingerly agreed to tolerate marriages between men of superior classes with girls of less noble blood but were dead opposed to girls of aristocratic blood marrying men of inferior origin. In short they coined two words (অনুলোম and প্রতিলোম) to describe these two kinds of marriages. One they abhorred, the other they put up with. They did all they could to discourage intermarriage. To effectively prevent its further expansion, they took particular care to enumerate and name the different classes of hybrids. All the institutes bear ample testimony to this broad fact. Hybridism, the Sages firmly believed, brought about racial degeneration.

This dread of hybridism coruscates here and there in the immortal book Bhagabat Gita (the Song of the Lord).

“সঙ্করো নরকায়ৈব কুলঘ্নানাং কুলস্য চ।
পতন্তি পিতরোহ্যেষাং লুপ্তপিণ্ডোদকক্রিয়াঃ ॥”
গীতা, প্রথমোঽধ্যায়ঃ।

“Hybrids or mongrels lead to hell those who bring ruin on their families. Oblations of cakes and water being discontinued, their fathers descend to inferno.”

“উৎসীদেয়ুরিমে লোকা ন কুর্য্যাং কর্ম্ম চেদহম্।
সঙ্করস্য চ কর্ত্তা স্যামুপহন্যামিমাঃ প্রজাঃ ॥”
গীতা, তৃতীয়োঽধায়ঃ।

“If I cease to work, these people will be ruined. I shall be the cause of hybridism and destroy all these men.”

I shall now turn to the institutes of Manu again to show how deeply ingrained in his mind was the principle of heredity—how deep-rooted was was his faith therein.

“অনিন্দিতৈঃ স্ত্রীবিবাহৈরনিন্দ্যা ভবতি প্রজা।
নিন্দিতৈর্নিন্দিতা নৃণাং তস্মান্নিন্দ্যান্ বিবর্জ্জয়েৎ ॥”
মনুসংহিতা, তৃতীয়োঽধ্যায়ঃ।

“If blameless girls are married, the issue is blameless too. If blamable girls are married, men look down upon the children born. All undesirable marriages should therefore be avoided.”

“ক্ষেত্রভূতা স্মৃতা নারী বীজভূতঃ স্মৃতঃ পুমান্।
ক্ষেত্রবীজসমাযোগাৎ সম্ভবঃ সর্ব্বদেহিনাম্ ॥

বিশিষ্টং কুত্রচিদ্বীজং স্ত্রীযোনিস্ত্বেব কুত্রচিৎ ।
উভয়স্তু সমং যত্র সা প্রসূতিঃ প্রশস্যতে ॥
বীজস্য চৈব যোন্যাশ্চ বীজমুৎকৃষ্টমুচ্যতে ।
সর্ব্বভূতপ্রসূতির্হি বীজলক্ষণলক্ষিতা ॥"
মনুসংহিতা, নবমোঽধ্যায়ঃ ।

"Woman is looked upon as soil and man as seed. The origin of all who own physical bodies is from a close union of soil and seed. In some cases, the soil excels and in some, the seed. Where they are both of similar quality, the issue elicits praise. Of the soil and the seed, the seed is generally regarded as superior. The issue of all animals bears the impress of the seed."

These verses contain, in brief, the views of the great sage on race culture. It is obvious, the greatest stress is laid on heredity. Manu strongly advocates marriages between men and women similarly endowed by nature. If this is not always possible, he prefers to see superior men marry inferior women and not inferior men well-born women.

In short the sages of ancient India discussed most of the problems which now attract the attention of Engenists. Their keen foresight and close observation enabled them to arrive at conclusions which seem to have, after lapse of ages, a large measure of truth in them.

Hindu sages condemn all bibulous men and women.

"গৌড়ী পৈষ্টী চ মাধ্বী চ বিজ্ঞেয়া ত্রিবিধা সুরা ।
যথৈবৈকা তথা সর্ব্বা ন পাতব্যা দ্বিজোত্তমৈঃ ॥"
মনুসংহিতা, একাদশোঽধ্যায়ঃ ।

"There are three kinds of wine called *Gouri*, *Paiste* and *Madhwi*, *i.e.*, distilled respectively from molasses, dough and honey. One is just as bad as the other. Bramhins should not drink it."

"ব্রহ্মহা চ সুরাপশ্চ স্তেয়ী চ গুরুতল্পগঃ ।
এতে সর্ব্বে পৃথগ্ জ্ঞেয়া মহাপাতকিনো নরাঃ ॥"
মনুসংহিতা, নবমোঽধ্যায়ঃ ।

"A slayer of a Bramhin, a toper, a thief, a man who commits adultery with the wife of his preceptor are to be regarded severally as atrocious criminals."

"মদ্যপাসাধুবৃত্তা চ প্রতিকূলা চ যা ভবেৎ ।
ব্যাধিতা বাধিবেত্তব্যা হিংস্রার্থঘ্নী চ সর্ব্বদা ॥"
মনুসংহিতা, নবমোঽধ্যায়ঃ ।

"A woman who habitually drinks or who bears a bad character or who is always hostile to her husband or who is afflicted with an incurable disease or who is cruelly disposed or who squanders away her husband's money should be repudiated and superseded by another wife."

From the quotations given above it is sufficiently clear that Manu strongly deprecated the use of spirituous liquors. What effect alcoholism might have on children born of parents addicted to wine was neither formulated nor discussed. But it is obvious that the great lawgiver was strongly of opinion that intemperance brought in its train moral and physical degeneration: He may have thought, it seems, that intemperate parents were one of the contributory causes of racial degeneration.

I have tried to summarize the views of the Indian sages on eugenics, as the past often throws light on the present, both being indissolubly linked up. The proper study of mankind besides is man and will ever be.

PANKAJA KUMAR CHATTERJIE.

ON SPIRITUALISM.—II.

In the Calcutta Review (vol. 64, No. 127, January 1877,) appeared Peary Chand's article, Psychology of the Aryas. The Hon'ble Sir John Budd Phear, then Chief Judge of the Colombo Court, on getting a copy of the article wrote the following letter to Peary Chand :—

Colombo,
5th November, 1878.

My dear Sir,

Your letter with the books and essays which it introduced to me were very welcome, and I trust that you will accept my most sincere (though I am bound to confess very tardy) thanks for them. The association of my twelve years sojourn in Calcutta clings to me closely ; and nothing affords me more gratification than to learn now and then from my old friends and fellow workers there that they have still a nook for my memory. And alas ! how rapidly the circle lessens with each successive year—how many do we not already miss out of that group, which responded to Miss Carpenter's appeal and founded the Social Science Association of Bengal. The kind expression towards myself and wishes for my return which so often reach me from Bengali correspondents, touch me greatly. And I often feel that I have never been more at home than I came to regard myself during my tenure of office among your countrymen. I have, however, very much to interest me in my work here ; and the people of this island in their ethnic and social conditions afford more than one exceedingly attractive topic of investigation. Among the Sinhalese I have found the village system in its remains just as well-marked and, I may add, as vital as it is in Northern India, and the Kandyan law which has been gathered with much pains and put together from the *viva voci* Vyavasta of headmen and the local magnates for the guidance of our judges and magistrates is plainly to me a traditional reproduction of the Mitakshara. Seemingly the Sinhalese are an Aryan compound into which an ingredient of a Malay character largely enters ; to this cause I attribute the strong thick-set frame and yellow-ness of tint which distinguishes them from all the peoples of the Indian peninsula. In the lower masses of society, too, there is much prevalence of flat features and broad cheekbones such as are foreign to the pure Aryan. On the other hand a Sinhalese not only has long hair on his head, which a woman might covet, but unlike a Malay is apt to be shaggy with hair all over his body ; and his language is a Sanskrit Prakit. It would not be easy to say how the differing constituent elements which form the mixture came together, or indeed in what directions, if any, they could now be sought out. It is much pleasure to me that you are able to give me improved accounts of yourself. I was indeed sorry not to have the opportunity of bidding you personally goodbye when I left Calcutta and I lamented the cause of my not being able to see you then. Doubtless time and a course of congenial study are together proving for you an efficient physician. I have not yet been able to make a serious examination of your " Psychology," but a cursory survey of it has served to satisfy me that it is a valuable essay which will repay a close study. I shall be very glad to give myself the advantage of your researches and thoughts.

We are all theiving in this island. I have two houses—one here, and one on the hills near Kandy. Lady Phear and the children reside at the latter in a very agreeable climate and amid magnificient scenery. With our united kind regards.

I am, yours very truly,
J. B. Phear.*

In the London Spiritualist of 31st August, 1877, appeared Peary Chand Mittra's article, Psychology of the Buddhists. The Hindu Patriot of 1st October of that year gave an extract from the introductory portion as appeared in the London Spiritualist.

The Hindu Patriot of 18th February, 1878, wrote as follows :—
"Mr. A. E. Giles in a letter to the Banner of Light asks for light from Babu Peary Chand Mittra on spiritual matter :—

Now, cannot you invite Mr. Mittra to give to the Banner readers some spiritual light from the orient ? He is learned in ancient spiritualism and has written upon the modern, aud I think there are many spiritualistic matters upon which he could give valuable hints and suggestions. An illustration of it occurred to me. You know how the Hindu doctrine of *Nirvana* has puzzled our occidental theologians and scholars, and that they have written numerous treatises more or less satisfactory upon this mystic theme. The orthodox minister in the village where I live, in an attempted reply of his, about a year ago, to a lecture by Wong Chine Fio, a Chinese scholar, said at the present time there is no argument as to precisely what *Nirvana* means ; but Mr. Mittra shed much light upon it to my perception, in the few words in which he touched upon the subject, in a letter to a friend of his, wherein he wrote that *Nirván* literally means extinguishment, or the extinction of the animal and emotional elements in man, and that it clearly means what Andrew Jackson Davis denominates the *superior condition.* Mr. Mittra is about sixty-three years of age and now, in the evening of his life, I hope we can induce him to give some fruits of his observations and learning to your columns."

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* Foot Note—Appeared in the Hindu Patriot, 2nd December, 1878.

On the invitation of the editor Peary Chand contributed some articles on spiritual matters in the Banner of Light. In 1878 Peary Chand wrote a book, *Etaddesiya Strilokdiger Purbabasta,* or *the condition and culture of Hindu females in ancient times,* containing biographical notices of examplary Hindu females. The *Bhárati* of *Chait,* 1285, made an elaborate review of the book. The Hindu Patriot of 30th December, 1878, wrote as follows :—We thank Babu Peary Chand Mittra for a copy of his new Bengali work on the condition of Hindu females in ancient times. It contains biographical sketches of ancient Hindu ladies interspersed with moral reflections. We commend this book to our zenana ladies for perusal. They will find in it much valuable information and instruction.

Moharanee Surnomoyee, wrote the two following letters to the author on receiving the book.

Cossimbazar Rajbati,
19th February, 1879.

Sir,

I received your much esteemed letter as also your very excellent work. I have perused the latter several times and each time I perused it I was delighted and amused in the highest degree. To say the least the work is worthy of the hand it came from and will add to the many ornaments of Bengali literature. I need hardly remark that to my sex for whose particular benefit it has been written the work is an acquisition.

Allow me to request your acceptance of the enclosed sum of Rupees 50 fifty as the price of 100 copies of your work, the disposal of which I leave entirely to you. The only thing I hope that you will distribute them to my country-women. As to the selection of persons, I repeat, it is left to your decision.

I am,
Yours faithfully,
Moharanee Surnomoyee.

Cossimbazar Rajbati,
5th March, 1879.

Sir,

Thanks for your courteous letter and kind presents. I am already in possession of your works and have read every one of them. I need hardly say that the Bengali literature is much indebted to your high ability and your thorough knowledge of the world. That your productions are the results of vast reading deep research, and fertile imagination cannot be doubted. I cannot help remarking also that yours was the fashion of writing that has of late become almost universal. Your *Alaler Ghorer Dulal* was the first novel of the land and is not the less admired than others (I mean the best works of the kind) of recent date.

I have likewise received 25 copies of your work on the culture of Hindu females in ancient times. I shall distribute them to the deserving. Here is the next half of the Note for Rupees 50--fifty of which an acknowledgment I shall thank you to send me.

I am,
Yours faithfully,
Moharanee Surnomoyee.

In 1879 Peary Chand thought of compiling a book containing his essays and writings which appeared in the local, English and American spiritual magazines. The Hindu Patriot of 21st April, 1879, wrote as follows :—We are glad to learn that our esteemed friend Babu Peary Chand Mittra is passing through the press a volume of Spiritual Stray Leaves containing expositions of the Aryas on *God* and *soul.* Babu Debendra Nath Tagore has headed the subscription book by subscribing for one hundred copies." The Hindu Patriot of 16th June, 1879, further wrote as follows :—The

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* Appeared in the Hindu Patriot. 3rd March, 1879.

Banner of Light of the 19th April last says "quite noteworthy is Peary Chand Mittra's article, *Soul Revelation in India*, in the April 5 number of the Banner of Light. The subject, its treatment, and its Hindu authorship, will go to comprise Maxmuller's remark that the Aryas are the most spiritual of nations. Insight inherent in the spirit, and he who has the keenest insight is in that respect the most spiritual." The Banner of Light also announces that Babu Peary Chand "has in mind to collect and reprint in some form his admirable contributions to spiritual literature." One proof of the love of the spirituality of our countrymen is that a large number of native gentlemen has subscribed for a large number of copies to be sent to England and America ; as a small number of copies will be left here, such as wish to have the work should loose no time in registering their names for it.

When the book, Spiritual Stray Leaves, was published it was favourably received in Europe and America.

The Hindu Patriot of 23rd February, 1880, wrote as follows :—

The Banner of Light has an appreciable notice of Babu Peary Chand Mittra's new work on spiritualism from which we give the following extract.

Though only a pamphlet of 194 pages bearing the modest title of the Spiritual Stray Leaves, yet it contains so clearly a statement of Buddhistic religion and illustrations of true spiritualism, that it is quite probable that intelligent reader of it will readily infer the uselessness—yes, the most criminal folly of all Protestant sectarian missions in India, yet it does not directly discuss, or mention or even allude to Missions or Missionaries.

In 1881 Peary Chand wrote *Adhyatmika*, a spiritual novel in Bengali, having reference to *yoga* and spiritual culture. The Hindu Patriot of 16th May, 1881, wrote as follows :—We hail the reappearance of Tekchand Thakur. His *Alaler Ghorer Dulal* as the reader might remember introduced a species of literature in the Bengali language, hitherto unique, original, and highly enjoyable. It facilitated, we might say, the advent of *Hutumpacha*, whose budget of wit and humour is still unrivalled. Tekchand Thakur, who is none other than our esteemed townsman, Babu Peary Chand Mittra, has long taken deep interest in the cause of female education. He thus writes in his preface to the present work.

"I was born in the year 1814 corresponding with the Bengali era

1221 (8th Sravan). While a pupil of the Pathsala at home, I found my grandmother, mother and aunts reading Bengali books. They could write in the Bengali and keep accounts. There were no female schools then. Nor were there suitable books for the females. My wife was very fond of reading and I could scarcely supply her with instructive books. The conclusion I came was that unless female education were placed on a spiritual basis, it would not be productive of real good. In view to the furtherance of this end, I have been humbly working. In 1860 I wrote *Ramaranjika* in Bengali. In 1871 I wrote *Avedi*, a spiritual novel in Bengali, in which the hero and the heroine have been described as earnest seekers after the knowledge of the soul and how by the education of pain they obtained spiritual light. This was followed by an article in the Calcutta Review vol. LV. entitled "The Development of the female mind in India," in which I described the condition of Hindu females during the vedic and post vedic periods and showed that their education was thoroughly moral and spiritual, although the classes of females, except the *Brahmabadinis* who never married but devoted themselves to the study of the soul and God, acquired a knowledge of different sciences and arts, and that our females were treated with the highest respect and that they moved in society. This article was considerably revised and published in the Spiritual Stray Leaves, entitled "Culture of the Hindoo Females in Ancient India" in which it has been shown among other things that they selected their husbands when they arrived at the marriageable state and their marriage was more the marriage of souls than the marriage of flesh. I then published a work in Bengali entitled, "এতদ্দেশীয় স্ত্রীলোকদিগের পূর্ব্বাবস্থা" (condition of Indian females in ancient times) in which I have given biographical sketches of exemplary Hindu females, and how they attained a holy and pure life, drawing the attention of the present generation to the promotion of spiritual culture. The work before us is intended specially for the Hindu fair sex. It is written in the form of a novel, the subjects delineated are as follows :—(1) The excellence of female education consisting in the development of the soul. (2) Directions for the development of the soul by pure meditation and soul culture. (3) Life of purity and communion with God can only be the result of soul state. (4) Powers of the soul, internal lucidity, clairvoyance, and magnetism as being curative of diseases. (5) Conversation of females on female education, social and spiritual. (6) Study of astronomy calculated to elevate the mind. (7) Directions for the *joga* culture. (8) Humanity to the brute creation. (9) The death of the heroine's mother. Her father's adverse circumstances. His death and what she did in poverty. Her uncommon self-abnegation serinity and death. (10) On educated natives. Hindu music. Panchayets and other mundane subjects. (11) The conversation and manners of different classes of people in different circumstances which have been portrayed in different styles and which may perhaps be useful to foreigners, wishing to acquire a colloquial knowledge of the Bengali language."

The book is illustrated with some lithographs executed by the Calcutta Art Studio. We do not think we can pay a better compliment to our esteemed author of the great success which he has acheived in his self-imposed task than by placing before the reader a testimony, which the first lady of the period in Bengal has borne in favor of this special book of instruction and amusement for Hindu ladies. We give below the letter Moharanee Surnomoyee has written to the author.

"I have received with thanks ten copies of your Bengali work, entitled *Adhyatmika*, which I need hardly remark has been most ably written. The work is no doubt of its author who as a Bengali scholar surpasses even those who have had a systematic vernacular education and whose ability is too well-known to the public to require any demonstration.

30th April, 1881, } Yours faithfully,
Cossimbazar Rajbati. } Moharani Surnomoyi.

In reviewing the book *Adhyatmika*, the Calcutta Review of 1881 (No. CXLIII vol. LXXII) wrote as follows :—The story is really a good one and ought to be read by boys and girls. It impresses upon us in a very effective manner, the duty as being virtuous and benevolent and it contrasts, in a earnest and winning style the higher part of human nature with the lower. The childlike simplicity with which all this is done is characteristic of the author of *Álader Ghorer Dulal* and is really very catching.

The Indian Mirror of 23rd April, 1881, wrote thus :—Babu Peary Chand Mittra is, we believe, one of the few natives of this country who has directed the thoughts of the present generation of Hindus to the wide, if not unexplored, regions of psychology and will power and to the abstruse philosophy of *joga*. It is gratifying, indeed, to note how, with the increase of years, his earnestness in inculcating the principles of *true* spiritualism into the minds of his fellow countrymen, and his practical suggestions as to the intellectual and religious culture of the countrywomen, have widened their sphere of usefulness. Combining in himself the untiring patience, mature judgment, and profound erudition of the old with the sympathetic nature, unflagging spirits, and fiery enthusiasm of the youth, Babu Peary Chand Mittra has in the course of his well spent literary life, succeeded in reconciling the present generation to the doctrines of spiritualism, once held in derision by the so-called educated Bengalis, but now recognised and held in veneration by the scientific people of the West and by others trained in Western literature. The Babu is, as it were, the connecting link between the old and the new generations, as regards ideas of social reformation and religious culture. This spirit of reconciliation he has always tried to maintain in the numerous publications with which he has edified his countrymen from time to time. The work which forms the subject of our notice is one of his latest publications, and is intended especially for the Hindu fair sex. It is in the form of a tale, the object of which is to teach, by means of a simple story, how to develop the soul by pure meditation to attain a life of purity and communion with God, and how to practise *yoga*. It also treats of the powers of the soul internal lucidity, clairvoyance, and magnetism (as curative of diseases) and other cognate subjects. Besides, it teems with an interesting variety of matter which speak highly of the power of observation, research, and reasoning, as displayed by the learned writer in almost every page of it. *Adhyatmika*, whose rare self-abnegation, resignation, charity, benevolence and other traits of character mark her out for an angel clothed in human form, is the heroine of the story, through which the author seeks to enunciate his views on soul power and communion with the Deity. The work is simple, and not characterised by any skill as to its plot. It may be, as in some places, full of digressions and wanting in unity, but the main object has always been kept straight before the view, and the instructions sought to be conveyed are given in a lucid and agreeable way. The occasioned introduction of humour, of which the author possesses an inexhaustible fund, has contributed much towards taking off the monotony which might otherwise be felt by readers of average intellect in the course of mastering the abstruse and difficult science of psychology and *joga* philosophy dwelt upon therein. The work is written in simple and expressive Bengali, at times homely, but at others rising to the majesty of theological writing and it can not only be recommended as an unimpeachable reading book for women (for whom it is especially intended), but it can also be read with immense profit by a large number of the sterner sex.

S. M.

THE FAIR ROSE OF CASHMERE—XXXI.

Chapter—XVI.

An Unexpected Meeting.

It was a wild night. The sky was black The wind rushed in sweeping eddies, hustled across the plain and screamed through the far-off forests like a legion of lost spirits. The trees groaned, the rocks shivered. Through the darkness that was intense darts of lightning shot and quivered and the thunder growled. A hurricane was let loose. By degrees its might increased. The sable clouds thickened, rain came sweeping in icy sheets; pat, pat, the heavy drops splashed on the ground, on the tops of foliage and among the creepers that clung to the sides of the high-road from Haripur to Abbotrabad. Veiled in a mist lay the vast expanse of herbage on its either hand, over which the wind boomed in angry gusts, filling the interludes of bush and bracken with weird echoes. At intervals the lightning played in space and louder than the salvos of artillery the thunder crashed and cracked.

Along this road a horseman was urging his steed forward in a desperate effort to gain the nearest shelter. Now and then he twisted round in the saddle to make out his surrounding or note the nature of the ground he was covering and notwithstanding that the rain beat and the wind struck him mercilessly he managed to steady the shambling brute. Through the black clouds the lightning tore in zigzag sheets, the earth and sky became lurid and a clap of thunder rolled, seeming to split the heavens asunder. Guided by the glare, every nerve taut and tense, he laboured his way along, keeping a tight rein upon the animal, occasionally smiting its flanks sharply into his whip. The rain streamed down in torrents, lodging in pools in the holes and hollows of the road, it seemed marvel to him that he had made headway at all. To and and fro the horse rushed scouring the ground for a track. He strove to quiet the beast with voice and pats but the gale tore away his speech, the white sheet glaring in his eyes caused him to blink.

By sheer dogged pluck he pushed ahead, on and on through the storm and had not proceeded far when the whole heavens seemed a mass of flame. The mighty billow rippled over the waste of darkness lending a sepulchral colouring to every object, then it gathered up in the form of a bolt and dropped rattling and racketing on a roadside tree. The horse wheeled suddenly round, so suddenly that were not its rider a perfect jockey it might have given him a very awkward fall. It reared, shied and taking a flying leap sideward in spite of the tightened rein plashed on the wayside ditch, Then ploughing, scrambling, hock-deep, knee-deep and cleaving the air again in wild jump it dropped into a clump bush. Another bound, yet another and away it darted at a mad gallop. In vain the rider pulled and tugged at the reins, in vain he thrashed its head with the end of his steel. It tore along at break-neck speed, helter-skelter, pell-mell, clearing hedges and trenches, pits and gullies. He tried pulling with all his strength on one rein only in a desperate effort to wear it round, but all in vain. It flew through scrubs, over brakes, across plantations, through clumps of trees, the rider ever and anon bending or laying low on its back to avoid overhanging or interlacing boughs.

He bent all his energies to check the reckless dash caught up the other rein and pulled with all his strength but the brute jerked its head incessantly downwards, nearly pulling him out of the saddle. Now bobbing over a ridge of grass, next floundering in the mud, it rushed madly on. He was helpless to check its frantic career. The speed became terrifying, it galloped furiously along, the hoof beat faster and faster on the ground. Once or twice he tried to free his feet from the stirrup and throw himself from its back but it was a rash and dreadful venture. Acting on the instinct of the moment he stuck to his seat.

He gave the brute its head at last after his last desperate effort to check its wild pace had failed and the startled animal continued its mad course jeopardising its own and the rider's safety as it tumbled on the brink of a pond or crashed into a cluster of trees. Away, away it flew with the speed of the wind, the earth seemed to fly from beneath its feet, cleared plains and pastures, thickets and copses, patches of wood and tangles of prickly shrub.

It had covered four miles. Its pace now began to slacken. The rider grasped the situation and as the weary animal showed signs of exhaustion he tried to regulate its pace while with straining eyes looked about anxiously for some sign of habitation.

The elements were battling still. The rain was drifting in blinding sheets, the wind howled and shrieked, while fiery ribbons streamed athwart the blackness followed by hoarse roars of thunder. He pressed forward relying on the brute's instinct when all on a sudden he became conscious of a light filtering in the distance. The sight brought him life.

He worked at a slow trot towards it and found himself ere many minutes had elapsed in front of a low brickhouse. The rain was lashing its closed doors and windows as if to beat them in.

He drew rein, patted the animal's back and slid to the ground panting and gasping. Rain-drops hang in every ridge of his hair, his dripping garments clung close round him. He approached and pounded the door with his fist.

"Hallo there, what now?" From within a hoarse voice shouted through the deluge, yet unmistakably a woman's voice.

"Open the door, my good dame, your light looks so cheering," he cried aloud.

"By the devil, some new worry for me," came a snarling growl.

"Open for the love of Heaven," he repeated, an icy shiver set his teeth chattering.

"Beastly bother to have to answer calls. Who are you?" the voice grew more husky.

"A traveller, out in the storm."

"What the deuce do you want at this time?"

"Shelter, I crave shelter."

"Shelter," the voice echœd grufflly. "Sheer off, I have no room to spare."

"Have you no pity. The storm will drive me to death if you refuse me a seat at your hearth," he implored.

"Why don't you go to the hostelry? The men there are not so particular as to what sort of people they take in."

"I don't know where to go. I am a stranger to these parts."

"Step out from under the porch, let me have a look at you."

Stepping out into the road the stranger stood in the pouring rain. A window opened, a light flared, a face showed, a woman's face. There was yet light in the eyes and a hint of black under them. If the hair had lost its raven blackness it was replaced by a rich colouring.

"It is a late hour to knock at one's door in this wild night," said the stranger with the utmost courtesy, "but I am so chilled and your light looks so inviting that counting on the hospitality of the village folks I thought I might look for shelter."

The prying face underwent a swift change, the tone softened as a flash of white flame revealed the form of a fair young man with features almost womanly in beauty.

"Who are you," she asked, much impressed by his air and address.

"I am a cloth merchant, was returning from a fair when the storm came on. My horse shied as a lightning struck a roadside tree and bore me madly away. Perceiving a light I worked my way here fancying that shelter was at hand."

"Where do you stop ?"

"It is a far cry."

"Where ?"

"At Nawa Sahar where there is a cloth mart, but let me in for Heaven's sake. I am chilled to the bone, the wind almost chokes me."

"Stay," said she.

"See that you hurry, I am freezing, every moment counts in this dreadful storm."

The window closed, the lamp had just been snuffed out by the whirling gust. The stranger stood shaking and shivering. The rain fell fast, the lightning glared and thunder boomed along the angry heavens.

All was silent in the vicinity. Everybody seemed crouched within doors.

Footsteps were heard approaching the doorway, light and elastic, evidently a woman's. The door swung half-open and an aged female protruded her head.

"Quick step in," she cried. "The rain bubbles in, it will flood the doorway at once.

"I'll see to my horse first. The poor beast is drenched to the skin. Cold is making it shiver already," said he pointing to his steed.

"Take it into one of the straw sheds at the back of the house" she gave order.

"I do not know the way."

"Take the path you can see before you. It will lead you to my cow-house. Bear to the left and you will get there."

He took the horse by the bridle. The lightning twirling incessantly from the sky enabled him to lead it under the first shed he came to.

He raced back, tore up the porch and was ushered in by the slanting rain. The door closed, she conducted him across a small court into a room which was in utter darkness save for a few dying embers on the hearth.

"This is my kitchen. Get in, it is as warm as a toast."

She pushed upon its door. A violent gust forced the folds against the wall with a crash.

"Quick, get in or the gust will send the fire flying about in sparks," cried she anxiously.

Stamping the water off his boots and swishing it from his turban the stranger stepped in as quickly as he could.

It was a tidy kitchen, with a stove on the hearth, some logs in the corner and a couple of stools near the wall. Fierce gusts were rattling its windows.

The door slammed. She lighted a lamp, thrashed the embers out with a stick till they flared into a flame and piled some logs on the blaze. A bright glow lit up the air.

"You are soaked from head to foot, threw off those clothes and tumble into these," she gave him a cloth and a wrapper.

Having hung his turban on a nail the stranger was soon busy with himself getting off his coat and vest, his pyjama and the socks, wrung them and spread them out to dry. Then he flung himself by the fire to enjoy its kindly warmth.

The storm was pouring down its deluge of water, the wind whirled in incessant eddies against the housewalls and now and then the sizzling blaze flashed through the window chinks.

"Listen to the wind, was there ever such a rough night?" grunted she depositing herself on a stool. "It rains and rains as if it means to rain for ever."

"I feel as though I have been trashed over with a flail," complained he.

"Wait, the fire will toast you," she stirred up the peats.

"It has taken half the chill from me already," he said with a feeling of relief.

"The confounded weather makes me feel queer," she yawned.

"You need not sit up for me. I'll see that the fire is all right," he said, noticing her heavy eyes.

"I need rather. You require bucking up. Let me fill you a cup of Bhang," there settled a look of deepening concern in her eyes.

"No, thanks," he politely refused.

"You are welcome to whatever this place can afford."

"Thanks, but what place is this, my good dame ?'

"You don't know it, strange,' she exclaimed in tones of surprise. "Well, it is called Chowgram, quite a town, full of houses, mine is the biggest. The folks here never go abroad for grain. Everybody has a barn, a farm, what not. Oh, what a lot of money goes every year to our Raja."

"Is this the metropolis of your Raja ?"

"Pshaw ?" she bit her lips. "The metropolis has no like. It is a paradise on earth. Each marble that covers its roads is worth a million," her eyes flashed.

The stranger smiled.

"How far is it from here ?

"Not less than four miles. I go there in a palkee, never go walking."

"What are you, may I ask ?"

"Certainly. I am a midwife, known all the country round. I was in his Majesty's service. The Maharanee has settled a pension on me. I was in service with many big families in the city." There was a ring of pride in the tone.

"Do you still exercise your profession ?"

"I have almost retired. What do I care for. I have plenty to live daintily upon. I receive calls which I refuse save only the most urgent. Whenever there is a fete in the royal house I am specially invited."

"You are a widow, I presume."

"So I am, curse my luck," she sighed heavily, a tear toppled over the corner of the eye, "My husband was a great man."

"Indeed ! what was he ?"

"Why, Toll-collector's peon," her eyes flashed again.

A half-suppressed smile flitted upon his lips.

"How long has he been dead ?"

"Looking, looking, ten years have passed away," she wiped her eyes.

"Peace to his ashes," he apostrophised.

"He was a capital fellow, could pop his signature to any paper," added she, the tear that had left her eye returned in her voice.

"Indeed," the stranger smiled again.

"Were he alive who could stand out before me." There came a sort of pathetic pride in her look.

"Have you no child ?"

"Confound the fates, none at present," she threw an inflection of pathos into her tone.

"Excuse me madam. I have awakened sad memories," said he apologisingly. "I must change the subject. By the way who is your Raja ?"

"Maharajah Protap Singh," replied she. "Who has not heard his name. How many crores does he spend every year. The Maharanee favours me, sends for me whether she needs or no."

"You are much liked there, I suppose," said he with a slow smile.

"Every one likes me. My way is free to almost all the houses in the city."

"Sure there are good parts in you."

"Do you think so," she beamed upon him.

"Of course, he humoured."

He lit a cigar. Puffs of smoke floated out.

"You must be truly hungry, have something to eat," said she much pleased by the flattering compliment.

"I have no appetite," he shook his head. "I am ordinarily a man of small appetite."

" Perhaps you wont mind having a new thing to eat, it wont disagree with you. The air here puts an edge on one's appetite."

She strode out, returned in a few minutes with a plate of *cheera* (1) and *goor* (2).

"I have brought forth my bit. It beats all your sweets. Be quite at home and help yourself."

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(1) Rice soaked and parched.
(2) Molasses.

She set down the plate.

"Were it not a sin to refuse hospitality I would not eat, I feel so full," said he reaching out his hand.

He ate a few mouthfuls.

The storm had spent its fury. The swiss, swiss of the rain had dwindled into a drizzle and finally ceased. No longer the lightning glared and the last thunder-clap rolled away in a dull distant echo.

"It rained cats and dogs, curse it," growled she.

"The wind is keen. It is freezing I think," remarked he.

"Verily my feet are nearly frozen," she stretched out her legs over the fire.

For an hour they remained in the silent enjoyemt of its cheerful gleam.

Suddenly a noise of rapid hoof vibrated in the air.

"I hear a horse," started the stranger.

"Likely my god-son coming," muttered she.

"Let me dress before you ask him in," he made a movement to rise.

"Keep your place, he will look me up in the other room."

"Your fire is much too nice to leave," he flattered, resuming his posture.

She bounced out, slamming the door behind her. The sound drew nearer and nearer and ceased in front of the house.

The next moment the bolt was drawn back, the house door creaked and in stamped a black figure. There came the noise of moving feet along the doorway, up short step into the adjacent room.

"Just ridden a long way ?" said the comer as he waddled across the room and sank into a chair sprawling out his leg.

The light of the lamp playing upon his uncouth features revealed his identity. It was the Sindian.

"Hang me if I be out again when the weather is foul,' growled he. "The deuce of a storm took me half-way. Happily there was a hovel at hand or I would have seen my last.''

"You are not yourself, I think," she spoke humourously, dropping upon a seat.

"Surely I am not, the very marrow of my bone has turned to ice," returned he.

"What a storm, it nearly pulled the house down. I had a feeling of dread that something frightful might happen."

" Bythe devil I am more than half stiffened."

Reaching out his hand to a niche he caught a chellum, put some *ganja* (1) into it and over it some live coals which she procured from her kitchen and gave hard puffs. Smoke rose lazily in grey curls from his lips.

" The one-eyed was here, expecting you. gorged, guzzled and made no end of cigars," she broke the short silence.

"I made a good guess when I thought he might be waiting here."

" Waiting, waiting, he went away blurting out coarse oaths."

" If he was cursing me, I'll find a way to mend his manners with a peg," he broke into a sarcastic laugh.

" Peg, tush ? he needs a barrel. I have never seen such a wine bibler."

" He is a bluff-sort of fellow," remarked he saucily.

" An awfully good sort without a bit of nonsense in him, will dare anything you tell him to do."

" Hasn't he the swagger of a highway man ?"

" A rampad no doubt but he does n't ply his trade on the high way. " The police has not claimed him as yet."

" But he leads a devil of a life, hobnobs with roughs and riffraffs in the low drinking dens."

" It squares with him. Well now, let us to busines, the game is closing in."

" I see by your face that you have good news but say first who is this pretty dove tripping into our net ?" he looked at her quizzically with a smile playing on his lips.

" A maid of our Maharanee, a rare beauty. I have never seen her like. The Maharanee treats her as a pet, keeps her constantly by her side."

" Is it possible that she will swallow the bait. Are you sure you can manage the job ?"

" No plain sailing, an awful venture, needs a fearless crew," she jerked her head as she uttered each word.

" Have you had speech with her ?"

" Dear me, no. I tried but could n't have, she is so recluse. I think it is difficult to gain speech with her, she talks little, looks shy."

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(1) Hemp-tops for smoking.

"What then will you do ?" he stared interrogatively.

"Steal her away, that's our only chance."

"How ?"

"I have an idea, listen," she went on." The Maharanee holds a fete this day week. Ladies of big houses in the city are invited. There will be a pretty large gathering at night. I'll go in a palkee, taking my mate with me. The one-eyed will supply men to carry it, they are of his fraternity. Alighting I shall see that the conveyance is deposited in some secluded part of the palace grounds. After the fete is over when there will be hurrying to and fro, getting into carriages and all sorts of bustle I shall lure the dove to the spot. Once I have had the bird caged, her wings are clipped. There will be no difficulty in whisking her away."

"Bless me, a strange idea," he remarked sceptically.

"Strange. Not a bit," she contradicted.

"That's no easy job."

"I take good luck with me wherever I go," returned she with an assumption of vanity.

"What a rare sport it would be if she were trapped, but but—"

"But what," she snapped out.

"I don't think you will find her an easy dupe," he spoke with diffidence.

"I can make a dupe of any woman."

"That's a bold boast."

"I dare wager you all I am worth that I will do the job and neatly too" her tone grew more steady.

"Don't count your chickens until they are hatched."

"You need have no misgiving. I'll give your Sultan the choicest fruit of my orchard. You do what I tell you.''

"What ?"

"You know there is a canal outside the city."

"I do, and there are bridges over it."

"Good. There is a wooden bridge, did you mark it ?"

"More particularly," he said with an emphasis.

"You be there with your men the night I have appointed."

"Surely the place suits our purpose," he approved.

"Now come with your offer. Mind there is a danger line, who knows what rumpus may be kicked up to corner the suspects when she is missed from the palace."

"Here is the money. I have brought it in gold mohurs."

He slipped his hand into his pocket and fished out a couple of mohurs,

"Take this. You shall have the rest when the bird is caged."

The coins were thrust into her palm.

"What's this, nonsense. I drop ten mohurs at a throw and not care," she flung them to the ground. Her brows were drawn down, the lips up, the eyes almost bulged out of the head.

"Don't, don't—" he fumbled for words.

"I will have a thousand mohurs at once, not a farthing less. Refuse, go straight home to bed," she grinned, sweeping his face with a piercing gaze.

"You are too nice to whimper," said he in a coaxing tone.

Picking the coins up and taking her hand in a clinch he tried to scoop them into it.

She drew them away with a petulant "no no," her voice rising with each exclamation.

"I'll pay you down on the nail when the bird is caged," he poured into her eyes all the cajolry he could.

"I can't listen to you. I am a judge of faces." Her woman's intuition had guessd his nature.

"Bless my heart. I could almost take my oath that I have not a farthing left in my pocket."

"Never mind your heart," she cried sulkily. "Do keep your word. I don't care a fig what you have got and what you have not."

"Can't you trust me?"

"I have given up trusting any body but myself."

"You mistake my meaning entirely. I have not the remotest idea of trying larks on you."

"Shut, none of your hanky-panky tricks with me." A dark flush mounted from her neck to her temples.

"I wonder you should allow yourself to be so easily prejudiced against me. Deal with me and you shall find me straight. Deeds speak louder than words," said he not in the least disconcerted by her frown.

"You are a thundering liar," she interrupted the glib flow of untruth. "What did you promise? Now you sing a different tune. I don't know what your game is."

" All you have to know is that I will pay down the rest as soon as the dove is caught. Do I not speak with reason."

He squeezed her hand with a prevaricating sincerity.

" You ought to have said this before," she looked sourly at him.

" You ought to use your brains when you are going to play a game. You open your maws wide when you scent money. Don't worry, you shall have more day after to-morrow."

" Day after to-morrow is a long way off. Between then and now many things may happen," she murmured.

" Take my word of honour. I pledge you my word, count upon it."

" Why go on prating. I wont take two. Give me five at least." The tone was resolute.

" Keep your temper. There is no need to be cross, here you are."

He tossed five pieces of gold coin into her hands saying

" You shall have the rest after you have done with the job. I have given my word and cannot go back."

" Remember your offer of one thousand mohurs."

" Yes, yes," he uttered peevishly.

" Are you sure that you will keep your word ?" she asked again.

" Why bother. Even in my worst moments I never lied."

" I leave it to you that the honour of your plighted word is kept."

She tied the coins in a corner of her apron.

" Any way, I can count upon your word, can I ?" he looked straight in her eyes.

" Of course," replied she, " but what about the one eyed. Does he grumble at the terms you make ?"

" No, I am sure. If he does, there are a plenty of cusses who will jump at the chance. "

" Grease his palm or he will make a hash of things," she dropped a word of caution.

" Leave him to me. I know how to manage him."

' I'll have another person with me, my crony, a rare hand at a game like this," said she.

" Your crony, a woman of course," he gazed at her quizzically.

" Yes, a woman, as old as myself, we stick to each other through thick and thin."

" Where does she live ? with you or elsewhere."

" Does that really matter. Suppose I take with me a hundred why should there be any objection so long as I have the principal hand."

" None at all, that I know of," he curtly replied.

One belated flash of lightning, remnant of the storm flashed through the window chinks

" Well, I must be going now, have got no end of things to attend to, will give you a call tomorrow," he half rose to his feet.

" Have a cup of Bhang before you go. Yon look as if you need it," said she endearingly .

" I do I am sure, I feel so cold."

" You will eat some *Laroo* (1) of course."

" That's right. I feel hungry. All I had since I got out was a smack of lunch at a meat-shop."

She brought him a couple of Laroos. Next she filled a cup to his great relief.

" See how it beads round the cup,' she smiled.

" Have you mixed pepper with it ?" he asked casting a thirsty eye at it.

" No, I am sure."

" Good. I hate the smell of pepper. It clings to my nostrils for ever."

He gobled the Laroos and washed them down with the draught. Next he fell smoking. For some minutes the room sank into quietude save for the gurgle of the hookah.

"I have got to go tearing over to where my men are. The brutes must be hanging about some of the bushes off the high-road."

He took his departure. Clatter, clatter, the air rang again. Then the hoof-strokes died rapidly in the distance.

The stranger had donned his dried clothing and swung out of the room when he met his hostess pattering back.

" Mind the steps down, one is loose," she cried as he advanced a pace to descend.

" I think I will go," said he. " The sky is clearing, the stars are coming out."

" Take the village road, turn sharp right through a grassy plot, you will find a by-path which will bring you to the open, avoid the bushes, keep straight on and you will gain the highway."

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(1) Lollipop.

" Is there no other road " he asked.

" No " replied she, " unless you go miles round."

With words of thanks he issued out of the house, brought the horse from its temporary haven, clamboured into the saddle and digging spurs into its flanks went at a slow trot. Along the village road which wound in and out among the mud habitations he pursued his course. Then through twisting paths, across patches of green, across arable lands he spurred on, on and on, till he reached the plains. Now past lines of small timber, past bamboo clumps, past deep shadows that clung to the sides of masses of tangled growth, he had covered a long distance. He had just rounded a ridge of scrubby bush when a wail rang weirdly in his ear. It was a mournful cry so ghastly in its agony of sorrow that it sounded like the wailing of a lost spirit What cry was it borne on the wings of the wind? He started, pricked up his ears. It was a female voice sounding inexpressibly eyrie in that lonely place. With a leap from the animal's back he landed on the ground, stared round and his keen eyes noting a by-path broke into it. Here the ground all round was densely covered with bushes. Scrambling along biers and brambles, groping further and further into the rank herbage he came upon a stretch of turf where his ears had with feverish sensitiveness located the sound. A dark object was visible. It seemed pretty certain that a wail was thrilling the air about it. He shaped his course towards it. It was a palanquin with doors ajar. A shriek was coming from within.

" Spare me, spare me," moaned a female voice in accents broken with terror, as he approached it.

" Who are you?" he questioned in a soft voice looking down upon the shrinking form within. It was a woman in distress.

" Mercy, have mercy," she kept up the dolorous chant.

" Calm your fears, I am no brigand, say who you are?"

" Save me for the love of Heaven," she cried piteously.

" Chance brought me perhaps to save you. I'll see that you come to no harm," he spoke in a re-assuring tone.

The words she uttered were a perfect jumble, broken now and then with half-articulated cries but he was able to gather that she was a virgin attached to a shrine, had been deputed by the high-priest to attend a service at a branch sanctuary from where she was returning with two male attendants. On the way she fell in with a band of robbers who by both by speech and appearance seemed to be foreigners. They made short work of the bearers. His attendants fled away. Storm coming on they brought the conveyance to the spot and leaving it hurried away for shelter.

" It is time we were away. They may soon return," she gasped out in an agony of dread.

" How many were they do you think ?" he asked,

" Half a dozen or more I should guess."

" Quick, come with me. I'll carry you safe to your lodge."

He helped her out, both walked with a quick but noiseless tread through the bushes. The moon was peeping through the cloud-rifts, the stars were faintly twinkling. There was no sign of the storm save for a flicker of blue lightning in the distance. They pressed on. The spot was at length reached where the horse had been loosely tethred to a tree.

The stranger mounted hurriedly.

"Get up behind," he said reaching out his hand A fluttur of skirts and she was swung up into the saddle. She clung to his shoulders. Gathering the reins up he touched the animal with his spurs. With a soft jerk the brute broke into a quick canter. There was a cracking of twigs as it pushed through the bushes. Trees rustled as they were brushed past.

Now on the open land its hoof beat. Suddenly it tumbled upon four life-less bodies in a horrid state of mutilation.

"What have we here ?" cried he aghast himself at the sight.

"These are the corpses of the palkee bearers," she gave a cry of horror.

The horse regained its pace, from a slow trot it broke into a sweeping gallop and the ground being smooth made quick time.

The high road was gained and as it clattered at top speed wild were the echoes its hoofs waked up in the silence of the night. Clop, clop, cluck, cluck, rang over the road. The trees seemed to fly past. Field and fern, rock and ruins, brake and brush seemed to move like a panorama. Away, away, along the road it sped, away through the open country, away beyond. Past stretches of furze, past heath and heather, away, away. Plod-plod, plud-plud it ambled on, devouring the way. Mile after mile through arabel and woodland, across meadows, across pastures the cavalier kept ahead.

Slowly the folds of the pall of night parted and the dawn peeped. The crows cawed, the sparrows chirped. Just then a sound came clanging on the wind. It reverberated over the vast cornfield that stretched away to the right, seeming to increase in volume with every repetition.

"Drop me here," said she. "Yonder is our monastery." She pointed with her waxen hand to a steeple peeping over the distant line of green that bounded the expanse of waving corn. Solitary and red against the sky it looked majestic in its sheer build.

"That's the temple of Godadhurjee," added she.

Far with long strokes a bell was booming above the chime of *Kansar* (1) and the clash of cymbals, solemnising the morning service.

He reined in, with a quick movement slipped out of stirrup and dropping lightly on the ground helped her to alight.

"May I have the honour of escorting you to your lodge ?" said he in the most courtly tones he could assume, casting at the same time a quick glance at her veiled face. The grey light revealed to his astonished looks a youthful beauty of a transcendental type.

"You are very kind, but I can find my way very well,' her sweet voice fell like a strain of heavenly music upon his ears. "You have saved me, you have done what with my life I can never repay. I do not know how to thank you." She could speak no more, her utterances were choked with emotion.

"There is nothing to thank me for. I have done what a man should do" ? returned he politely.

With a low bow she turned to depart.

"May I crave one little favour," he stopped her with the utmost courtesy.

"It is granted before it is asked," she turned sharply round, blushing up to the eye-brows.

"May I ask by what strange irony of fate you have renounced the world in the flower of youth and lent yourself to the austerities of a religious recluse ?"

---

(1) A song—an instrument of percussion having a basin-like form glow and large wid rim.

"My tale will only distress you," said she with a heavy sigh." I came of a noble ancestry, of an ancient family at Joypur. My father was the prime minister of the reigning prince, had great influence in the council and over the prince himself. This produced jealousy amongst his colleagues who began to conspire for his ruin. I was then his only child. When I was eight years old, hostilities broke out between the Joypur State and the State of Ajmere. Our enemies found an opportunity to carry out their wicked design. Having drawn to their side some influential men of the State they openly accused him of treachery and so prejudiced the prince that to save himself from disgrace he quited his post and the native land too. Our family came and settled in this country and took up residence in the metropolis. My father soon got an appointment as finance minister of his imperial majesty which he yet holds. A year after, my mother brought to bed a boy who is now nine years old—"

The stranger stared at her in blank amazement.

"At a tender age I had learnt the art of composing verse. My fame soon reached the ears of his majesty who was so well pleased with my attainment that he made me a companion of his daughter, the princess royal."

The stranger looked still more amazed. Without breaking the bounds of decency he bent slightly forward to catch a glimpse of the veiled face. All he could see through the linen fabric was a comely head with coiled masses of amber hair clustering on a chiselled classic brow.

"The princess was of the same age as myself," continued she. "We became intimate. The intimacy deepened as we grew up. We played together, ate and slept, studied together the higher branches of learning. Ten years we spent together when she got married and that was recently."

One gasping breath she drew, one shiver as if some intense emotion shook her being. The stranger seemed spell-bound, his eyes were making a critical survey of her person.

"I continued to be her associate," she went on resuming her quiet dignity. "When the barbarians surprised the city, a treacherous domestic under the pretence of conveying us to a place of safety inveigled us into the camp of the barbarian chief."

"Can you be Chitrolekha ?" the stranger cried out with feverish impatience.

She was amazed to speechlessness for a moment.

"Truly it is I, my very self," she exclaimed. "How came you to know me, sir?"

She pushed up her veil, a pair of soft black eyes flashed a glance from under the silken lashes.

"Heaven be praised, we meet again," cried the stranger with elation.

"May I ask who you are?" she queried in tones of genuine surprise.

"Oh Chitrolekha, I wonder you should not recognise me, am I so altered, is my disguise so complete?" he gasped out. "Oh Chitrolekha, I am prince Kiran Singh. I broke away by sheer chance but the miracle is that you have escaped."

She fixed her eyes full on his face. Yes, in their lustrous depth there was a sign of recognition. For a moment a smile lit up her face, next a cloud settled upon it and tears trembled in the lashes.

"Oh Chitrolekha," continued the prince agitatedly. "I broke away not for life but to make shift to save you and my dear one. Getting here my first thought was to speed to the metropolis, apprise his Majesty of what had happened and bring an army for your rescue. But the fates be cursed, I was laid up all on a sudden with high fever which kept me long in bed. I have just recovered. I hear that a large force is coming, perhaps my comrades have raised it. I was going to join them when the storm came on, my horse shied as a thunder dropped on a roadside tree and carried me madly away. With great difficulty I gained a place of shelter and was returning thence when chance drew me here. Oh Chitrolekha how could you get out of those horrid walls? Did they let you off? Happily we meet again, but where is the princess, my beloved?"

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No. 4—April, 1918.

THERE IS A RUSSIA !

Our democracy is not patriotic; its attitude at a time when Russia's existence is at stake stands without parallel in the world's history. But 28 years ago the poet Petcherin wrote :—"How sweet it is to hate one's country, and wait for its destruction, and in the ruin of one's country to see God's regenerating hand !" It seems as though the whole nation were seized with a longing for self-immolation. Our enemies the Germans—nay, our friends the English and French—think that we are seized with madness; but it is rather a case of reversion to savagery. There was a time—only 107 years ago—when Russians rose to a man against Napoleon. Our ancestors were undoubtedly patriotic; their intense love of the motherland saved her from a foreign yoke. Have we deteriorated in the interval? Perhaps we have; savagery results from slavery, and slaves have no motherland.

Our "Intelligentsia," or educated classes, were placed in a tragical position. They cherished a just and holy hatred of the Autocracy which held them in bondage. But the Autocracy was not a mask or shadow; it was the nation's real soul. Its founder, Peter the Great, sowed the seeds of a new Revolutionary Russia: did not Pushkin say, "With Peter began the Revolution which is still in progress?" He was a compound of Autocrat and Bolshevik. Pushkin sang :—

> "O powerful Lord of Fate !
> Hast thou not checked the Russian steed,
> Making him rear up at the edge of a precipice ?
> Now the iron bit has relaxed its grasp,
> And Russia is falling into the abyss."

It was easy enough to dethrone Peter the Great's feeble successor, but who shall lay the ghost of the founder of Autocracy? In a metaphysical sense the latter was bound up with Orthodox religion: its roots lay deep in the National Church, and the Revolution has scarcely touched them. The Autocracy permeated Russia; only three years ago her people believed that their Tsar was God's Vicegerent. Can a belief dating back a thousand years be wiped out in three? The "Intelligentsia" clung to their ideal—a free Russia—and detested the enslaved reality. We cannot draw a sharp dividing line between love and hate:—

"The heart will never learn to love
Which has grown tired of hating.''

So those who abjured patriotism were real patriots. But one may ask, "Now that the Autocracy has disappeared, is it not possible to love Russia without reservation? If so, why is the heart-whole devotion of our ancestors no longer visible?" At its outset the Revolution was no class-affair, but the work of the entire nation. The revolutionary vanguard did not consist of soldiers and workmen alone, as certain demagogues aver; the ''Intelligentsia" were its pioneers; they saw that the Autocracy was leading Russia to defeat and ruin: and, in order to save her they rose in a magnificent impulse of patriotism. But that sentiment was short-lived; love of Russia disappeared like a blinding flash of lightening, and we now tremble in a terrible twilight. A false and ambiguous formula is heard everywhere:—"You may love Russia only in so far as she does not clash with the International movement." This dictum indeed contains the germs of truth. Despite the blunders of extremists Internationalism does postulate the negation of war. It is significant to find Russia's innermost soul in harmony with that side of Internationalism, which Tolstoy defines as "an inward and spiritual grace." A physical loathing of force as a factor in Empire-building, and an inborn tendency towards anarchism are peculiar to the Russian people. They are in conflict with the idea of patriotism which lay at the root of the world-war. We Russians—soldiers as well as civilians—simply hated the war, which we regarded as cannibalism. To continue fighting was as impossible as to revert to our ancestors' custom of devouring their enemies. Herein lies a tragical antinomy, not only for Russia but for the human race. It is no longer possible to fight with a light heart, as men used to do; at present all soldiers—even Germans—fight with heavy hearts, although they may not be conscious of the cause. War, therefore, has outlived its rationale, like cannibalism; but it persists just as many savages still eat human flesh from custom, but with positive loathing. A hatred of any war—even of a war "without annexations or indemnities"—is a distinctive feature of the Russians, as indeed of all Slavs. For we Russians are the youngest race in the world, and this latest modification of human nature is peculiar to us. As Pushkin sang in his "Gypsies":—

> "We are savages; we have no laws;
> We do not torture, we do not kill;
> We fear blood and moans."

But many people think that patriotism is bound up with imperialism and militarism. That may be the case in other countries, it is not so in ours. Russians are remarkable for their dislike of the imperial principle and of international "grab." Even under the Autocracy our imperialism was weak in comparison with that of France and Germany. Autocratic imperialism was not of Russian but of German origin: it was a poor copy, nay a caricature.

So much the reverse are we of imperialistic that we now are obsessed with a mania of persecution in that we see imperialism everywhere. Although Constantinople and the Dardanelles are essential to our existence as a progressive race, we renounced all claim to them in order to stop further slaughter. Our worst enemies, the Germans, admit that we Russians have always been sincere in a desire for peace "without annexations or indemnities." So vehemently did we long for peace that we were ready to destroy ourselves in order to secure it. Internationalism is in our blood and bones: Russians are all citizens of the world; members of the brotherhood of nations. Love of peace is ingrained in us, just as the love of war is ingrained in Germans and perhaps in citizens of Western Europe. Heraclitus wrote that "War is the universal father:" we say that peace is the father of everything. What we have to fear is not aggressive Nationalism, which never prevailed in Russia; but a sort of abstract Internationalism which has always flourished in our midst. The asceticism and contemplation of Asiatic religions are characteristics not only of the "Intelligentsia" but of the whole Russian people: they are survivals of Christian teaching; and emanations of our "Oriental Soul." We are lacking in a sense of historical realism.

We must make our internationalism something higher than this; it must be vital, practical and Western-European: it must be linked up with history. But to that end it is necessary that Russia should exist as a living organism. Such is no longer the case. The terrible fact remains that what survives of Russia is rushing headlong into ruin. If she retained any vitality, the Ukraine, Esthonia, Livonia and Finland would never have seceded. But very many people are thinking and acting as if Russia were dead. We are divided into hostile camps— that for which she does not exist: and that for which she is still a reality. There can be no sitting on the fence: we must choose one side of the controversy. If we join those who love Russia, we must not be afraid of showing our love without paralyzing qualifications. It is foolish to say, "The Revolution is in danger," meaning, "Yes, Russia must be saved— after we have saved the Revolution." Rather should we say, "Russia is perishing, and the Revolution will die with her." One fact cannot be gainsaid; it is that Russia does not exists for the Revolution but the latter for Russia. "Man was not made for the sabbath," said Jesus Christ, "but the Sabbath for man." The word "patriotism," brought into contempt by the Autocracy, should be rehabilitated by the Revolution. But let us all remember that Russia should be loved not for herself alone, but for the whole of humanity.

D. MEREJKOVSKI.

The foregoing translation of an article in the "Russkoc Slovo," sheds a flood of light on the Russian character, and explains phases in the Revolution which perplex denizens of Western Europe.

F. H. SKRINE.

THE REUNION OF CASTES (III).

The orthodox opposition to the Bill to provide that marriages between Hindus of different castes are valid, is excessive. A meeting held at Patna City (Bihar and Orissa) on the 22nd November 1918, under the presidency of Maharaja Sir Rameswar Sing Bahadur of Durbhanga, Resolved :

" That the Bill not only aims at interfering with the Hindu religion but is meant to destroy the very foundation thereof... 'That in order to safeguard the religious rights and privileges of Hindus in future it is absolutely necessary that it should be laid down in statute that any question affecting the 'Varnasrama Dharma' or any other religion shall never come up before any legislative body in any shape as such questions are beyond the jurisdiction of the legislative Councils.' '

The same Maharaja also presided at a mass meeting, on Sunday, the 29th December 1918, at the Calcutta maidan, to protest against the same Bill. On that occasion, he said :

" Now the Bill says that the Indian Legislature should legalize the validity of marriages between persons not belonging to the same caste. Every Hindu will question the authority of the Indian Legislature to pass any such law. Every one will feel that such action is beyond its jurisdiction. It has never been contemplated to recognize the competence of any authority to alter, modify or otherwise interfere with the Hindu laws as they obtain, with the Hindu laws as they are found in the Shastras and sanctioned by usage. Can all the force derived by the unanimity of votes by the members of the Indian Legislative Council make a Brahman a Kshatriya or a Kshatriya a Brahman ? Can the unanimity of opinion effect a sanction to the "pindas ' of a nephew to an uncle taking the place and acquiring the sanctity of a son to a father ? Things are what they are and what they have been from time immemorial. And it is not for any of us to presume to change them or interpret them otherwise than how they were originally meant. The Hindus take their sanction from the Vedas and Smritis as laid down by their Acharyas as the Acharyas can be the only true interpreters of their sacred scriptures and they refuse to recognize any other sanction. The Indian Legislative Assembly is neither the proper nor the competent authority te legislate for Hindus in matters of religion."

The vehemence of protest exceeds legislative bound. If the Bill be beyond the competence of the Indian Legislative Council, it, if passed, cannot be fully effective, as no Court will endorse it. The Acharyas may be the true interpreters of the sacred Hindu laws. But they may not always agree. When they disagree, who will decide ? That final authority, as now constituted, is the British Court. When we have no head, directing and enforcing, of our own, for matters religious or social, it is a disadvantage that the Government is religiously neutral. It does not usually interfere with our religion. When, however, there arises an actual necessity, it is only the Indian Legislative Council that can remedy an evil or inaugurate a good.

To hold that our Shastras are unchangeable, is to belie their vitality. That they endure to this day is due to their interpretations according to the times. What were permitted in the first three Ages have been cut down in the present.

The argument that it interferes with our religion or usage, is no consideration of the Bill. For, it starts with that admission. Having been admitted for discussion, the next course is to find the benefits, if any, conferrable by the Bill, or the disadvantages to be brought on by it. It is unquestionably a revolutionary measure. It is not to be condemned on only that ground. Dissect it, and then discredit it, if it shows nothing good or discovers more evil than good.

Mr. Patel, the mover of the Bill, lays the axe at the root of caste. Free marriage among the four pure castes, if freely indulged in, will, in time, make one of four, and extinguish caste, ending the mixed castes.

But mighty is Caste. Its off-shoots, the sub and mixed castes, perpetuate it. Like the Banyan tree (*Ficus Bengalensis*), it has sent down from its principal branches, roots that have developed into accessary trunks, producing a cluster or grove of connected trunks, covering Hindudom. Another example is afforded by the most sacred city of the Hindus on the sea-shore in Orissa. It is known as Nilachal, Puri, Purusottom, Sri-Kshetra, Sankha-Kshetra, or Kebal Kshetra, and, best and widely, as Jaggannath. This is the place for worship of the Lord of the Universe or the Most High. It is a sphere of perfect equality. Here, the Brahman, the Kshetriya, the Vaisya and the Sudra stand on the same plane. The caste-distinction due to food being untouched by another or lower caste, is at a discount. The food that is offered to the presiding deity is known as *Maha-prasad*, the high holy food. It has a large daily sale. The Brahman, equally with the Chandal, reverentially takes it for self, family, relations and friends. In spite of this elimination of distinction, certain castes are kept out of a certain circuit of the temple.

Verily, caste is extension of consanguinity. Even the Special Marriage Act, 1872 does not allow departure from prohibited degrees.

The Bill more than revives a condemned old practice. Along with unrestricted *anuloma* marriages, it introduces free *pratiloma* marriage. Regarding the first, Manu, chapter III., has:

"12 For the first marriage of the twice-born classes, a woman of the same class is recommended: but for such as are impelled by inclination to marry again, women in the direct order of the classes are to be preferred: 13 A Sudra woman only must be the wife of a Sudra; she and a Vaisya of a Vaisya; they two and a Kshatriya of a Kshatriya; those two and a Brahmani of a Brahman. 14 A woman of the servile class is not mentioned, even in the recital of any ancient story, as the first wife of a Brahman or of a Kshatriya, though in the greatest difficulty to find a suitable match. 15 Men of the twice-born classes, who through weakness of intellect, irregularly marry women of the lowest class, very soon degrade their families and progeny to the state of Sudras: 16 According to Atri, and to (Gouta ma) the son of Utathya, he who thus marries a woman of the servile class, if he be a priest, is degraded instantly; according to Saunaka, on the birth of a son, if he be a warriour; and, if he be a merchant, on the birth of a son's son, according to (me) Bhrigu. 17 A Brahman, if he take a Sudra to his bed, as his first wife, sinks to the regions of torment; if he beget a child by her, he loses even his priestly rank: 18 His sacrifices to the Gods, his oblations to the Manes, and his hospitable attentions to strangers, must be supplied principally by her; but the Gods and Manes will not eat such offerings; nor can heaven be attained by such hospitality. 19 For the crime of him, who thus illegally drinks the moisture of a Sudra's lips, who is tainted by her breath, and who even begets a child on her body, the law declares no expiation."

The first three classes (castes or *varnas*) marrying women of the fourth, degrade themselves to that class. This is a poohibition to the first three to take in the fourth. They cannot go lower than the third, that is, the first not lower than the next two; the second not lower than the third; the third, like the fourth, being limited to its own.

The ceremonies prescribed for the several marriages are:

"43 The coremony of joining hands is appointed for those, who marry women of their own class; but, with women of a different class, the following nuptial ceremonies are to be observed: 44 By a Kshatriya on her marriage with a Brahman, an arrow must be held in her hand; by Vaisya woman, with a bridegroom of the sacerdotal or military class, a whip; and by a Sudra bride, marrying a priest, a soldier, or a merchant, must be held the skirt of a mantle."

The last ceremony seems to withdraw a previous prohibition, or allow a condemned marriage. Then, in the division of property, "The son of a Brahman, a Kshatriya, or a Vaisya by a woman of the servile class, shall inherit no part of the estate, unless he be virtuous; nor jointly with other sons, unless his mother was lawfully married: whatever his father may give him, let that be his own." —Manu, IX. 155.

In the old Hindu testaments, there is no permission for *pratiloma* marriages, that is, for a man of lower *varna* marrying a woman of higher *varna*. There, again, separate places are assigned to sons by wives of different *varnas*. In Manu, Chapter IX. is written:

"85 When twice-born men take wives, both of their own class and others, the precedence, honour, and habitation of those wives, must be settled according to the order of their classes; 86 To all such married men, the wives of the same class only (not wives of a different class by any means) must perform the duty of personal attendance, and the daily business relating to acts of religion; 87 For he, who foolishly causes those duties to be performed by any other than his wife of the same class, when she is near at hand, has been immemorially considered as a mere *Chandala* begotten on a Brahmani."

A *Chandala* is the lowest of mortals, born from a Sudra on a woman of the priestly class or Brahman.

Equally with degradation, there is exaltation.

"22 Whatever be the qualities of the man, with whom a woman is united by lawful marriage, such qualities even she assumes; like a river united with the sea. 23 Akshamala, a woman of the lowest birth, being thus united to Vasistha, and Sarangi, being united to Mandapala, were entitled to very high honour: 24 These, and other females of low birth, have attained eminence in this world by the respective good qualities of their lords."—Manu, Chapter IX.

Thus, low birth may be ennobled in union with superior birth. Indeed, preference is given to quality, not birth. The four castes were divided according to qualities (*gunas*) and actions. They may not now have their pristine purity, being more hereditary than qualitative. Still, they have traditions as a guide, and heredity has its influence in degeneracy.

To unify, if possible, the four, the same qualities must be specified for all. Professed or forced equality will not engender amity. Difference in habits and ways will keep them apart. To be the same, the training and mode of life must not vary. For uniform rights, the lower must be positively raised (qualified) to the higher castes. This ought to be the first attempt of a reformer anxious for equal marital privileges.

Christianity recognises no castes. Divorce is absolutely prohibited by the Christian Church. Yet, to render homes happy, there are among Christians, legal dissolution of marriage, decree of nullity of marriage, and judicial separation of husband and wife. This must be due to inequality among the married couple and a desire to end it. This dissimilarity, in a manner and to an extent, is preventible by the caste system or some such method. Caste is valued by Hindu converts to Christianity, preference being given, in matter matrimonial, to converts from superior classes. Gyanendra Mohan Tagore, the first Bengali Barrister-at-Law, who was baptised as a Christian, prided that he was a Brahman Christian.

Vaishnavas or the latter-day Chaitanyaites, Brahmos of the New Dispensation, and Arya Samajists take in their fold all castes without distinction. They are Hindus. There is another class, without religion, created by the Special Marriage Act, 1872. They declare themselves not to be of the Christian, Jewish, Hindu, Muhammadan, Parsi, Buddhist, Sikh or Jaina religion. That Marriage law, Act III of 1872, gives them the liberty of divorce, which is not allowed by all the said eight religions. Divorce, along with freedom from religious obligations, is an attraction of this law. Their law of succession is probably the previous general Indian Succession Act, X of 1865, defining the rules of law applicable to Intestate and Testamentary Succession in British India. Here is a bid for Wills. It does not appear that any case of succession from the Act of 1872 has arisen, though divorce is not unknown.

The present Bill, which legitimizes illegitimacy, preserves, by non exclusion, to the legitimatized illegitimate the Hindu law of succession and other allowed claims of Hinduism. Those born of intercastal marriages will have the same position as those of the castal, both kinds of marriages running together. The ancient distinction between the different *varna* wives was ended by the later prohibition of intercastal marriages. The proposed measure, in its simple and short form, rudely revives the prohibited marriage; abolishes the distinctions between the two kinds of marriages; and secures to the children of both kinds the same and undistinguishable position. But, in a family, there may be two kinds of marriages and children. In this sense, the Bill introduces distinction, while its aim is extension without a difference. It causes disturbance to effectuate order, peace and happiness in Hindu homes.

J. C. DUTT.

OLD TIMES IN JAMAICA.

THE IRON CAGE.

A fearful night indeed was that of the 20th of April, 1856. All along the islands of the Caribbean Sea, above those balmy skies, then highly charged with electrical fluids, the aerial hosts from all points of the compass met together and fought a terrific battle for the mastery. That night and all its grandeur, I may say all its horrors as well, will never be effaced from my memory. I lay through its long weary hours on a stretcher in a barrack-room in Jamaica, sick almost unto death with yellow fever, and utterly exhausted by the fearful exactions of the disease. A hideous yellow woman, who cared nothing whether I lived or died, and who snored on a sofa at the other end of the room, was the only other creature in that great gloomy bird-cage of a building; but verily it taught me this experience, that if ever there be a time when the soft hand of ministering angels of one's own kith and kin be needed, it is when the poor feeble body struggles in the grip of death in lands far, far away. Through the jalousies, which to admit all the air possible surrounded the whole place, the rain ran in rivers; and as, after the clash and crash of the mighty artillery, the pitchy darkness was changed in the tenth of a second into burning day, one saw how the waters descended from above, not in lines, but apparently in solid sheets, through which not a chink beyond was visible. Covering my head, I tried to shut out the seething and hissing of the stream which ran violently round the house, as if seeking to sap its foundations; and poorly as I managed this, yet nothing would deaden the roar and the flash which each half minute succeeded each other for eight weary, weary hours. It was to me, as I then thought, the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and who is there that in solitude and pain can walk that path, and, even though permitted for a time to turn back, shall not bring away such things as can never be wholly lost in the dry and dusty track of the busiest or happiest existence?

Memory required no mark set upon the horrors of that miserable night, and yet I recall it now by another incident, in which I learnt how puny and light my own terrors and sufferings were, or should have been, compared to tortures which, inflicted on a wretched creature many years gone by, the awful storm of that night brought unmistakably again to the knowledge of another generation of men. The good old doctor, by whose skill and God's blessing I had baffled Yellow Jack, used to pay me long friendly visits during convalescence; and while he discouraged me from reading, never failed to make amends by collecting all the news of the day for my benefit. One morning, while I was sitting in the verandah enjoying the first flittings of the sea-breeze, he disengaged his fingers from my wrist, after a longer consultation than usual, and said, with a pleasant smile and a tap on the shoulder,—

"Come, I think in, another ten days we shall be able to see you hobbling about a little, eh?"

I shook my head rather mournfully, feeling—oh! that awful feeling which all who have recovered from a desperate illness in the tropics know so well—as if I never should walk again, and almost careless whether I did or not.

"Come, come, keep a good heart on it," said my kind friend, smiling. "I've seen a good many just like you; but, believe me, you'll take an interest in life yet. Now this very morning I saw something which would have tickled your fancy very much—very much indeed; an extraordinary relic of the old slave times: what do you think of that?"

"Indeed," I replied, making an effort to sit more upright; and the doctor saw at once he had touched the right chord.

"Yes! I knew that would interest you; we have talked over those sad times so often before. So I,ll tell you all about it. Do you remember, about a month ago, there was one night an awful storm of lightning and rain?"

Did I remember! That was the expeession of my face, and the doctor well understood it.

"Yes; an awful night to you, my yoor fellow, no doubt. Well, rain, as you know, falls heavy enough in these parts, but that night was quite exceptional even for a tropical downpour. It washed away the roads in many places about Kingston entirely, and did an immensity of damage. You know the road leading to Stony Hill, a short distance north of Half-way Tree cross-roads; and I dare say you remember an enormous tamarind-tree which stands close to the ditch at the corner? The flood came down the hills, and tore up the ground all about the roots of that tree, and some negroes passing along saw among them a strange-looking thing. which they at first took for a gigantic skeleton. Creeping down to wards it with timid and cautious steps, they perceived that it was a great iron case, among the bars or ribs of which bones were entwined. You know the darkies well enough to be sure that they would not meddle with such an affair as that; so it remained quite uninjured until one or two of the members of the Society of Arts heard of it, had it dug out very carefully, and deposited it with the bones in the museum, where we had a solemn conclave over it, as I told you this morning."

"Well, doctor, perhaps, after all, it was an old suit of Spanish armour; nothing very wonderful, considering the number of those gentry who must have been disposed of in this neighbourhood some two hundred and fifty years ago."

"Oh, no. We pretty well ascertained what it was. In short, there was no doubt about it at all. It was a terrible instrument of torture, in which a human being suffered many years ago the horrible agonies of lingering death by starvation, thirst, and exposure. The bones were those of a young woman, who was enclosed in those iron ribs for some great crime, in such a way so that she could not move—hung in chains, in fact; and then she was suspended by a ring on the iron helmet to a branch of the tamarind-tree, and left to die from exhaustion. Ah! my ——" said the old doctor, wiping his forehead with a great time-stained yellow bandana, "it is scarcely possible to realise the agonies that human being must have endured from heat, thirst, and insects, before death could have ensued. I'm an old slave owner, as I've told you before, but bad as were the stories I heard in those days, and saw, too, for that matter, nothing like such fiendish cruelty as that was ever resorted to, at least not in my recollection."

"What a horrible story," I exclaimed, while I felt, the first time for weeks, the thin weak blood running to-and-fro in my veins as if frightened at such an unwonted call for exertion. It was life returning to its ancient channels, with an incentive for thought and action fitted to the happy moment for rousing its latent and sluggish powers.

"Doctor, will you take me to see this iron cage and skeleton?" And as I spoke I straightened myself up in the long-sloping rocking-chair, and put my hands out, as if to rise at once and walk about.

"Easy, easy now, my good fellow—all in good time. Not much occasion to tell you to sit still, I suspect, for I doubt if you could walk across the room. You've something to think over till I see you again, and now good morning."

"Stop !" cried I, as he marched down the long corridor; "I've thought of something already. Give me down that Shakespeare, and I think I can show you they did just as horrible things in England. Yes, here it is in "Macbeth," where that Thane-king says—

'If thou speakest false,
Upon the next tree thou shalt hang alive
Till famine cling thee.'

'Cling thee !' doctor, what a curious expression. But here is a foot-note, which says, 'cling' here means 'drying-up or withering.' Now, tell me, was not my inference fair enough ?"

The doctor took the book, and read the passage carefully, stiffening his brains the meanwhile with a heavy dive into his snuff-box, a proceeding always indicative of surprise and indecision. He placed the book back upon the table with this solemn reflection : "I have always heard that, no matter what subject you lighted on, yet in Shakspere a quotation could always be found to bear on it, either directly or by fair analogy. Yet I certainly do not remember ever finding or hearing of so strange a coincidence as this. No, never ! Good-bye once more." And as he uttered again "No, never," while gently disappearing down the steps, and appealed more than once to the tap tap of the little wooden box in his hand, I saw the doctor was considerably stumped by the wisdom of the immortal bard so unexpectedly bringing to his knowledge the sayings of a still wiser man, that under the sun there is nothing new, not even in a new world, undiscovered when Solomon the King preached and lamented.

Six weeks slipped away, oh ! how wearily ; but from the wholesome fillip of excitement I had just received, began the sure and gradual strengthening into active life again. Not a day passed but more than once I thought of the iron cage, until one morning, when the sea-breeze blew half a gale across the grass-parade of Up-Park Camp, and kept down the mercury to 84° in the shade, I thought I would brave the doctor's anger, and, slipping a pencil and sketch-book into the buggy, ordered the boy to drive to the Museum of the Society of Arts in Kingston. At any other moment I believe the fine collection of polished woods, the fossils, the fruits, the birds of glorious plumage from the continent, the curious land-shells, for which Jamaica is so justly famed, and many other articles in that small but very interesting repertoire, would have detained me to linger and examine each with care; but I passed from room to room and from spot to spot with a careless glance, until, in the corner of a room of horrors, lined around with the skulls of negro malefactors executed for their crimes, suspended from a beam, my eyes fell upon the hideous relic for which I sought. Hideous, did I say? Ay, ten thousand times more hideous than anything my fancy had depicted; swinging again, rusty, discoloured, and cankered, to the motion of the breeze, as it had done a hundred years gone by on the branch of the old tamarind at Halfway Tree. Any idea of armour vanished at the instant of beholding it; there could be no doubt of its being made to secure a naked human body alive, while in sad testimony of this knowledge, in an open wooden box beneath, lay the bones of the sufferer who once had passed from life to death in its most accursed grasp. Round the knees, hips, and waist, under the arms and around the neck, iron hoops were riveted close about the different parts of the body. Iron braces crossed these again, from the hips right over the centre of the head. Iron bars and plates encircled and supported the legs, and at the lower extremities were fixed plates of iron like old-fashioned stirrups, in which the feet might have found rest, had not a finish to the torture, compared to which crucifixion itself must have been mild, been contrived by fixing in each stirrup three sharp-pointed spikes to pierce the soles of the victim's feet. The only support the body could receive, while strength remained or life endured, was given by a narrow hoop passing from one end of the waistbar in front between the legs to the bar at the back. Attached to the circular band under the arms, stood out a pair of handcuffs, which prevented the slightest motion in the hands; and on the crossing of the hoops over the head was a strong hook, by which the whole fabric, with the sufferer enclosed, was suspended. Quivering in agony, there she swung, the blazing sun striking fiercely on her nakedness, quickly causing a terrible thirst to rage throughout the frame, and, while yet life was strong, the fevered blood to course madly through the swollen veins. Not long before the ants, pondering over the drops of blood which fell from her spike-pierced feet, would climb in countless myriads up the old tamarind-tree, across the branches, and down over the iron bars to the fountain of this horrid feast; while mosquitoes and sandflies disputed with these and many other parasites which should suck fastest at the life and strength of a poor human creature, hung up to be eaten thus alive. It was not to revel in the remembrance of all this misery that these thoughts ran riot through my brain, while with careful pencil I sketched the outline of the iron skeleton.

No; far from it; it was but that I might have the surer means of confounding the arguments of men, who cried "Pish!" when they heard others rejoice over the accursed times of slavery, passed away under our British flag for ever. Many a stout battle had we fought over our after-dinner Madeira at the mess; and allowing that there was much to be said on both sides of this great question, yet I had long come to see and understand how vastly the evil of the system preponderated over the good, and to hope that in a day (now, alas! still more distant) the reward and blessing for present great distress and suffering would begin again to dawn upon the fortunes of the sinking colony.

I was just closing the sketch-book, after carefully comparing the lines I had drawn with the original; when a voice at my shoulder said,

"Sir, if I may be so bold, there is one small thing you have not seen."

I turned and saw at my shoulder a stout, well-to-do coloured man, probably a small tradesman, to judge from his dress, who, with a pleasant smile bowed, mopped the beads off his shining forehead with a bright yellow handkerchief, and then begged pardon most respectfully again.

"Have I left out anything? Yes; what is it, then?"

"Look," said my new friend, advancing towards the iron cage, "you have not seen those sharp spikes to run into the back and neck. There was to be no rest anywhere. Ah, me! sir, *nowhere, nowhere.*"

He spoke with emotion and a low sigh, while his finger ran over the knobs upon the bars where the spikes were much discoloured, and hidden with rust and oxide; and then he turned about and said, "Pray, sir, put them in; make it all complete."

So excited did he seem, that it struck me he might know something of the history of the cage, and I asked him.

"Not much," he rep'ied; "but there is an old woman still alive who remembers it. when she was a young girl, swinging in the wind. She is a relative of mine, and was a slave before freedom was proclaimed. But she is past ninety, and scarcely remembers anything more than this."

"Has she no idea what the crime was of the poor creature whose bones are lying there ?"

"Many people have asked her this, and she says she thinks it was a young black girl who was hung alive for attempting to posion her owner's family. At any rate, sir, perhaps you may remember that, about a hundred years ago, there were great disturbances among the slaves, and that this horrible mode of execution was justified by the then existing laws. There are records of this fact in the histories of Jamaica."

"Are you sure ?"

"Quite, sir, quite ; I think I can show you the authority," and taking down a volume of Bryan Edward's old and rare history of this colony, where he speaks on the subject of the mysterious action of Obeah, he read this extract :—

"Such I well know was the origin of the negro rebellion, which happened in Jamaica in 1760. It arose at the instigation of a Coromantyn negro. who had been a chief in Guinea; and it broke out on the frontier plantation in St. Mary's parish, belonging to the late Ballard Beckford, and the adjoining estate of Trinity, the property of my deceased relation and benefactor, Zachary Bayly. On these plantations were upwards of 100 Gold Coast negroes newly imported, and I do not believe that an individual amongst them had received the least shadow of ill-treatment from the time of their arrival there. Concerning those on the Trinity estate I can pronounce, of my knowledge, that they were under the government of an overseer of singular tenderness and humanity. His name was Abraham Fletcher, and let it be remembered, in justice even to the rebels and as a lesson to other overseers, that his life was spared out of respect to his virtues. The insurgents had heard of his character from the other negroes, and suffered him to pass through them unmolested. This fact appeared in evidence. Having collected themselves into a body, about one o'clock in the morning, they proceeded to the fort at Port Maria, killed the sentinel, and provided themselves with as great a quantity of arms and ammunition as they could conveniently dispose of. Being, by this time, joined by a number of their countrymen from the neighbouring plantations, they marched up the high road that led to the interior parts of the country, carrying death and desolation as they went. At Ballard's Valley, about four in the morning, they surrounded the overseer's house, in which eight or ten white people were in bed : every one of these they butchered in the most savage manner, and then drank their blood mixed with rum At Fsher, and other estates, they exhibited the same tragedy, and then set fire to the buildings and canes. In one morning they mudered between thirty and forty whites, not sparing even the infants at the breast, before their progress was stopped. Jacky, the chief, was killed in the woods by one of the parties that went in pursuit of them ; but some others of the ringleaders were taken, and a general inclination to revolt appearing among all the Coromantyn nogroes in the island, it was thought necessary to make examples of some of the most guilty. Of those who were clearly proved to have been concerned in the murders at Ballard's Valley, one was condemned to be burnt, and the other two to be hung alive in irons and left to perish in the dreadful situation. The wretch that was burnt was made to sit upon the ground, and his body being chained to an iron stake, the fire was applied to his feet. He uttered not a groan, and saw his legs reduced to ashes with the utmost firmness and composure ; after which, one of his arms by some means getting loose, he snatched a brand from the fire that was consuming him, and flung it in the face of the executioner. The two that were hung up alive, were indulged, at their own request with a hearty meal immediately before they were suspended on the gibbet, which was erected on the parade in the town of Kingston. From that time until they expired, they never uttered the least complaint, except only of cold in the night, but diverted themselves all day long in discourse with their countrymen, who were permitted, very improperly, to surround the gibbet. On the seventh day a notion prevailed among the spectators that one of them wished to communicate an important secret to his master, my near relation, and as he was in St. Mary's, the commanding officer sent for me. I endeavoured, by means of an interpreter, to let him know I was present, but I could not understand what he said in return. I remember that both he and his fellow-sufferer laughed immoderately at something that occurred—I know not what. The next morning, the 8th, one of them silently expired, as did the other on the morning of the ninth day."

He closed up the old book quite solemnly, and returned it to its place on the shelf; then, going over to the box, beneath the cage, he took up from among the bones the little white skull, and brought it over to me.

"Look, sir, at this with me, and let us ask if any sufferings you and I have ever endured, or are ever likely to meet with in these days, can possibly compare to the agonies which must have torn the brain which once lodged within here during, the last days of its short life; a life, sir, I don't doubt but it may have been steeped in crime, but which,, fed in the lowest ignorance, knew nothing, or next to nothing, of the difference of good and evil; nothing of Christian love and duty; no pleasure but the possession and cultivation of the passions wdich we hold in common with the brute beasts of the field. It does me good to come here sometimes and remember this, for I should have been a poor brutish slave now, had not God been pleased to remove this curse away from us, and for that, sir," he added, while reverently taking off his hat, "I trust that I and many others like me are thankful."

"I think we might all be thankful, both masters and slaves; for, if the sufferings of the one in this world were great, surely the responsibilities for which the others will have to answer to Him in the day when all accounts must be balanced up, will be still greater."

"Yes," he replied, eagerly; "yes, sir, that's where it is. Not that I mean to deny for a moment that in the slave days there were many good masters, and thousands of happy servants, happy in their own way, yet the evil was in giving to men such power over their fellow-creatures, power of life and soul and body, which the very best and the most merciful, in moments of heated passion or temptation, might use possibly to their own deep sorrow wen *too late.* Against these passions, common to all men, no laws could protect the slave; while slavery itself demanded that the most horrible penalties should be enforced to ensure its existence even for a single day. I might have been a murderer, and forfeited my life like any of these," he continued, pointing with his hand to the skulls of felons ranged in long rows around the room, "and you sir, too, might have done things in unhappy opportunities, even with no human law to call you to account, from which your thoughts, like those of the king of Syria, would now shrink in horror. We may all be thankful that those times are gone—gone for ever." Then, taking his broad hat off, he bowed respectfully, wished me good-day, and departed.

With my sketch of the iron cage, I drove home to tell the doctor all I had seen and heard. He appeared quite amused at the interest which the recollections of those days seemed to excite in new-comers to an old slave country. "Well, my good friend," said he, "these things were common enough in my day, and they had almost passed from my memory; but I am not sorry now to think of them once more, nor do I think it will serve a useless purpose to hand the record of such cruelties down to our successors. They will at any rate teach them that the world daily grows less brutal and more merciful, and remind us in the midst of our own heavy troubles that we might have known others, had God so willed it, infinitely less endurable. Unless I am much mistaken, you will yet meet with other relics to add to this; though, I dare say, without such evidence as this sketch-book holds, the good folks at home will scarcely credit the tales of the by-gone days of old Jamaica."

The doctor was right, for not long after another witness of the dark past turned up strangely and unexpectedly, of which and of the incidents which led to its discovery, I hope some day or other to write in their own proper time and place.

R. B. M.

THE FISH-FARMS OF THE WORLD.

PASSENGERS along the Strand who look in at the office of the Field newspaper, and observe the singular boxes filled with what appears to be some transparent peas, but which are in reality the ova of salmon and trout in the act of being hatched, look upon this artifical fecundation as another among the many instances of the cleverness of the age in which we live. In truth, however, this discovery, so new to us, is as old as the hills, and mankind for ages have waited upon nature to facilitate her operations.

In Asia, the Chinese, to whom we must look for the initiation of many so-called European ideas, have time out of mind been in the habit of collecting the impregnated eggs of fish, and of desposit-ing them in the clear streams irrigating their rice-fields. Nay, they have even anticipated our Eccaleobion in a most ingenious manner for the purposes of pisciculture. In order to facilitate the hatching of fish eggs, they are in the habit of making a small aperture in a fowl's egg, sucking out its contents, and replacing it with fecundated fish ova. The egg is then placed under a hen for a few days, and the ova are thereby so far ripened that it is only requisite to break the egg into sunwarmed water in order to speedily produce—not a chicken, but a brood of young fishes! In China, notwithstanding its enormous population, fish is so cheap that it forms a very important part of the food of the people, and nothing, we are told, more astonishes the Celestial than the high price of this kind of food in England.

The art of pisciculture, indeed, may be called one of the lost arts of Europe recently revived. We cannot say that it has been utterly extinguished, inasmuch as oyster culture has been maintained from distant ages down to the present time in what is, to modern travellers, an obscure corner of Italy. "Facilis descensus Averni," says the old poet; and the Avernus of the ancients is the Lake Fusaro of the present day, where oyster culture is now carried on in the same manner as in the time of Virgil, when the gourmands of Italy kept stocks of live fish, the value of which seems astounding even in these days. Lake Fusaro, the first seat of oyster culture, is a pool of water about a league in circumference, which lies between the site of the Lucrine lake and the ruins of the town of Cumæ. The bird's-eye view given in an engraving of this lake* gives us a good idea of the method employed by the ancients to preserve the spat or spawn of the oyster. If this spawn falls upon muddy ground it is destroyed. This fact was well known to the ancient inhabitants of Italy, and in order to afford a holding-ground to the spat, they raised cone like heaps of stones in the lake, which they surrounded with stakes. The lines of stakes again were then used—and are now, indeed—for the purpose of suspending from them fascines, or bundles of faggots. These were placed over the oyster beds, and as the spat or spawn was given out in a mucus like cloud from the shells of the oysters, it was thereby intercepted, or anchored, as it were, until it had time to grow.

As it was in old time, so it is now; and it was owing to the accident of Mr. Costa, a Frenchman, happening to have witnessed what art was doing here for the cultivation of oysters, that we owe its introduction into France, and from that point to the rest of Europe. We are told that, fifteen years ago, there was scarcely an oyster grown in France. Now there are on the foreshores of that country upwards of 7,000 fish-farms for the cultivation of oysters. We are but too apt to think that it is England alone that is making gigantic stride in the field of labour; but this example affords perhaps one of the most extraordinary instances of what can be done by an energetic or scientific worker in reaping, as it were, from, before, barren ground a good harvest of the most valuable kind. The system of oyster culture in France was practically inaugurated at the Ile de Ré, off the shore of the Lower Charente (near Rochelle). It was begun, Mr. Bertram tells us, by a man of the name of Beef, a stonemason, in 1858. This clever fellow noticed that the spat required holding ground, and having procured a few bushels of oysters he laid them down upon a small portion of the foreshore that he had enclosed with a dyke, scattering his oysters in the "parc" thus enclosed among some rough stones. Whilst he was at work at his trade, the oysters went on increasing until the year 1862, when he sold forty pounds' worth. His neighbours noticed what he was doing, and speedily there was a perfect rush to the sea, and now the foreshores of the island from between Point de Rivedoux and Point de Lame is one vast oyster-park cultivated by hundreds of persons. It is, indeed, one of the great industrial facts of the present age, and we have only to follow the lead of the stonemason Beef to give employment to thousands of our poor fishermen round these islands. In this country the oyster has to go through a fattening process before it reaches the table. Our natives are fed on barley-meal by the fishmonger before they are considered sufficiently plump and delicate for the London market; but in France they educate their native in a more elaborate manner. In Paris they look for colour everywhere, as well as flavour, and they get it in their green oysters. The greening of oysters is a separate industry and is carried on at Marennes, on the banks of the river Leudre, which are covered for leagues with claires, or fattening ponds. The claires are protected from the tide by water-tight embankments, fitted with flood-gates, and the oysters are allowed to lie for upwards of two years under the green scum, which is, in fact, a vegetable growth which accumulates in the stagnant water of the claires. The green oyster is the oyster *par excellence* according to the Parisian palate, just as the Milton native is *the oyster* to the Londoner. The claires of Marennes afford about fifty millions of green oysters per annum, yielding a revenue of two and a half millions of francs. As the oyster during the time of its growth requires to be moved from place to place, a Dr. Kimmerer has invented a tile, by means of which this process may be much facilitated. These tiles are propped up at an angle, in order to catch the floating spat. The tile is previously coated with a composition which can be peeled off when necessary with its coating of young oysters. Thus their removal can be managed with great celerity and safety. In order to show the productive nature of oyster-beds, Mr. Bertram states that he had been informed that in the Bay of Arcachon, at Testé, one bed of 500,000 oysters increased in three years to seven millions! and that in the Ile de Ré, where they were first laid down only as a few bushels in 1858, the total crop, notwithstanding the immense supply annually gathered from them, is now estimated at 378,000,000 of oysters. Verily, we may look upon the waters and the foreshores of our islands as the Americans of the far-west look upon the limitless prairie lands, from which food for countless millions of people are yet to be fed. In our own country the "happy fishing-grounds," as the oyster-farms in the neighbourhood of Whitstable are termed, employ upwards of 3,000 persons in the cultivation &c., of the oyster-beds. All the arrangements of oyster culture are as perfect as they can be, and have been for years and years before an oyster was grown in France, with but one exception, and that is the very important one of collecting and preserving their own spat. As much of course, of this "flotsum," as they term it, as is produced in their own beds, and which falls upon their own guard, is useful; but the fact that it floats away with the tide and falls off on muddy ground, where it is lost, has not hitherto been apprehended by the English oyster cultivator, as it has been by his keener French brother; hence an immense amount of spawn is lost, and the cultivators have to buy it! Some clever fello spawn know what is being done abroad, have, we hear, formed ws, whony.to purchase, or, if possible, to procure a free grant of a large portion of the foreshore near these oyster-farms, in the hope of catching the floating spat wasted from their neighbours' grounds. If they manage this, they will surely reap the benefit of their neighbours' ignorance. It will be like taking possession of waste ground surrounded by game preserves, without having to stock it with game; but of course in time the growers of the natives will take the same measures as the Frenchmen to secure their own seed.

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* The engraving is by Mr. J. G. Bertram, the author of "The Hervest of the Sea," published by Murray (1866), from which the chief materials of this article are drawn, and which should be read by all persons interested in the art of pisciculture.

Mussels have been cultivated for centuries in the Bay of Aiquillon, in the same manner as oysters are now cultivated; the spat of the mussel being intercepted as it floats by means of stakes driven into the mud, and interlaced with the branches of trees. It is said that this mussel stake was an accidental discovery made centuries ago by an exile from Erin, who, being wrecked on this coast, endeavoured to devise a trap for the capture of wild fowl by means of these hurdles. The stakes, he found, were speedily covered with mussels, which were much finer than those found in the surrounding mud. From the date of that discovery—1135—mussel-farms have been cultivated here. The stakes thus interlaced are extended in lines of two hundred metres long, two lines converging in the shape of a V, the apex of which is turned towards the sea. Each fence is termed a bouchot, and there are five hundred of them in the bay. These fences in due season bocome loaded with fine mussels—so loaded, indeed, that more cannot hang upon them. " A well-peopled bouchot usually yields, according to the length of its sides, from 400 to 500 loads of mussels,—that is, at the rate of a load per metre. A load weighs 150 kilogrammes (about three cwt.), and sells for five francs. A single bouchot, therefore, bears about 60,000 or 75,000 kilogrammes annually in weight, of the value of from 20,000 to 2 ,000 francs. The whole harvest of these bouchots would therefore weigh from 30 to 35 millions of kilogrammes, which would yield a revenue of something like a million of fancs." Not only is a very large amount of nutritious food obtained by means of these mussel farms, but, what is quite as important, a plentiful supply of bait for the fishing lines, for the want of which our own fishermen often cannot proceed to sea, and have to remain at home in enforced idleness until it can be obtained. It strikes us that the spectacle of these bouchots loaded with mussels should have given our French neighbours a hint which they should have applied to oyster culture and then M. Costa need not have gone so far from home as Lake Fusaro in order to learn that spat requires good holding-ground to prevent it from perishing. But individuals as well as nations are slow to learn lessons that lie under their very noses. How is it that, with all the communication we have with France, we never heard of these mussel-farms before: and how long will it be before the information spreads to our fisher folk? If any of the residents among them would take Mr. Bertram's volume and give readings to them during the next winter evenings, they would be doing them a practical good. Where is Mr. Jesse, that these curious means of fish culture have not been made known to the Brighton fishermen?

One of the most ancient as well as singluar fish-farms, if we may so term it, is the community of Comaccio, on the Adriatic. The lagoon, which extends over a breadth of swampy ground, 150 miles in circumference, is accessible to the sea at many points. The Reno and the Volano, mouths of the Po, form the side boundaries of this great swamp, and between these a vast series of canals and pools are dyked out from the Adriatic, but with carefully constructed sluice gates, which give free access to its salt waters. On the 2nd of February, the year of Comaccio may be said to beign, for at that time the *montée* commences, when may be seen ascending the Reno and Volano, from the Adriatic, a great series of wisps, apparently composed of threads, but in reality young eels; and as soon as one lot enters, the rest, with a sheep-like instinct, follow their leader, and millions thus pass annually from the sea to the waters of the lagoon.

The sluices are not closed until the end of April, and the harvest of the fish does not begin until the autumn. They fatten upon a small fish termed the aquadella, which flourishes in the lakes and enclosures in great numbers. Although other fish, such as the mullet and the plaice, are grown, yet the eel in the great item of fish culture. The fishermen live in barracks, and observe the monkish rule of passive obedience. Each island of the lagoon may be considered a large farm, having a chief cultivator, a staff of labourers, a store-house and living house. The people term these stations farms and the basins in which the fish are cultivated, fields. There are four hundred of these fishing stations or farms, the largest of which belong to the Pope, and the rest to private persons. The fish, when harvested, are prepared for market in several ways; a large proportion are cooked before being sent away. They are cut in junks and spitted before a large fire; others are salted and treated with vinegar; and a third portion are dried like our herrings. The fishermen, with their families, form a most interesting and isolated community. The labourers have all things in common, and the master exercises absolute control over his own dominion. The wages are small, but the whole community is maintained, together with the widow, the orphan, and the aged, out of the proceeds of the fishery. As we have said, the military discipline of each valley is alike, and most strict. None of the employed are allowed to be absent from duty without a written permission. Cut off as they are by their marshy surroundings from the rest of the world, they live a most monotonous existence, and the presence of a stranger among them creates quite a sensation. Think, good reader, of having to live upon roasted eels all the days of your life, and then imagine what life must be in these fishing farms of Comaccio!

But the most comprehensive establishment for the culture of fish of all kinds is to be found in France. The great establishment of Huninque leads the way in all matters that pertain to the new science of pisciculture. The Rhine supplies the greater portion of the water used in this great fish manufactory; for that is really the most appropriate term to apply to the industry carried on here. The idea of the Government is to obtain eggs, and to hatch them for distribution throughout the various rivers and waters of France. In order to accomplish this, vast numbers of eggs are purchased, and other quantities are artificially gathered in the establishment itself, as we shall show. The clever Frenchman, not satisfied with collecting the spawn after it has been deposited by the fish, captures the gravid salmon, stores it until its ova is nearly ripe, and then operates upon the individual fish in the following manner. The fish is with one hand held in a tub of water, while, with the other, the operator gently presses along the abdomen; as he presses, the ova flows out in a stream from the ovapositor. In the same manner the male salmon is deprived of its milt. The operator, now in possession of eggs and fructifying principle, mixes them at his leisure, and vivification takes place in a very certain manner. In a state of nature a vast amount of spawn is lost in consequence of not coming in contact with the milt, but by this method of artificial fructification there is no such waste. The fructified eggs are then placed in long boxes filled with gravel; these are placed in a series of pyramids or steps, the water from the top boxes flowing down to those beneath. The hatching galleries form large buildings, sixty metres in length and nine metres broad, and they are stowed as full as they can hold with the hatching boxes, with which the reader is now doubtless familiar. In addition to the hatching galleries, there are other rooms devoted to the culture of the young fish in various stages of growth, and breeding-ponds on a large scale. All the better kinds of fish fitted for the table are bred here, and distributed over the country; in this manner the exhausted rivers and lakes of France will in time be replenished. Great care is taken to give the vivified eggs only to persons who know how to take due care of them, a second supply never being granted to any individual until he can give satisfactory proof that he has succeeded well with the first batch. The eggs are packed among wet moss, and in this manner travel very safely. Indeed, it is surprising how long eggs can be kept alive in this manner packed with ice. Several batches of salmon eggs have indeed survived the voyage to Australia, and young salmon are now rejoicing in the rapid Murray and other rivers, and in the next generation, no doubt, salmon will be as plentiful in the colonies at our antipodes, as we now hear sparrows are in Melbourne and other great towns. But to return to Huninque. The principal fish cultivated there are salmon, trout, and ombre chevalier. The greatest care is taken to adapt the waters to the various fish. Thus, Rhone water, the water from the Augruben stream, and spring water arising within the grounds, are used. Mr. Bertram seems to think that this central breeding-place, although in accordance with French notions, is in fact an error; and that a separate breeding-place for each salmon river, like that at Stormontfield, would be best both for the fish and for the angler. But there is certainly loss of power and of money in this plan of distribution, *versus* the French system of concentration. The question of keeping each fish to its own water is, however, very important, as we know that with salmon they always return to it, after their sojourn in the sea, with an unerring instinct.

Huninque, although by far the largest, is only one of many such establishments in France, and the quantity of fish they save must be something astounding. It has been calculated that, out of 30,000 salmons' eggs, only five are reared for the table in the open sea; we may therefore make a shrewd guess at the amount of fish food that may be saved by artificial cultivation. When we remember that, in the rivers and seas, millions of ova perish every moment for want of the presence of the fructifying milt, and other causes, and that, even when the young fish are hatched, that the greater portion of them are eaten by the gourmands of the deep, it will no longer appear an exaggeration to anticipate that by art we may add as much food from this source alone, for the sustenance of the people, as we now produce from all the ordinary sources.

And, according to Mr. Bertram, the ignorance of man himself only too powerfully seconds nature in the destruction she allows in the deep. We are gradually, he tells us, depopulating the fishing-grounds, where for centuries we have reaped such harvests. The trawlers, with their destructive engines, are said to destroy as much as 500 tons of spawn in twenty-four hours, and we are not content unless we catch the herring when it is full of roe. If the salmon has a close time, why not the humble herring, which is the poor man's salmon? We go down to the great deep and cast in our nets in total ignorance of the breeding-time of half the fish we catch. On land, where we see what is going on among our flocks and herds, we commit no such errors; even the insignificant snipe is allowed law during his breeding season, and when man is better informed we shall, without doubt, accord it to the inhabitants of the deep.

We are glad to hear that pisciculture in England is advancing beyond the shop-windows of sporting papers, and from the character of a toy, like our ferneries, to the dignity of a practical working fact. The breeding ponds at Stormontfield are at length turning their produce into the Tay. A million fish have passed into that river, and the fisheries along its banks have, we hear, gone up considerably in value in consequence. We are informed that it is in contemplation to cultivate turtle in the same manner as fish; we certainly do not see why not. Possibly if this were done, poor mortals below the magnificent position of an alderman might be regaled with a basin of this nutritious soup, just as dirty little boys may now get pine-apples from the costermonger at a penny a slice. But these are luxuries which we fear can never reach the poor man as an article of food, but we see no reason why roach and dace, and other fish that grow rapidly, should not be reared artificially with care, and in numbers sufficient to make them common and cheap articles of food. Before parting with the luxuries which are to be met with on the tables of the better class let us say a word about that delicate breakfast relish, the sardine. We put our trust in them because we believe them to be an Italian delight, nevertheless we cannot help having our suspicions respecting the nativity of certain full-sized specimens we hook out of its tin bath now and then, which we find, on inspection, very white in colour and certainly plebeian in flavour. Our suspicions, we regret to say, Mr. Bertram has confirmed. There were, he tells us, no less than 75,000 barrels of sprats taken in the year 1864 on the coast of Britany, and done up as sardines. It would perhaps be as well if we were to make our own sardines instead of paying the Frenchmen for the manufacture. We have said enough to show that there is a harvest of the sea awaiting the hands of the cultivator, which is capable of yielding enormous quantities of food for all classes of the people. The foreshores of these islands, now unproductive, only require a few energetic men like Beef to turn them into productive oyster farms; in like manner, uncounted quantities of mussels may be raised after the manner of the French bouchots. And our inland rivers and lakes, our ponds and other waters, may be made breeding places. Of old great quantities of fish stocked every large piece of water, to provide food for the fast days of the church. This source of food supply has long since disappeared. and if a man catches a two-pound trout now-a-days it is considered splendid sport. But let him exercise his ingenuity in the breeding pond, and we shall once more see our rivers teeming with fish, and the time may even come when our fellow-labourers, as of old, will have to stipulate with their masters that they shall not be surfeited with salmon.

A. W.

THE FAIR ROSE OF CASHMERE—XXXII.

"I escaped by a lucky chance," said she, "I heard about your flight. The following night the blackie wanted to take me before the tyrant. I showed fight. He brought a hideous negro who bore me out of the castle-walls over a plain where troops were filing up. Some horses shied at a rocket and threw the whole pack into confusion. He flung me down and ran for life. I managed to crawl to the riverside and getting a boat crossed the river. While wandering alone along the roads I chanced to meet a matronly anchoress who took pity on me and carried me to the head of their order. Under a vow to consecrate my life to Divine service I gained admission into the society of the holy virgins of the monastery. In their company I have given my whole life to devotion."

The voice trembled, a sigh escaped her, a long-drawn sigh.

"But where is the princess?" asked he with a look of intense anxiety.

The maiden could not speak. Her eyes remained fixed upon him with an agonised expression.

"Oh Chitrolekha," cried he frantically. "What means this silence, why the frozen look upon your face? Is she still a bird in the cage? Has she sold her honour for life? Ah you weep."

He looked at her in dumb tearless agony.

She was speechless. Her lips seemed incapable of performing their office. The bosom rose and fell with every breath and pearl tears dropped from the sapphire eyes.

"Oh Chitrolekha," he cried ic frenzy. "You don't know what is passing within me. My brain throbs, my heart aches, my soul seems to fly. Oh Chitrolekha, don't torment me with your silence."

His voice trembled, his eyes sought hers with an anguish of entreaty that spelt tearless suffering. She essayed to speak but her lips quivered, sobs seemed to choke her.

"Oh Chitrolekha," repeated the prince agitatedly, his face was almost convulsed by the fierce conflict within." Speak out I beseech you. My senses begin to forsake me. Light has left my eyes. I see darkness around, the earth seems to crumble away."

A lump rose in his throat. He gazed with throbbing aching eyes at the maiden. Chitrolekha looked a picture of mute agony, hot tears were streaming down her cheeks.

"Oh Chitrolekha, for Heaven's sake don't torture me. I feel my spirit sinking. My nerves are giving way. I feel in my heart a sensation that the moment of dissolution is at hand. The trees seem to rock around me as if shaken by an earth-quake. Speak dear maiden, I conjure you in the name of all that is holy," cried he patheticolly.

She felt tongue-tied. With a mighty effort she could only utter in half-stifled accents, "she is no more."

For a moment everything swam before his eyes. "No more," he echœd, looking vacantly.

Silent and motionless he waited for her next words. The maiden poured out her tale in a voice quivering with emotion.

"After your capture I was removed from her side. Precisely when I cannot say, that very night she got out of the castle-walls, perhaps by means of the rope-ladder, as guesses went. An alarm was raised that she had fled. The whole house was in a ferment. Men hurried out on her track. Both the tyrant and the traitor joined in the chase. She was traced at last over the river. She was flying in a boat. There was a hot pursuit. To avoid capture she threw herself into the water and sank."

She could proceed no more, sobs choked her.

"My God ?" a low ejaculation broke from his lips. Staggering back like a drunken man he clung to his horse for support. A sudden dizzy faintness overtook him. He felt as if he was slipping out of the world, felt that one thing alone could set him free and it was his death. His calmness forsook him, his self-control gave way. He wept like a child.

In the stillness of grey dawn, in the hush of silence, the combined echoes of two aching hearts, pouring out their vials of grief, sounded weird and eyrie as they rose on the air thrilling and quivering. She stood burying her face in her hands, he leaned against the horse, both deaf to all but the sense of their own misery, forgetful of all around and unconscious of the flight of time.

The light of dawn was breaking. The rose-flush in the east had given way to a streak of grey, a blue-white mist was wreathing across the fields. Suddenly as by an effort he tore himself forward and with a swift cat-like bound vaulted into the saddle.

"Where will you go?" the words dropped out of the maiden's lips before she was aware of it.

"Where shall I go, Chetrolekha," his voice trembled. "I will go where my spirit will find repose. I will go where my dear one lies on the silent bed of the Indus. I will go and bury my pangs by her side. In life we could not meet again but beneath the water, in the silence which knows no break, in the hush of death, we shall sleep side by side on the lap of eternity. You go, dear maiden, where your soul has sought refuge. In the abode of bliss where you have found a haven the woes of the world will touch you no more, the sufferings of life will no more afflict you. Farewell, dear maiden, I go to my doom unflinchingly. The water of the Indus will bear a lasting testimony to love's sacrifice," his voice became choked with emotion tears dropped unhidden.

"What, die unavenged?" cried the maiden, her voice vibrated, the eyes darted sparks of fire. "Will your spirit rest in peace when your wronger is alive? If you die noble prince, die with the satisfaction that like a man, like a soldier, like the warrior that you are, you have dealt the infernal car the stroke of doom. What, the tyrant yet breathes, his pulse beats, the blood runs hot in his veins, and you die in the agony of being wronged? Shame, shame. What is your blade for, if it be not jammed into his throat, if it does not poke his eyes out, if it does not tear his carcase from limb to limb, from joint to joint? Does not the stirring memory of your past exploits rouse your spirit? Does not the ancient glory of your house raise a flush of pride in your breast? Are your feelings deadened? Is your heart stone-deaf to the wails of distress. If you pride yourself on your valour, on your military fame, on your notions of honour, go bring retribution on the head of the demon, crush him beneath your heel. Let your fury burst upon his devoted brow like a bolt from the blue. The Great Power who lets no crime go unpunished has perhaps reserved the reptile for you to deal with. Go, drench in his vile blood your cold steel, shake the life out of his infernal hide. What, die ere your wrongs and hers are righted? No, no, noble prince, have your revenge. Avenge your private wrongs and the wrongs of millions. Let your vengeance overtake him in the midst of his crimes. If writhing agony wrings your heart, if the throes of woe distort your frame, let a nobler death hush your poignant memories for ever. What, die unavenged. Oh fie, fie. When you meet your beloved in Heaven and she asks, 'have you given vengeance its due' what shall you say? Buckle on your sword, noble prince, advance, seek the human monster with an arm nerved to vengeance and a blade ready to strike. Does not a thrill of delight vibrate through your heart to see him cringe at the end of your steel? Does not the fire of vengeance flame up in your soul and send its glowing current gushing through every vein, through every artery? Go, warrior, defy the arms of death, meet your enemy face to face, and sword to sword, rid the world of a scourge, a scullion, a scoundrel. Let nothing stop you. Let nothing stay your hand. Give him his quietus, give him his due and quickly too. I am a woman, my blood darts like lightning through my veins, my heart leaps within me at the thought of revenge. Every chord of my heart, every fibre of my being calls out to wipe the detestable villain off the face of the earth. All the nature in me rises up to quell the desire for vengeance that burns in me. Arms, give me arms, I'll seek the monster out, tread him under foot, squeeze the life out of his foul carcase though the next moment should be my last. However he may boast his power I will lower him to the dust, neither he nor his rabble can cow my spirit. I pant for vengeance, deep, deadly, ample revenge and nothing short of his blood can appearse me. His vile blood, shed with my own hands, streaming hot and fast, can alone .shake my thirst. If you do not demand revenge, I do. I have the wildest longing for vengeance which the human heart is capable of. Go, warrior, go, by the wrongs of your wife, I adjure you, go and give the vile harrier as true a below as ever came from a warrior's steel. Let vengeance, implacable vengeance, the most bloody vengeance spur you on. No peace, no pause, not another thought but sheathe your steel in his abominable flesh. In his vile blood avenge your dear one, avenge her tragic death." She could speak no more but burst into a torrent of tears.

"Oh Chitrolekha," cried the prince with a stern resonance thrilling his voice. "Your words have turned my blood to fury, has sent it surging in wild rebellion through my veins. If man can avenge I will do it and amply too. I will have revenge to the last hour of my life. I swear by every saint that the hell-hound shall have short shrift even if the devil protects him. My revenge will begin sooner than he thinks. My sword and his heart shall not be long asunder. With these arms of mine I will strike him dead at my feet. I'll crush the miserable breath out of his carcase. Know maiden, the detestable villain is doomed to die. the day of retribution is at hand, my hand shall deal him his fate. He shall have such sport as never yet man saw. I do long for desperate revenge, the hour for glutting it is perhaps come. Before great Heaven I swear that I will seek him out, send him to his doom. He shall not live, never, I have sworn it. If he yet lives, he lives to endure my vengeance. If I avenge not the death of my beloved may the fate of a sinner be mine. If I prove disloyal to the solemn vow I make may the fire of hell consume my soul. I call Heaven to note that his evil deeds shall have their dues earlier than he thinks. I swear by the emblem of my faith, in the name of my guardian angels in the name of my race, in the name of all I hold dear, that the abominable wretch shall die like a dog, the crows shall eat his flesh, the wolves shall howl over his blood, his bones shall bleach and rot. Now farewell, dear maiden, farewell, in Heaven we shall meet again."

He clapped spurs to his horse and away went clattering. "Farewell, dear maiden, farewell," the words echoed ever the plains.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Fete.

The palace of Raja Protap Singh was a masterpiece of architectre, beautifully chaste in design and finish. It stood out in fine artistic relief in the centre of a vast square which was surrounded by a fine wall. There were four entrances through huge arched gateways adorned with copulas and protected by ponderous buttresses. At each angle of the wall there was a circular bastion and in the middle of its each side was a gateway. From each gate an avenue ran through a vista of noble trees to a broad gravel-walk that went completely round the building. The intervening spaces presented an excellent panoramic view of well-laid shrubberies, lawns, flower-beds, fish-ponds, groves, grottos and orchards.

The edifice built of perphrytic marble was a perfection of masonry. From a high basement it rose in three storeys with a peristyle all round, overtopping all the buildings in the city. Its northern and southern front had each an additional embellishment in the shape of a portico whose huge columns were crowned with a pediment and whose broad flight of steps swept to the gravel walk. To a spectator from without, the building presented a picturesque view. Its upper window-lines each with a running balcony in front, tier above tier, gleaming green from behind the colonnades, in aggreable contrast to the yellow-coloured doors below, relieved the eye from the red-wash of its body. The fresco painting on the ceilings, the walls inlaid with mosaics in precious stones, the stucco fret-work of the columns, the exquisite finish of the pediments all contributed largely to the general effect.

The building had an outer and an inner division. A large court-yard lay between. Two parallel wings formed their connecting links. The inner or southern division represented the Zenana, the portico which adorned its front was a mere ostensible appendage, unutilized as an entrance except on festive occasions when the avenue starting from its foot away to the southern gate and the gate itself were kept open for the entrance of guests of the fair sex.

It was a fete evening. The palace wore the gay drapery of holiday attire. The long lines of balustraded terrace-walls were planted with flags of various colours. Embroidered hangings hang from under the balconies, while festoons of greenery relieved the eye from the countless chrystal stars that studded their railings. The majestic array of columns were turned round with wreaths of flowers so artistically arranged as to produce the scenery of huge floral pillars. From column to column stretched lines of roses in a variety of devices and amongst them were suspended many-coloured and many-shaped paper lamps. The horse-shoe arches of the doors and windows were ornamented with gay-coloured bunting.

The southern portico in particular, was heavily draped in scarlet cloth, caught up in festoons with silk tassels. Their effect was heightened by the hangings of brocade which adorned its walls. A crimson roll of druggeting covered its floor down to the bottom of the flight of steps. From its dome flapped out a red streamer. Banners waved their silken folds from its pediment.

The golden lustre of sunset had just faded beneath the folds of dusk when hundred chandeliers glaring up made the balconies a blaze of light. Then the whole building blazed forth in jets of lustre. Laced liveries lined the long avenue from the foot of the southern portico to the gate under the glare of countless lamps. The line ended in a cordon of constubulary. Daintily-dressed female servants fluttered about the steps, the effect of their light blue attire was enhanced by the shimmering green of the waiting maids on the basement. Above from the top-most balcony a rippling of fiddle drifted softly down enlivening the scene.

A continued rumble of wheels broke the evening stillness as coaches, chariots and cars were spinning through the streets and squares in the direction of the palace. Above in the mansions that lined the roads were spectators filling every verandah, every balcony, to watch the dainty equipages sweep by. At every window was a row of half-veiled faces. Men congregated on the ledges craning their necks. The air was rife with the flack-crack of leathern whips, the 'heighs' of the postilions and the jingling chimes of the horses' harness bells. Running footmen cleared the way. Lackeys shouted, constables dashed up and down, the pedestrians shuffled away. The vehicular stream rolled ceaselessly to the palace gate. The mounted police having taken their station to prevent disorder the conveyances were marshalled into line preparatory to their entrance into the palace ground. Carriage after carriage passed through the gate. The long avenue was filled with rumble and movement. By degrees the horses slackened their pace and one by one the vehicles pulled up in front of the steps, set down their occupants and took their way out to be parked in serial order on the nearest maiden.

The portico became musical with sweet voices and silver laughs, with the shiver of silk and the jingle of anklets as the ceaseless stream of arrivals surged up the steps and over the basement. Its soft scarlet hues were enhanced by the vision of brilliancy and shifting colours. The flame of gems, the dazzle of gold threw up into glorious relief its grand gala attire making it a picture exceedingly charming. With all the pride affected by a consciousness of rank and high lineage the creams of aristocratic beauty bore themselves with a swelte grace in their rich *sarees,* in dazzling vests and in *ornas* which, thrown round the body, half-veiling the head, framed with their rich border the raven blackness of the hair. The bright train swept majestically on, their graceful swaying forms, their dignified bearing, all the wealth of colour, blaze and luxury made them look like so many queens of the fete. The odorous waft of perfume from their person charged the air with fragrance. The waiting maids greeted each with words of welcome. From the balcony came strains of soft music.

Amidst the string of carriages a palkee drew up, covered with a yellow trapping, followed by an old crony, tall, sinewy, bony, draped in white. Out stepped from within a woman whose painted loveliness had no youth, no bloom. It was the midwife, the attendant was her precious mate. She was greeted by the nearest sentries in words which evinced her perfect familiarity with the menials of the Court. Quick to make much of a fortuitous circumstance she sought their good offices to have the palanquin stowed in a secluded place. In recognition of her claim to a special privelege the conveyance was accordingly taken under their direction to a lonely part of the grounds where it was deposited under the thick foliage of a cluster of trees. Having whispered to the bearers the necessary instruction she shuffled up the stairs rather briskly than with the lugging steps of infirmity.

Then came a scampering of soft feet in the lobby, a continued jingle, a continued rustle, as the moving kaliedoscope of form and colour, of beauty and brilliance, of gems and jewels, filled the space with splendour. Along corridors, through galleries, up stairs rolled the gorgeous vision in all its grandeur, in all its glory, into a central hall on the third story.

The hall was in a blaze of magnificence. On its decoration gold had been lavished with an unstinted hand. All the resources of fancy had been applied, all the beauties of choice art were combined to invest it with a dash of fairy land. Its floor was covered with the richest carpet, its ceiling was richly frescoed. The walls were hung with tapestry of golden colour relieved at intervals by floral wreaths wrought out in bas relief. All round their lower part stretched diodwise a skirting of embroidered blue-black velvet making a mellow background. Round the cornices stretched a frieze of elaborate workmanship. Over its main and side doors were drawn curtains of costly stuff whose golden fringes swept the carpet. Pictures from renowned masters, statuetes in bronze, brackets of the rarest pattern made a splendid variety. Chrystal chandeliers, choice candelelebra burning perfumed oil sent a bright net-work of light. Their glare was reflected in the superb mirrors disposed in the most artistic designs. All round were ranged fauteuils and divans, sofas, couches and luxuriant chairs. Upon silver pedestals stood vases of perfume exhaling aromatic odours.

Glorious with all that was dazzling to the eye, gold and purple, blaze and beauty, the hall looked as if elysium was to be found in it. The creams of womanhood were there, all tastes were there in the line of finery. There were colour, lustre, luxury and all. Decked out in the very height of fashion, their charms burnished to three-fold brilliancy, their hair gleaming ruby and amber beneath the veil, finer than the velvet, frizzed, rolled, wound classically, filleted with strings of pearls or diademed with gems, the assembly of the finest specimens of aristocratic beauty made the place a paradise of resplendent hues The sheen of silk, the simmer of satin, the jewels flashing in ruddy waves of fire, the lace glitter ing, the light playing upon the sylvan forms combined to produce an effect which was beautifully scenic.

The central figure was the queen on whom all eyes rested in admiration. She was indeed in her glory, superb as a sculptor's dream of Semiramis or Cleopatra. Surrounded by her maids she stood with a royal dignity, enfolded in a glitter of gold and gems. Her bright eyes flashed with pleasure, her classic features glowed. She looked like a dream of spring in her green silk *Saree* bespangled with gold stars whose exquisite warkmanship had been the triumph of some master-artist. Her gem studded velvet bodice which was tightly strained across the ample bosom, was a vision of rose. An *orna* of sky-blue crape richly embroidered and streaked with lines of pearls completed her toilette. Its trail swept imperiously a yard behind her as she moved right and left exchanging greetings. Diamonds gleamed on her breast, on her arms and in the dainty fingers. Strings of pearls were wreathed in her hair, one large gem fell on the forehead. Great ropes of jewels encircled her neck. One by one the guests after an elaborate greeting which included the conventional repartee 'you have honoured us by coming,' 'I shall be but too proud to be numbered among the guests of the court' said and re-said a dozen times was led to a couch or a sofa by the maids. In no long time all the guests were in evidence. Her Majesty took her seat on a silver throne after she had concluded the ceremony.

There was a scene of fairy land in the hall, a scene of glaze and glare, rose and amber, sylphs and houris, budding beauty and blooming womanhood. The air was filled with gushes of liquid melody, with silver laughs, with the swish of silk and the jing of gold.

In different attitudes of grace had the noble beauties disposed themselves on the couches and sofas, in all the advantages of dress and jewels. The light gleaming on the folds of their costly *sarees* and *Ornas*, threw up into glowing relief the bloom from their skin, the glow from their hair, shone like aureole on the heads. Around the swan throats glistened diamond necklaces; from the shoulders to the fingers gems scintillated like living fire; the proud bosoms, such miracle of splendour, were shrined in the glitter of orient pearls. The dainty feet red with the paint of *Alta* (1) were adorned with bright *Noopur* (2) and the ripe lips beamed with the crimson paint of betel. Perfume floated from the cosmetic and from the garments—silk, satin and velvet. The bright galaxy looked truly heavenly. A gleam of delight lit up the faces, the black eyes flashed under their long, silken lashes, the pearl teeth shone.

On the carpet sat bands of musicians and dancers—pretty-looking, prettily-dressed damsels from Ajmere, Joypur and Jesselmere with their paraphernalia of instruments.

The air was soon redolent with perfume, the hall became aromatic as scented waters were squirted upon the assembly from scores of gold syringes. The waft of fragrance was swelled by the rich odours of *Kostooree, Koomkoom, Chooaw, Attar, Agaroo* (1) which were served round in beautiful gem-studded vases. In silver trays, before each, were set *Golabee Khilliss* (2) and choice spices. Garlands of *Mallika, Malati, Joothee* (3) were gracefully thrown round the necks. Bouquets and nosegays were presented to each hand.

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(1) Red paint.
(2) Ornament for the ankle.
(1) Kostoree is a preparation of musk.
Koomkoom is a species of saffron having perfume.
Attar is a fragrant essential oil chiefly from the damask rose.
Agooroo is an essence of black sandal wood remarkable for its fragrance
Chooa is an extract of sweet odour.
(2) Betel.
(3) Mallika the Arabian Jasminc.

KALI KUMAR GHOSE, B. L.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

Subal's Bengali Dictionary. Second Notice. The dictionary takes in some of the early travellers to India—such as, the Greek Megasthenes, the Chinese Hiuen Tsiang and Fa Hien, and the French Bernier and Tavernier. Says O'Malley in "Bengal, Bihar, Orissa, Sikkim:"

"The earliest European traveller in Bengal was the Venetian nobleman, Nicolo de Conti, who, accompanied by his wife, sailed up the Ganges in the first half of the fifteenth century. The country was visited in the next century by two more Italians, viz. Ludovico di Varthema and, towards its close, Caesar de Federici. The first Englishman known to have reached this part of India was Ralph Fitch, a London merchant who made his way to it overland and about 1588 visited Patna, Hooghly, Cooch Behar and other places in Bengal. His is the first English account of Bihar and Bengal. The first Dutch pioneer was Linschoten (1583-9), who gives a lurid description of the lawlessness of the Portuguese. An Augustinian friar of the latter nation, Sebastian Manrique, who was sent to Bengal about 16.2, has left an interesting account, in which he mentions the self-immolation that took place on Saugor Island, the oppressive rule of the Mughals and the difficulty of making the landlords pay their revenue. 'He who gives blows is a master, He who gives none is a dog' was his conclusion about the people.—pp. 271-2.

Csoma de Koros, a poor Hungarian student, who begged his way across Asia and spent many years in a Tibetan monastery compiling a dictionary of the Tibetan language, lived in Calcutta from 1837 to 1842, and was buried in Darjeeling, where he died while trying to make his way to Lhasa."—p. 273.

The missionaries appearing in *Subal* are Carey, Marshman the son, Duff and Long. They are all of Bengal. Of the earlier ones to India, among the prominent are Father Beschi and Abbé Dubois, both of whom have left mark in Southern India. The first, being appointed by the Pope to the East India Mission, arrived at Goa, in 1700. He next went to Avoor, in the district of Trichinopoly where he studied the Tamil language as also Telegu and Sanskrit.

Nor did he neglect Hindustani and Persian. A profound scholar and rare genius, he prepared himself fully not only to convert but to rule as well. Besides learning the languages of the country, he adopted the manners of the people. He gave up animal food and employed Brahmans to prepare his meals. He adopted the habit of a religious devotee and in his visitations to his flock assumed all the pomp and pageantry of Hindu Gurus on travel. For his learning, piety and benevolence, he was, by the Tamils, surnamed 'Viramamuni' or the great champion devotee. His mission was both religious and political. He founded churches. He was also Diwan, during the rule of Chunda Sahib, in Trichinopoly. He held that appointment till 1740. In that year, Chunda Sahib being made prisoner by the Mahrattas, Beschi fled to the city of Gayal Patanam, then belonging to the Dutch, where he died in 1742. He wrote much from grave to gay. His greatest work is the sacred poem called *Tambavani*, in honour of the Madonna, of her husband Joseph and of Jesus, in adoration of the picture of the Madonna and the Child, which he caused to be painted at Manilla and set up at the church founded by him at Konangooppam Ariyanoor, in the district of Baroor. It is as long as the Iliad. One of his lighter productions, satirizing the Indian priesthood has been Englished as "The Adventures of the Gooroo Paramaratan: A Tale in the Tamil language" by Benjamin Babington, of the Madras Civil Service, published in London in 1823. There are eight stories. They rival Andrew Boyde's "The Merrie Tales of the Wise Men of Gotham," a village in Nottinghamshire, England. The eight are:

1. Of the passage over the river.
2. Of the purchase of the horse's egg.
3. Of the journey which was made, mounted on an hired ox.
4. Of throwing a fishhook to catch the horse.
5. Of going home on horseback.
6. Of the Brahman's prophecy.
7. Of falling off the horse.
8. Of interment of the Gooroo.

The Tamil Gothamites are only six in number, namely, the Gooroo Noodle, and his five disciples—Blockhead, Idiot, Simpleton, Dunce and Fool.

Antoine Jean Dubois (1765-1848) was a French Catholic missionary. Ordained in the diocese of Viviers in 1792, he sailed for India in the same year under the direction of the Missions Etrangeres. Like Beschi, Dubois saw the necessity, for the success of his mission, of a thorough acquaintance with the innermost life and character of the Indian people. Accordingly, he abjured European society, adopted the Indian style of clothing, gained an extraordinary welcome amongst people of all castes and conditions, and was spoken of with affection and esteem as "the prince's son, the noblest of Europeans." In his "Letters on the state of Christianity in India," he asserted his opinion that under existing circumstances there was no human possibility of so overcoming the invincible barrier of Brahmanical prejudice as to convert the Hindus as a nation to any sect of Christianity. He acknowledged that low castes and outcasts might be converted in large numbers, but of the higher castes he wrote: "Should the intercourse between individuals of both nations, by becoming more intimate and more friendly, produce a change in the religion and usages of the country, it will not be to turn Christians that they will forsake their own religion, but rather···to become mere atheists." He translated into French the famous book of Hindu fables called *Panchatantra* and Beschi's "Adventures of the Gooroo Paramartam." His chief work, still valued, is "Hindu Manners, Customs and Ceremonies." The French MS. was purchased for eight thousand rupees by Lord William Bentinck for the East India Company in 1807; in 1816 an English translation was published, and of this edition about 1864 a curtailed reprint was issued. The abbé, however, largely recast his work, and of this revised text (now in the India Office) an edition with notes was published in 1897 by H. K. Beauchamp Dubois left India in January 1823, with a special pension from the East India Company.

Hindu ascetics or *yogis* are supposed to acquire supernatural powers. This belief in their extraordinary possession, is a great attraction, over their austerities. A noted devotee is given a wonderful longevity. Trailanga Swami, who was long an institution of Benares and died there in the Saka era 1809 or more than 30 years ago, is reported to have been born in 1529 of that era and taken to wholly religious life at the age of 52 years. From the second date, it must be inferred that his earthly career was a period of 280 years. The end of ascetics is burial, but this Swamiji had no *samadhi*, interment. His body, encased in a box, was consigned to the Ganges. Bhaskarananda Swami, of the same place, who was interred, expressed no concern for his body after death. He had said to an enquiry that it might be given to birds and beasts. At the consecration of the cemetery at Kushtea, Bishop Cotton said, they were his last words as a Bishop, "that such consecrations were for the benefit of the living, not of the dead ; that departed souls suffered no injuries if their bodies were left in a desert place or on a field of battle, or in any other way were unable to receive the rites of burial ; that the solemn ceremony of consecration was to enable the living in a better manner to pay the last tribute of affection, and to retain a more solemn and permanent impression of the awful truths which give eternal importance to the questions of life and death."

A perfect production may be an impossibility. Still, a dictionary, to be a safe guide, must be tolerably full aud almost wholly correct. It is necessarily a work of time and honest labour. The late Pandit Iswara Chandra Vidyasagara had commenced a Bengali dictionary. He destroyed the manuscript as it did not give him satisfaction regarding completeness and accuracy. *Subala* has yet to attain that position. Stricter supervision would have cleared the volume of several inaccuracies as of avoidable mistakes and supplied obvious omissions. The editor was ready for better presentation. He observes :

(Translation).

The attempt, to make the present edition as completely decent as was desired, though not altogether baffled, has not, considering the amount of labour and money spent on it, met with proportionate success. To deny it would be concealing truth. There are several reasons for it, and I am sorry to observe that want of encouragement from and apathy and indifference of my countrymen are the chief among them. It can be easily imagined how difficult it is to bring a task like the present to success without the aid of the public. Even with adequate amount of money spent, materials in many cases could not be secured. To crown all, the characteristic racia laziness and procrastination had to be combated. Consequently, the present edition is not what it should have been—full of those truths and statements approved of and revealed by modern controversy. The shortcoming is not the misfortune of the editor alone.

The second volume of Subala's *Bangala Abhidhana,* in its first part, begins with ভ (*bha*), the 24th, and ends with হ (*ha*), the penultimate, consonant. The last ক্ষ (*ksha*), a compound of the first and thirty-first consonants, concludes the first consonant in the first volume, which runs up to ব, including, that is, without distinguishing, the two, the 23rd and the 29th consonants. This suppression and the transfer reduce by two the Bengali recognized consonants from 34 to 32. Sir Graves Haughton has done the same in his Bengali-English Dictionary (1838). Sir William Jones has said of ক্ষ: "it is analogous to our X, a superfluous character, of no use, that I know of, except in algebra," As a combination, ক্ষ cannot surely be a letter of the alphabet. *Haughton* explains—" The compound letter ক্ষ, a consonant compounded of ক and ষ, and pronounced accordingly like *ksha* in Sanskrit ; but in Bengali it is corrupted into a sound resembling *khya.*" *Subal,* without explaining the combination, gives only the meanings of the word (ক্ষ). Like this compound of consonants, the 8th, 9th, and 10th vowels—ৠ, ঌ, ৡ, are given only their meanings. They do not begin any words. They themselves are rare in Bengali. This probably accounts for the omission of the 8th and the 10th in modern Bengali primers.

The first division of this dictionary is devoted to words and proper names—of persons and places. These three take up 1,094 pages. Pages 1,433 to 1,479 (the 6th supplement) are also biographical. In a subsequent edition they may well be divided into three distinct parts. There are, however, Indices—biographical and geographical, and another, miscellaneous. In the first, the names come up to about 1,690, including about 160 European. In the next, the number is about 290. This portion is entirely new, with accounts of some principal, historic and sacred places in India or connected with it. The object of the miscellaneous Index is not clear. It begins with অকাল (*akala*) which may mean time of dearth or distress and ends with হূণ, the barbarous *Hun,* a present Allied name for the Germans. He is at the bottom of the present distress in many countries. It is hoped, in the words of the English Admiral Beatty, " sacrifices so nobly borne would bring forth a new world in which all that was best in humanity would have free development."

There is no list of corrections and additions. It is not to be supposed, that there is no error in the book, or that it is complete so far as it goes. It is also to be remembered that it is no elaborate work, though its aim is high. What is undone, is to be attempted hereafter, within the limits.

In a verbal dictionary, the goal is the entire collection of words with their several significations in use in the language, whatever the source. That view is kept in the book.

The Hindu Spiritual Magazine, edited by Mati Lal Ghose; printed and published by T. K. Biswas, at the Patrika Press, 19 and 20, Bagbazar Street, Calcutta.

The issue before us contains some very engrossing articles on the visits of the dead with their concerns on the earth, throwing interesting sidelights on the conditions of the soul hereafter, and the student of spiritualism will find it instructive; others, show the various methods of invoking spirits with some American experiences. However, it is to be admitted that though there are many that cultivate this art it has not yet come to perfection; still, we believe, a day will come when scepticism on the subject will disappear in this age of science.

The Theosophical Path, edited by Katharine Tingley, published by the International Theosophical Headquarters, printed at the Aryan Theosophical Press, Point Loma, California.

The pages of this periodical are mostly devoted to articles on theosophy which have been ably written, in their own domain, by the respective authors, and those on literature add to its credit. The number contains some beautiful illustrations showing different views of the International Theosophical Headquarters, and the activities of the students belonging thereto.

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*Bureau of Education, India, Pamphlet No. 1, Drawing and Manual Training in Punjab Schools by J. Y. Buchanan, Inspector of Drawing and Educational Handwork, Punjab. Calcutta Superintendent Government Printing, India 1918. Price 8 annas or 9*d.

Introduction of drawing and manual training in the Punjab schools has been signalized by this pamphlet. The object of the inclusion of these subjects is not to produce artists, but to give to the pupils a new power of expression serviceable for the ordinary needs of life. It affords valuable aid to the acquisition of knowledge and expansion of faculties. To those whose hereditary craft is carpentry it affords great facilities in designing and executing complicated work for which the Punjab is celebrated. To a goldsmith's son it is essential to draw good designs before he can do his *repousse* work. One most important branch of carpentry fearfully neglected in India is joinery. Indian carpenters cannot be made to appreciate the value of joints in wood work. They will carve out an elaborate piece of fret work but when they come to joining the different parts, they make such a mess that half the beauty of the piece is lost by distraction due to disgust arising from bad joinery. Another great advantage expected from these schools is the training boys of the industrial castes will receive in the use of improved tools and accurate hand machines. The primitive tools of the Indian workman involve great loss of time and labour, and the work produced is likely to be out of proportion as a whole, although excellent in details. We are therefore glad to see this improvement introduced in the Punjab schools and hope Bengal will follow suit, without interference with the students of the literary castes (who will never be mechanics notwithstanding any amount of manual training). Selection of students from the industrial classes and scholarships conferred only on students of those castes alone will be beneficial. Wholesale introduction of manual work in a caste-ridden country is not advisable.

The same Bureau's Pamphlet No. 2 printed as the first and priced 6 annas or 7*d.* is *The Education of Factory children in India.*

There are difficulties in India even in the way of education of such children. They are :—

(1) "Indifference" or rather absence of willingness to learn. It is due to hereditary wild habits.

(2) "Opposition of parents," we attribute this to the caste system of India, and to the possibility of education spoiling the heads of their children and making them too civilized for their humble station in life. This has been the sad experience of members of even the literary castes. A father, though a retired Deputy Collector or Professor, goes about with his *dhoti* and cap, while a half-

educated matric, wants pants and boots, and collars and hats and brushes, safety razors and pomades! He will not be satisfied with the *taktposh* but wants easy chairs and sofas and Hink's table lamps. His half schorched educated sister who can only read and write in correct English, wants to wear gold spectacles as a matter of fashion and wants to play tennis and entertain school mates at luxurious tea parties. She must also have boots and hair pins and brooches. It is below her dignity to cook or to help her mother in paring fruits. She must have Pear's soap and no other. Similar things take place in a poor man's cottage. On giving even the most primary education a student's "position" undergoes rapid change. His father may be a domestic servant doing all sorts of scrubbing and cleaning work, but he won't do that. He wants to be a postman, a Tram conductor or a sign-board painter if not a clerk or *daftari.* He is above manual toil. The European managers of mills therefore naturally feel objection to anything which may tend to remove labour.

All these difficulties have to be considered. Nevertheless, says the report, a calculation made for certain Provinces showed in 1913 that 17 per cent. of the children employed in factories were actually at school. The school children are carefully watched, and they are all better for the system of training they undergo coupled with the use of a recreation ground where they can play and sleep. They look better and stronger for the clean life they are required to lead. In course of time the managers of the factories will get better trained and healthier hands, if Philosophy, Philology, Logic and Geometry are excluded from the curriculum. It is only a liberal Government like the present, that will do so much good to the depressed classes and raise them to a higher level. We would recommend a careful selection of boys for admission to the different classes.

Administrative Bureau.

We have read with interest a note on the Administrative Information Bureau proposed by Shrimant S. J. Pawar, the brother of the Rajasaheb of Dewar Junior Branch, Central India. It requires the joint effort of Government Secretariats, Publicity Boards, Chambers of Commerce, and Associated Press-Agents, to form an organization which can supply, at a short notice, useful information on administrative principles and uniform lines of action, but the practical details will always have to be obtained by doing actual work. We wish the scheme every success, and would suggest that scholarships be granted to deserving young men—the sons of loyal State servants, on condition that they practically work and undergo actual training in given offices, until they master all details by rotation of duties from desk to desk. Instead of loading their names with empty university degrees they should be granted diplomas for Departmental efficiency. Each scholar so trained by each of the Departments may then be provided with a suitable appointment in his own State. Such a system will create a state guild and will prevent the influx of outside hirelings who often prostitute their positions and prove thorns on the side of their own patrons. Heredity in loyalty and hereditary grants for loyal services are very efficient and the British Government has wisely been adopting that system in the army at the suggestion of the writer, submitted through Sir Herbert Risley years ago during Lord Minto's regmire.

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No. 5—May, 1918.

MYTHICAL DESCRIPTION OF THE DISCOVERY OF THE POLAR STAR.

TRANSLATION OF THE MARATHA FOLKLORE OF *Dhruva* FROM THE ORIGINAL (BY POET CHINTAMANI).

Self-existent (*swambhu*) Manu's son, King Uttanapat, had two wives, Suniti and Suruchi. Both were good-looking. He doted upon the younger and did not like the elder. Even her shadow (presence) was not tolerated. The elder got a son. He was very beautiful-almost like a picture. He became five years of age. But he did not know who his father was. He asked his mother, where his father was.

Mother :—That eminent person whom people call their king, is your father, dear child.

Dhruva : —I will go and see him.

Mother : – Don't go. The King's consort will assault you.

But he did go to the king on an auspicious day, and stood before him with his companions. When the king saw him, parental affection rushed into his breast, he lifted up the child and placed him on his lap. He then began talking to him in babe-tongue. The junior *Rani* could not tolerate that scene. She became infuriated, and enquired.

Junior Queen :—Who dare sit on His Majesty's lap ? How curious that the King should endear him so much ! Oh ! Is Dhruva to be the future king of the earth ?

Saying so, she pushed him aside with her foot. He fell down on earth. He went back to his mother, and cried.

Mother :—What is the matter child ? What sinner teased you ?

Dhruva :—The King placed me on his lap, but his wife kicked me out of it.

While soothing him down the mother exclaimed, " This is the result of want of devotion to God in us."

Dhruva :—What sort of thing is God !

Mother :—He is omnipresent. He occupies all the animate and inanimate things in the universe. Of the many great *yogis* who tried to see Him He was visible to those only whose good deeds in previons births entitled them to that honour. You are but a young child of undeveloped intellect. How can you find him ?

Dhruva :—I will sacrifice my life in search of Him, if He does not show Himself to me.

Saying so, he started. Just as he was going, the mother followed him with tears in her eyes. Royal messengers informed the King that the prince was going away. The King was frightened (through affection.)

King :—The sole source of all my happiness—my child Dhruva—the future support of the kingdom has gone ! I shall go and kill myself in the jungle. What a shame ! The wicked queen assaulted him.

He ran after the child and said,

King :—Dear child ! hear me. I touch your chin and swear that my life hangs on my throat without you. Turn back. I will give you one town.

Dhruva :—*Deo* will give it to me.

King :—I give you five towns.

Dhruva :—I will ask the Lord of the universe to give them to me.

King :—I will give you a province.

Dhruva :—The Lord of the Universe will give it to me.

King :—I give you half the kingdom.

Dhruva :—God is great. He will protect me from dishonour and insults.

King :—I give you the whole of my kingdom.

Dhruva :—Goddess Laxmi's husband will give it to me.

King :—Oh Dhruva ! why do you give up all affection for me ? I have become a man with a stained face.

Dhruva :—Oh Father ! God incarnate, Farewell ! I am going. Forget me not in your affections.

Devotion to God inspired him. Repentance and submission to God filled the whole atmosphere. He raised both his little hands and cried "Oh God, come unto me." He went where there was no human being. He cried, he shouted for God. He saw at a distance Muni Narad approaching him. Narad, whose presence leads to *Sayujyapad* (salvation). He approached the child and said:

Narad:—You of so tender an age why are you in this dense forest?

He related his little history to Narad. The Muni was pleased and said.

Narad:—How can one attain God without a guide—a *guru?* The *Vedas* and *Shurtis* say so.

He then whispered the sacred text of 12 letters into the ear of the child (*Om namo Bhagavate Vasudevaya*) and went away.

The constant repetition of this text produced God in his heart. He saw Him with four hands and His usual symbols. He blushed.

He appeared before Dhruva. Dhruva saw that refulgent figure. He bowed. He mentally worshipped Him.

God:—What are your wishes? Do you want the sole kingdom of the Earth, Heaven, or Nether land?

Dhruva:—I want devotion, and a position from which no stepmother shall be able to dislodge me.

God carried him in a celestial chariot and seated him on the firm throne of the Polar Star, round which the sun, the moon, the stars, all the constellations and even the Seven Rishis (Ursa Major) perigrinate (the whole cosmos moves).

Those who will sing this Dhruva charitra, will be born and live eternally on the Dhruva *lok*.

Chintamani (the poet) sings the virtues of Dhruva and dances in the name of Hari (God).

(Translation of another sonnet.)

Hari called Garud his celestial charger from Vaikunth. He went to the mountain where Dhruva was performing penance, and placed him on the highest throne which is unattainable even to Indra. It is situated at the top of Mount Meru and is called Dhruva—Polar star. Innumerable poets have sung his praises and bowed unto him.

DISSERTATIONS.

It is possibly a sun-myth. The sun, the father of his refraction is King Uttanpat. He has two wives Eos (visible in twilight and *aurora borealis*). His elder wife after great separation (night) gave birth to a son (the refraction of the sun). But at 5 o'clock on her approach at *aurora borealis* Eve kicked him down. He fell. His father the sun followed him. Then Dhruva met Narad (the moon wandering from house to house, asterism to asterism). That means the moon rose. He (the moon is a male in Hindu myths) gave the boy the sacred *mantram* of twelve letters (12 hours of the night). At the end of twelve hours Vishnu (also the sun) appeared and with the help of the divine bird Garud sent him to the North Pole, the immovable star round whom the whole cosmos moves. The throne at the Polar star is unattainable even to Indra, and no step-mother can dislodge its king. It is the emblem of eternity. At the conclusion of the Hindu marriage ceremony, the bridegroom shows to the bride this unshakable symbol—the Dhruva, the Polar star, to signify their unshakable union. This is the way old astronomers recorded discoveries to fix them into the memory of their pupils, when there was no writing and when even the Vedas had to be learnt by heart. The discovery of the Saturn has been similarly turned into a myth known as the Kachup or Kurma incarnation (For full description see "Hindu Holidays and Ceremonials" pp. IX and 220).

B. A. GUPTE.

DINTON AND ITS HERMIT.

Some four miles from Aylesbury, on the left of the road from Oxford to that town, like the picturesque village Dinton. This was one of rhe many lordships (184 in Kent, and 255 in other counties) given by the conqueror to his half-brother, Odo, Bishop of Bayeux. It stands pleasantly embowered in trees and is inhabited by Bœoians, who confine their interest in mundane matters to butter, claves, and ducks. In their eyes the fall of a penny in butter or the rise of sixpence in ducks is much more important than the establishment of the kingdom of Italy, or the expulsion of Maximilian from Mexico. The cholera might decimate London disregarded, If the renderpest did not reach Aylesbury market.

In this parish is the hamlet of Merton, which tradition asserts to be one of the nine manors the Queen Emma bestowed on the Church in gratitude for her escape from the ordeal of redhot ploughshares.

Upton is another hamlet in Dinton, and once the property of Osney Abbey, but after the dissolution of the monasteries, was given to Chief Justice Baldwin. He might havo been a supple courtier, but he was not a profound lawyer, for his learned brother Dyer, afterwards Chief Justice too, in reporting a case, says, " but Baldwin C. J., was of another opinion and differed from his brethren, though neither I, nor any one else, I believe, understood his reasoning,"—complimentary that from the Bar to the Bench.

The young men of Upton in 1606 gave a Communion-table to Dinton church, as is witnessed by their initials cut thereon. Most probably before their gift, a stone table had been used in its place.

In excavating the foundations for a building in this parish, many skeletons were found, one of which had a spear sticking in his throat. This showed that his death was sudden, and but shortly anticipated his burial. The vicinity abounds in the remains of camps, Celtic, Romen, Saxon, Danish (notably at Merton large field in this parish), so that skirmishes must have been frequent. By the style of a glass bottle found in the vicinity, these skeletons were most probably those of Britons.

Like other villages, Dinton boasts of a church and manor-house both well worthy of notice. The church is more especially remark, able for its doorway within the porch, which is a fine specimen of early Norman work, similar in style to that of Lund Cathedral in Sweden.

Dinton Hall is on the west of the church. It is a fine old mansion, of which the earlier part dates from the reign of James the First. Amongst the curiosities preserved there, is a sword which is said to have belonged to Oliver Cromwell, who left it there on the night of the 8th of November, 1645. He had slept there; but his slumbers were rudely disturbed in the morning by the approach of some Royalists from the garrison at Boarstall, who had heard of his being there, and hoped "to catch the weasel asleep." Instead of capturing "Red Nosed Noll," they caught a Tartar. Troops had been hastily summoned from the Roundhead garrison at Aylesbury who intercepted the Royalists on their return, and the latter retreated to Boarstall with the loss of four men, seven horses, four cases of pistols, and two carabines.

There is also a curious and highly-finished key, with a crown and cipher at the bow. It is said by some to have been a pass-key, but by others to have been a personal ornament worn by an attendant on the bed-chamber of the king. The delicacy of its details shows that it could never have been put to any actual use; and the Lord Chamberlain to this day wears a key embroidered on his coat.

Notwithstanding its vicinity to Oxford, this part of the country was the head-quarters of the Parliamentary troops. John Hampden's house was not five miles off, and two of the king's judges lived in the very parish of Dinton. The one was Sir Richard Ingoldsby, son of Elizabeth Cromwell, daughter of Sir Oliver Cromwell, and aunt to the brewer of Huntingdon. He was governor of Oxford, one of Cormwell's lords, and his signature may be seen amongst those of the regicides who put their hands to the warrant for the execution of "the Man Charles Stuart." When the cause of Richard Cromwell became desperate from the unassuming nature of his character, Ingoldsby, seeing that the game was up, was among the first who "ratted" to the side of the exciled king. He had been called "Honest Dick Ingoldsby" by Henry Cromwell, Lord Deputy, and when he deserted their cause, he took no half-measures. He endeavoured to persuade Whitlocke, who had the custody of the Great

Seal, to carry it over to Charles the Second. As he could not do that, he surprised Windsor Castle, in which there was a great store of arms and ammunition. He displaced the garrison, and held it for the king. He secured Lambert, and brought back many of the troops that would have joined him on the road. He so effectually turned the scale in favour of the Royal cause, that he was one of the chief aids to the Restoration. He was the only one of the regicides who obtained a free; unconditional pardon and so strongly recommended himself by well-timed pecuniary advances to the royal treasures, that he was created a Knight of the Bath before the long-deferred coronation.

The severity with which Charles the Second treated the regicigicides (although they would have treated him worse, if they had caught him) was very impolitic The Bourbons acted more wisely by forgetting all that passed in the interval between their expulsion and restoration. The revolutionary and imperial exbishop of Autun became the confidential adviser of His Most Catholic Majesty. The erection of the scaffold in front of Whitehall had been a false move on the part of the Parliamentary party. From that day began a reaction in favour of monarchy and of the exiled house—a reaction that never ceased until the king was again seated in Whitehall. When the son of the Martyr enjoyed his own again, he copied the errors of his opponents. Robert Blake is one of purest characters in English history. All that bigoted intolerance could urge against him was, that he advanced the glory of his country, under the orders of one who was *de facto*, if not *de jure*, King of England. For this his festering corpse was dragged to Tyburn. It was long believed, through the prescient forethought of the Protector—and it would have been a piece of exquisite irony, if true—that the corpse of King Charles was the recipient of the indignities intended to be bestowed on that of Protector Oliver.

The regicides who escaped the punishment inflicted on their fellows must have dragged out a miserable existence. They had to seek refuge in the most extraordinary and secluded hiding-places, compared to which the oak of Boscobel was a bed of roses. The story is well known, how that, when a band of wild Indians had attacked a Puritan sttlement in New England, and the colonists were manfully yielding ground inch by inch to superior numbers only, their sinking courage was recruited by the sudden appearance of an unknown old man, who, appearing to spring from the earth led them on to victory. He was one of the regicides who had long lived an unknown and unsuspected existence in the village.

Simon Mayne, the then lord of the manor of Dinton, was another of the king's judges. He was member for Aylesbury in the Long Parliament, and during the Protectorate continued to be one of the committee for Bucks, "wherein he licked his fingers and was a constant rumper to the last."* After the Restoration he was specially exempted from the Act of Pardon and Indemnity passed in the twelfth year of the king's reign, with a provision that, upon a conviction, the king might suspend the execution of the sentence, but his estates must be forfeited. He was tried with fourteen others, amongst whom was Waller, who were all in the same predicament, at the Old Bailey, on the 16th of October, 1660. He was found guilty and remanded to the Tower, and remained in confinement until released by death in the next year. His body was removed to Dinton, and buried there on the 18th of April, 1661. Notwithstanding his exception in the above act of Parliament, his son Simon was allowed to remain in possession of his paternal estates, and to devise them to his own son. It was not known how this was effected ; bu everything, even pardon for the murder of the First, was venal at the Court of the Second Charles.

It is said that Simon Mayne managed to elude the searches made after him by a singular contrivance, which is, or was very lately, to be seen. This was a secret hiding-place at the top of the mansion, under the gables of the roof, to which he ascended by a passage or tunnel lined with cloth. Three of the lower steps of an ordinary staircase were capable of being lifted up,and thereby formed an entrance to a trough, through which he could crawl up to his hiding-place.

Simon Mayne had for clerk, when he acted as justice of the peace in Dinton, one John Bigg, native of the same. According to local tradition, he was the actual executioner of King Charles. He was a man of considerable wealth, and a pretty good scholar ; but after the Restoration he grew melancholy, and betook himself to a recluse life. Like David at the Court of King Achish of Gath, "he changed his behaviour before them, and feigned himself mad." For several years of the later part of his life he lived in a cave, though it was said that during the summer months he used to bivouac in the beechwoods that then covered the Chiltern Hills. This lasted until his death in 1696. His method of mending his clothes—which he never shifted after the return of the king—was by fastening fresh cloth or leather over the decayed parts. One of his shoes is yet to be seen in the Museum at Dinton Hall, and the other is preserved in the Ashmolean Museum at Ozford. They were mended as abovementioned until the leather became of more than tenfold thickness. In the course of last century the ground in the vicinity of his grave (which is still pointed out on the south-west of the hall) was carefully turned over, but nothing of any importance was found.

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* My Story of the Good Old Cause, 1660.

It is crtain that Hulett (who was the only person ever tried for the murder of the king) was not the actural perpetrator of the deed, for he was, after condemnation, pardoned, upon the ground that the judges were not satisfied with the verdict. If the judges of those days thought any vervict to be grounded upon insufficient evidence there must have been very slight evidence indeed produced upon the trial. Neither was it Brandon, whose memory Hulett maligned to save his own life. Hulett tried to shift the burden upon the shoulders of a dead man, who could neither be hurt by the accusation if true, nor bring evidence to show that it was false. It was probably done by some person whose antecedents removed all suspicion from him, and the secret has been well kept.

In " The Adventures of Captain Dangerous ' there was an incident that always puzzled me. The Captain is supposed to be the grandson of a female Ravaillac who had shot at Oliver Cromwell. For this she was only imprisoned in an out-of-the-way place in company with a man deprived of his right hand. From the context he was manifestly the executioner whom we want. The first point evidently is borrowed from the legendary tradition, that the Man in the Iron Mask induced a lody to share his captivity, and the result was a son, who was despatched to Corsica, and there became the grandfather of the well-known lieutenant of artillery. The absurdity of this fable is so apparent that it leads me to mistrust the other point *in re* the man with a velvet-covered stump.

All parish registers contain extraneous entries of more or less historical importance. Mr. Troutheck's receipt for the cure of a mad dog is to be found in those of North Allerton. Dinton registers contain an entry that, on the 26th March, 1635, licence was given to Simon Mayne and his wife to eat flesh on fish days. The burial of John Bigg is simply entered thus, under the head of burials:—"John Bigg, April 4." This concise entry makes me distrust, in this case, the importance usually to be assigned to local tradition. Had such a report existed at the time of the burial, some memorial of the fact would most likely have been introduced along with the registered entry.

Manchester was not enfranchised, nor a systematic registration established, until the reign of William IV. Cottonopolis, however, returned members to Cromwell's Parliament. The first page of the above-mentioned register at Dinton contains an entry under the hand of Simon Mayne, that he had, as justice of the peace, appointed one Richard Ayres, a shoemaker, to keep the same, by virtue of an act of Parliament passed in 1653, for the purpose of securing a more complete system of registration. This act of Parliament was at the Restoration considered null and void, as wanting the assent of the third branch of the Legistrature. So nearly two centures elapsed before that consent was obtained to any such useful measure.

J. WILKINS, B.C.I.

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* By Sala in the "Temple Bar Magazine."

THE FAIR ROSE OF CASHMERE—XXXIII.

Now the fidlers struck up and music broke forth in all its silvery sweetness, rolled and swept through the hall. All listened with delighted silence. Faces glowed and hearts expanded as the soft strains accompanied by sweet liquid voices swelled into a full harmonious chorus, rose and fell with thrilling cadence, now mellowing, anon winding away, next picking up clear tones breathed their beauty out over the assembly. Wave upon wave the gracious sound floated on the quiet air, richer, fuller, more divinely sweet, it filled the soul of the audience, carried them away by its reckless sway.

Next the Joypoor girls drew out their violins and touched the strings. There came a burst of thrilling notes, now faintly, now fully, now swelling, anon sinking to a minor key, blending in one delightful strain with the sweet voices of the singers, rang among the arches, echoed in the distant vaults. The whole assembly seemed possessed. Then followed a lively performance on the Bina. The rich waves of sound echoed and re-echoed through the air, their measured swing, their fitful shakes, thrilled through the heart of all.

Then rose the scraping of feet and the jingle of anklets of a band of Ajmere girls as they began to dance in airest measures to the music. Picking up their skirts daintily they tripped round and round. Now they advanced, now they receded or to introduce an element of variety indulged in timely jerks to the right and left. A variety of airs rang in an aggreable diversity of sound and dizzy with the riot of sound they danced in an abandonement of revelry amidst mirthful laughs, tuneful as the music of silver. The note of Bina ceased and as the flute piped out, there rose a band of Jesalmere girls. With motions timed to the music, they flapped up and down, with hands extended, waving and waggling, their feet seemed to tread the air. Mad with the joyous delirium of motion they danced and danced till they tired out the fingers of the fiddlers. They were followed by another band who with a graceful waving of the hand in accompaniment to their trolling steps whirled about. Now they linked together next they wound in in and out among each other, spinned round and round, giddy with the modulations of motion, intoxicated with the delight of wheeling and whirling.

But where was Joyonti? She was standing in the back ground as if timidly shrinking from observation. Her face was so much in shadow that one could scarce see the pathetic eyes. Her dress was tumbled and in disorder, yet her lovliness had no peer among the loveliest of the bevy. She wore a white silk *saree* with no relief save a narrow white border. A vest of subdued blue covered his body and round her clung the white folds of an *orna*, half veiling the unkempt hair. All the buoyancy had left her frame. If she moved to and fro it was with slow dejected steps. Though her sight took in the pageant of splendour, her eyes had an absent look. Her whole being seemed concentrated into one effort, that of avoiding the public gaze. The thrill of music, the blaze of gold and colour was naught to her. Mute and listless encased in an armour of reserve she stood like a statue.

But the hawk-like eyes of the old woman was scanning each separate face in the massed loveliness of the brilliant throng. One glimpse of her lovelier form and she was shuffling her way along through the press.

"You here," accosted she drawing near, a smile parted her lips. "I looked in the lobby, looked in the rooms, couldn't find you anywhere."

"How dare you seek me again when I have forbidden you," murmured the other with a gesture of scorn.

"That's a cruel welcome for me, dear. Surely you will be good enough not to refuse me a few minutes now. I desire a little talk with you," she pleaded with fawning entreaty.

"You can have nothing to say to me that I can wish to hear," Joyonti turned her head aside with a grunt of disgust.

The optics of the sorceress blinked like the orbs of a beaten cat. Never in all her experience had she met such rebuff. Nevertheless the instinctive sorcery of her nature failed not to assert itself.

"You moping, morbid creature, dull, cheerless, no life about you, what's your trouble? I wish I could do something to brighten things up for you," she started a cunning thrust in her soft, wheedling way.

"Was it to tell me this that you tracked me here? go, let me alone," fumed the irate beauty, not a little piqued by the theatrical address.

"Oh my pretty flower, beautiful as a painter's seraph, do you know what a fortune you have in your lovely face? How can you be content with the life you lead, a life of drudgery, pshaw? Why, a girl like you could have anything for the asking. You could have had the world at your feet if you had cared to be got at," artfully she shot another shaft. In her twinkling eyes lurked a world of sorcery.

"Be careful what you say. Don't be too glib of tongue," rattled Joyanti, wheeling fiercely upon her with a quick perception of what her meaning had been.

"You will forgive me, you will hear me out," she stuttered 'you are fit to be a queen and not a waiting maid. Why waste the years of your youth? What really matters in the world is to enjoy ourselves while we are living," she drew more freely upon her quiver of wiles.

Joyonti coloured hot.

"Will you keep quiet?" the words escaped her with the stiffled cry of half-suppressed rage. Her eyes blazed upon the temptress.

The old hag winced under the look.

"Oh you frown, my pretty one, this is ungracious. But let me ask how can you bear to look dawdy. Wear your best clothes," she shrank from the topic with an unconscious accent of apology.

"I would rather not," the answer was curt.

"I would much rather you were in keeping with the occasion," she tried a thrust anew.

"Keep your advice till it is asked for."

"Why, am I absurd?"

"Hush, hush," hissed the other, "I have something else to occupy my mind with besides answering impertinent questions," the soft silvery voice became harsh, there was an unspoken rebuke in the eyes.

"Oh dearest, you little know how deeply I have been interested in you since I had the privilege of making your acqusaintance," resumed the bawd in her most dulcet tones. There were cajolry, adulation, wile, all in one.

She looked at her with sapphire eyes opening wildly.

“What is there to interst you in me”, she demanded, observing her for a few moments as if to read her to the soul ?

“Dear me,” she purred. “To know you is to give you heart and soul. Surely a brighter woman does not exist in the three kingdoms. Oh, how I want to be with you enjoying myself.”

“Why should you like my company ? ”

“I wish it so much,” returned the hag with a sly chuckle. “There is no body in creation I like better or care more to have with me. Bye-the-bye what's your name, dearest ? ”

“My name—I don't see that it can profit you much to know—is Joyntee,” was the reluctant answer.

“A pretty name indeed, how well it sounds,” humoured the sorceress. “Although I have no particular fancy about girls' names. I should prefer yours to any others. Now tell me something about your home, your parents.”

“ Why do you ask all this. It is no concern of yours that I am aware of,” she staunched a tear or two on a vest-sleeve, a sigh fluttered from her lips.

The sorceress was versed enough in feminine ticklishness to realise the truth that she had touched the wrong chord. She turned aside from the subject.

“ If you will pardon my presumption I shall crave a favour,” she began anew.

“ What ?”

“ You will honour me with a visit at my humble home.”

“ I must decline.”

“ Do you think you dare not trust yourself with me ?”

“ Let me have no nonsense. I am in no mood for it,” Joyanti answered with irritation.

“ Well, I desire a word with you in private, ’ she edged a little nearor her to press her hand.

“ You must take care what you are about.” Joyanti shrank back with a heavy scowl. There was something in her air which forbade a nearer approach.

The old hag recoiled.

“ Oh, I'll take care, I'll take care,” she played with the words, “ but you will hear me.”

“ Hear what ?”

"If you would consent to step outside for just a moment it would be the exact kindness I should prefer."

"I refuse."

"Why," there was a momentary disappointment in the voice.

"I decline any more speech with you," she turned her back upon her.

The old hag toddled away. Save for an ominous glittor in her eyes she was perfectly calm.

The melodies ceased. There was a fluttering movement, next a rustle of silk as the noble throng moved with modest majesty to the banqueting hall. It was a spacious chamber all azure with brilliant light. On the floor which was spotless with hard scrubbing were spread in rows brilliant carpet pieces. Before each were set ornamented plates and vases of various sizes mostly gold, none of a meaner metal than silver. Water perfumed with camphor and *kaora* in resplendant glasses and salt in cups of the rarest porcelain started the groundwork of the entertainment.

The queen's maids were never more busy helping the guests to sit. True to their time there entered a troop of neatly—attired females bringing in the dessert—choice fruits heaped upon baskets of plaited twigs—the luxuries of the season (1). They were served round in profusion. When it came to an end, there were set out the elements of a choice feast—fry, curry, sauce, soup and sundries. The music played soft, the air rang with the pitapat of feet, the din of plates, sweet voices asking what was wanted. Course followed course. Dish succeeded dish in endless variety—sweets, confection, fermenty of various sorts. Rare were the curd and khir (2) which brought up the rear

The prattle of tongue was continous. 'Here some soup,' 'what will you have,' 'a little curry if you please,' 'who will take sauce,' 'I will with pleasure,' 'Ah, you don't eat,' 'dear me, I am no good feeder,' 'I have lost my hair pin,' 'my toe-ring is missing,' 'the Joypur girls danced well,' 'no, no, they broke time,' 'the tall girl limped,' Thus went jabber and tattle till the last course drew to a close.

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(1) In oriental repasts fruits are served at the commencement of an entertainment.

(2) Thickened milk.

The repast ended, the guests trooped out, there were cleansing of mouths, washing of hands and feet, the female servants were in a flutter with water pots and towels. Then followed parting salutations, rustle and bustle. With her usual dignified cordiality of manner the queen addressed each guest with kind words. Then the bright company melted away. Silk, satin, gold and colour vanished from the scene. Once again the portico became ablaze with the blaze of beauty and brilliancy.

The old woman had taken a hasty leave of the queen and wormed her way with her crony to where Joyonti was sitting alone in a pensive mood.

"Pardon my approaching you again," said she in a humble tone.

"What ?" the poor creature flashed up.

"Give me your hand to some back way, dearest, I may be jammed in the press if I go with the throng," entreated she.

"Why, can't you find a way out ?"

"Bless me, I am not familiar with any of the private passages of the house although I have been a frequent visitor here," she excused herself.

"Did you come walking ?"

"No," she bit her lips. "I came in a palkee."

"Where's it ?"

"In a lonely part of the ground, where there is a grove."

She led them through a corridor, down private stairs to a room which opened upon the gravel walk. In a few minutes all three neared the spot where the palanquin was.

"Your hand at parting," said the hag holding out her own.

Joyonti extended hers reluctantly. The sorceress caught it in a grip.

"Oh, how exquisite," a queer little chuckle escaped her, "I haven't before seen such a hand. Pray let me hold it a while in mine."

She let her hand rest in her clasp uttering vexedly

"What will you ask next,"

"If you will give me both hands."

She offered the other hand which was grasped likewise.

The palace-ground was ringing with the shouts of footmen, with the continous rumble of wheels, with the oaths of coachmen whose way was barred by a fretting horse ahead and the loud cries of the sentries. There were din and uproar, hurry and flurry, carriages rattling in to fill their void, carrages ratling out with living freight.

"Let me go," said Joyonte with an effort to wrench her arms from the grasp. The sorceress let go her hold but her crony caught them anon in a closer grip. Instantly a shawl was thrown over her head before she had time to think. She got a terrible fright, a scream broke from her lips. Oh, that some one had been near to have heard it? It fell unheded on the air.

She struggled to free herself but stouter hands had her grabbed. Sorrow had wasted her frame, taken away all her vigour, she felt powerless. In an instant the sorceress produced a gag from under her clothes.

"Quick, run it into her mouth—well in, mind it does not early fall out," whispered the crone.

The gag was driven into her mouth, a cry died in her throat.

The bearers showed up, each with a dagger in hand.

" Cry out and you surely die,," threatened they.

The sight took away what little consciousness was left in her. She fainted. She was thrust into the palanquin, the old hag swiftly got in, the trapping was drawn down and the bearers hurried along with the conveyance, followed by the crone. They wedged in through the carriages and managed with rare tact to emerge out of the palace gate. Now along the streets were they hurrying, then from lane to lane.

Two men joined at the turning of an alley, they were the Sindian and the one eyed.

In the silence of the night the palanquin wended its way to a gate of the city. It was still open for the special occasion, so that there was no difficulty in gaining exit. The outskirts were reached, in no long time were the suburban roads left behind.

" Halt, halt," shouted the Sindian as the conveyance neared a bridge. It was a wooden bridge over a canal.

The palanquin was set down by the water-side. The old hag issued forth, her small eyes glittered with delight, her face was all radiance.

Forth emerged four Afghans from under the bridge. Keen as was her anxiety the sorceress perceived with quick intuition what were they driving at.

"Look, look, they are hastening to seize the palkee. See that they do not hurry away with it," she yelled to the one-eyed.

"They'll not be up to any of their devilment just yet," he alleged her fears.

Before the echoes of the words died away the men had shouldered the conveyance and were passing over the bridge.

"Where are they going, stop them," she cried again with a quick breath.

"With me you have an account to settle, not with them," blurted out the Sindian evasively.

"Pay us down before they go," clamoured she scenting a foul play.

"Ill look you up to-morrow morning," said he curtly, the tone had a peculiar ring.

"What mean you, skulking rat—you could not dare bumbug us—surely," grated the old hag, her brows knitting, her face hard-set.

"Mean just what I say, that's what," he answered short and sharp.

"I'll have you beware of how you play the deuce," roared she, the voice had in it the growl of a she-wolf, while the eyes flashed out threateningly.

"Can't you trust me. I tell no lies, that is not in my line. My word was never yet broken."

"Tell such stuff to the babes, you weasel, you pole cat" an incredulous sneer curled her lips.

"These sort of things do not go down with us," chimed in her crony between laughing and frowning.

"Listen you women folk, dont anger me," he ground out between the teeth, turning upon them a pair of vicious eyes.

"Stop your whining," roared the hag, looking tigerish.

He saw that shewas mastering some powerful emotion with an effort.

"Hush, or we shall be heard," he held up his finger warningly.

"Look here, man," blared the one-eyed, "dont try to play with us. I am a desperate man and mean business." There was terrible emphasis in the words, an awful gleam in his eyes.

"Desperate ? why, what will you have me do," faltered the blackie, his eyes fell before his gaze.

"How many more times do you want to be told that you must pay us down at once," his harsh voice rose high aud shrill.

"Come, come, none of that or you shall have plenty of fun soon," rattled the crone, blazing a fierce look into his face.

The palanquin bearers swarmed round him, glaring like wild beasts.

The Sindian realised that he was in a tight place.

"I must have my money at once," insisted the one-eyed.

"I would give it to you in a moment if I could, In my hurry I forgot to bring it. But trust me, I'll deal squarely with you all, so dont be too quick," he replied in his most persuasive voice.

"Lying will not mend matters, out with it or you die like the dog you are," roared the old hag, literally foaming with rage.

"What will you do," he burst out with a sudden assumption of boldness.

"Do you see this ?" cried the one-eyed drawing a dagger from underneath his clothes. "I'll plant two inches of it in your black heart, let the outcome be what it may.

The words rang out stern and firm. The Sindian recoiled shudderingly.

"Hold, what may all this mean ?" he stuttered.

"Your hour of doom is nigh. It you don't pay, your head shall pay the forfeit. We are going to put an end to your roguery for ever," cried the crone in louder and more angry accents. She was begining to develope a grosser nature.

"I am not here alone. There are men who will be amply able to protect me," he mustered up courage to say.

"Call your men," challenged the one-eyed glaring ferociously at him. "I have often faced such odds, numbers do not daunt me."

"Duck him in the water, fling him in head over heels," the palanquin bearers raised their voice in a tremendous chorus.

"No, no, a quick death would be too good for him. I am tempted to sieze his throat and squeeze the life slowly out of him," cried the crone, girding up her loins menacingly.

"There's no use prating, answer me plainly, would you ?' roared the one-eyed.

"What ?"

"Will you pay us down at once ?"

"Now, I can't."

With a quick move the ruffian laid his hand roughly upon his arm.

"What, ho there, my men," shouted out the Sindian at the top of his voice.

Instantly some nine Turk horsemen rushed forward with drawn swords.

"Have at these rogues," cried he.

The men swooped down, each swinging his blade aloft to aim a blow at each head.

The one eyed let go his hold and cringed back, tho rest recoiled.

The blackic was almost delirious with delight, his wicked lips bubbled with almost hystcrical laughter.

Then ensued a hurried flight, they flew helter-skelter, the old hag and her crony into an empty cow-shed, the others where they could.

The equestrians made no effort to pursue. They turned back and with the Sindian who hastly mounted his pony trotted after the palanquin.

The runaways had assembled.

"Good heavens ? I have been a precious fool," yelled the sorceress wringing her hands almost hysterically.

"Bravo witch, you have worked your cards well, but it is time this farce came to an end," howled the one eyed in a sudden burst.

"Ho, ho, you tell me so," roared she, enjoying the joke hugely.

"You were only in fun of course," grinned her crony.

"Fun be jiggered," he made a wild gesture, "I had an eye out for the cunning knave, know what's what. He got stuck with her, oiled her, rubbed her briskly down, so she let him get ahead. The farce he played is a part of a scheme. I see through it, feel sure of it."

In his disappointment the full brunt of his rage fell on the old hag whom he suspected of duplicity in the matter.

"You surely don't know what you are saying," snarled the sorceress, her temper had risen at the words.

"I only know what I know. It was my weak point that I did not trip you up."

"Why are you buzzing," an angry gleam shone in her eyes, "I am quite unaware of having done anything to deserve the foolish remarks you are making so freely."

"You are the very deuce. You skinned him as clean as you could and then set him try monkey business with me, beastly shame," he glared at her reprovingly.

"You and I understand one another too well for any nonsense of that sort. You saw how the rogue sprang a trap on us, had us on the hip and made us knuckle. You must be mad to think that I had a finger in the pie," she protested with warmth.

"I bet a thousand to one you had," he persisted hot-headedly. "If I be wrong may I never use my dagger again."

"Bother take you," she grated. "If any man believes this of me, let him stand out and say and I'll fly at his throat."

"That sounds very funny," he remarked sniggering.

"You deem me base, curse you," she hissed through her teeth." I am a gentle woman, have not descended to the level of a cheat."

"I am sure you have played the deuce. You must not look to me for aid again," he murmured surlily.

"If you say this over and over one would think from your words that you are only playing off on me your assumed innocence in the matter," she cried with offended pride.

"What ? Do you say that I was mixed up in the farce ? You are the devil incarnate. If there is anything I hate more than another it is devilry."

"Don't keep up this pretence," she cried, "I begin to see you had a hand in the devilment or the black fiend would dare not make free with the prize."

"If any other person than you had dared say that I should have torn the hide off him,'' he blustered.

"That would not have altered the fact that you are a finished villain."

"You are more finished than I believed you to be."

A heated discussion went on, each charging the other with fraud. The old hag was sided by her crony, the palanquin bearers took the side of the one-eyed. It continued until a noise of approaching feet gave warning that men were near. It was a batch of suburban police force marching back to their out post from their special duty round the palace.

"I'll have revenge. The fiends can't have gone far. I am going to set the police on their track,' swore the one-eyed under his breath.

"You had better not, we shall be all bagged if you do it," cautioned the crone.

"For vengeance on the confounded rogue I would give my life, my soul even" he repeated his oath.

"No, no, make no rash vow, let there be no fuss about them," murmured the bearers.

Growling and grumbling they dispersed.

The vehicular traffic had ebbed in the streets. The palace ground was almost empty. The rest of the night wore away.

The next morning an alarm was raised that Joyonte was missing. The place was astir—Every nook and cranny, hole and corner was searched through and through. By the royal order a thorough search was started all over the city. The police ransacked every suspected place, made a raid on every secluded house. Troops of mounted police in full armour sped in all directions through the country.

KALI KUMAR GHOSH, B.A., B.L.

VEDANTA MADE EASY.—(I.)

(THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE POPULARISATION OF THOUGHTS., THAT IS HEALTH, HAPPINESS AND PLENTY TO ALL.)

INTRODUCTION.

SECTION 1 :—

যোগবাশিষ্ঠে " যৎ যথা চেততে বস্তু তথৈব ভবতি ক্ষণাৎ" ।

Popularisation—Localisation—Materialisation of thoughts—Somatic Resonance—The Eternal Dance of atoms. The perpetual *contraction and expansion of the universe* —undulatory theory of light—Analogous Phenomena in the invisible world—Man is blind as well as deaf—Footprints on the sands of time—Building castles in the air—Dominion and Power—The secret of success in any department of life—Specific instances from successful lives in the work-a-day world.

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The first principles of the Popularisation Philosophy.

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(b) The Law of Transference of. পশ্যন্তী মধ্যমাং ইব অরী

(c) The Law of imagination or the image-forming faculty of the soul. The Medium of Thought Communication. The all-pervading Essence—Ati Vahika Deha—Vehicle.

(d) The projection of Physical Laws into the realm of mind or rather spirit one aspect of which is the mind. Cf. Tennyson's One Law, one God, one Element &c,

(e) The Law of Periodicity--নিয়তি a higher Conception.

(f) The Law of Repetition and Revival.

(g) The Law of Abhyasa and Vairagya, i. e.; practice and habitual indifference about the result of actions (Provisional meaning of Abhyasa & Vairagya).

(h) The Law of Assimillation & Reproduction.

N.B. Association—তুরীয়ন্তে ধাম ধ্বনিতিবরকন্ধান মনুভিঃ ।

N.B. :—All these Laws are to be collaborated from the Shariraka Mimangsa itself, as well as from the Upanishads, the Yoga-Vasistha Ramayanam and other small works on Vedanta and the Puranas, especially the Brahmanda and the Gandharva Puranams, and largely elucidated with original Sanskrit Texts from authorised versions.

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Different states of matter—Sir William Crooke's discovery of Thallium—Radiant matter—Tejastatwa—Radium—Finer analysis—X'rays—Protyl and Prakriti—Modifications necessitated by vibrations—The Melbourne Supports—Spiritualistic Scenes—The birth of spiritualism in the Western world—The famous rape in Rochester in Illinois in 1848—The luminous hands and feet seen in the Scenes—The "Sine qua non" of all self-luminous principles—Bioscopic exhibitions—Grosser vibrations—Amplitude and pitch—Infinite variations—Vibrant electricity and Magnetism—Helm-holtz and Humboldt's Theory—Mind and Chit—Eddies and Whirlpools—Mind, its material expression in the matter—The so-called inertness of matter—The nebular Hypothesis.

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Polarisation and the work-a-day world. Successful business men—Their avowals virtually mean Polarisation—Self-made men—Their methods of procedure—Building castles in the air before actualiastion in material expression—Warm water does not drive an engine but it must be raised to the state of steam before its Kinetic energy comes into play—Purposes made red hot by the intense fervour of thinking—Moulding into the desired shape in the mental foundry—The Bessemer and the Basic process of making steel—incessant hammering is necessary—The water hammering and the hydraulic press is equivalent to the strength of imagination mellowed by experience and one-pointed aim—Shakespear' internal insight as revealed in the famous lines from the lips of Theseus Act V Scene 1 lines 7 to 17, Midsummer Night's Dream—"The lunatic &c..................A local habitation and a name"—And also in Julius Caesar's famous oft quoted lines depicting the little state of men suffering the nature of an insurrection when the genius and the mortal instruments sit in a council—An important fact in all creation—Referred to in Brahmanda Puranam—Freedom of the will and Predestination—Purushakara and Daiva—Their harmony and divergence—The Brahmanic Sandhya—The creation was contemplated just as in previous cycles—The Biblical genesis—The word—The Greek Logos—The Upanishadic evolution—From Homogeneity to Heterogeneity—There is no evolution without a simultaneous involution—Manifested and unmanifested states of creation—Pralaya—The subconscious or subliminal, ordinary and the superconscious regions of the mind—Explanation in light of the Polarisation theory—The Abdominal Brain—The two nervous systems—The Manipur Plexus or the great Solar Plexus—Milton's "Mind is its own place and in itself Can make a heaven of hell or hell of heaven."

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(b) Biological and Botanical Laws—Laws of Assimilation and Reproduction—Universal application—Love of Plants—Accumulated instincts—Creepers having tendrils—How bewitchingly sensitive—the sensitive plants—The Pitcher plants—The Butcher plants—The spider wort—The butter wort—The fly-eating plants—Lynean system of Botany—Tendrils and pistils—Petals and Stamens—Function of insects—Daffodils dancing in the Zephyr.

(c) The Laws of Mineralogy and Crystallography—Vibrational transition—Allotropic modifications—Grossness of mental vibrations—Saturation and precipitation—Regular geometrical shapes of crystals—Jerking vibrations—Its effect in crystallising the whole mass—Monogamous and Polygamous crystals and plants—Pollination.

(d) The Physiological and Anatomical Laws—The Nervous system and the Plexuses—Ethnology of nations—Jacob Grihm's Law of Consonantal Transytion—National idiosyncracies—Anthropology—Structure and intelligence—Culture and natural atrophy—Environments—Macaulay's Dictum about the Bengalees refuted in the light of the Polarisation theory His Lordship's environments—Auto-suggestion—Ex-nihilo nihil fit.

(e) The Laws of Reproduction from the Protoplasmic Cell to the highest evolution herebelow—Defference of sexes—Its fundamental adaptabilities—Instrumental detection of sexes—Involuntary and Voluntary functions of the reproductive principles—the control of sexes in the generation of children—The Samhitas.

(f) Geology and the testimony of the terrestrial strata—The Paleolithic Age—Red Sandstone Period—The flint age—The evolution of the earth—The Varaha Avatara—The Ten Incarnations—The universal Deluge—The Noah's Arc—The Mina Puranam—The Glacial Period—Land and Water—The reverse process.

(g) Astronomical Laws and the Music of the spheres—Motion and sound—Arrested vibrations—Sound and colour—Frictions—Brahmananda and the Gandharva Puranam—Mrs. Watts Hughes—Figures and voices—Theory of the Personified "Ragas and Raginis" in Vaikuntha, The "Abode of Bliss"—The scientific discovery of the innumerable jets of stem issuing out of the pores of the human body—The Aureol and the Halo in the pictures of saints and Gods in all ages and climes—Aura, adapted from the Sanskrit word Ara, spoke of a wheel—Spiritual Emanations—Contamination of casts of lower vibrations and spirituality—Psychometry and Clairvoyance—Mediumistic fluids—The stars, centres of larger Solar Systems—Immensity of the Univercaelum—More things in Heaven and earth than are ever dreamt of in the Western Philosophy—The central Sun—The Universal Source—Inter-dependance and Interrelation of all created things—The Vedantic Maya—Creation or manifestation rather ? Illusion is not what is meant by Maya—It is the active energy of God in one of its many phases—Laws of the Projectile—The Vective.

(h) The Laws of the Perspective and Isometric Projection—Action of Ether—Determining influence of vibration—Opacity, Transluscence and Transparency—Application in moulding thoughts in the Blast-furnace of intense fervour, shaped and finished by the adroitness of constant practice in the Fitter'a shop of the Mind—Milton's "Visible Darkness."

(i) The Laws of Photography and Oilpainting—Master-pieces of distinguished painters—Michael Angelo and Raphæl—Rembrandt and Vandyke—The "vision and the faculty Divine"—Colour and vibration—Music, Poetry and Painting—Mental Oilpainting—Mixing of colours in the artist's studio—Their application in mental imagery converted into visible representation.

(j) Telepathy or Mental Telegraphy—Development—Wireless Telegraphy—The missing and the connecting links—Electro-magnets and the Telephone —Vibrations—Proceedings of the London Psychical Research Society—Experiences of other great Psychics—Prophets and Seers of all ages aud climes—The Delphic Oracles—Egyptian colour character—The Deva Nagri character—Bagdevi and the alphabet—Sarasvati—The fifty characters and their evolution—The so-called mystic syllable "Amu"—The Eighteen varieties of each Devanagar vowel—The Bow-owe Theory and the poohpooh Theory—Origin of languages.

(k) Psychometry and Mind Reading by Vibrant Magnetism—The Etheric Eddies—The salutary influence of holy places and Tirthas—The esoteric significance of Beneras, Prayaga, Ganga and Jamuna—The efficacy of magnetised articles of food and drink in curing diseases—Charms and Amulets—Mantras—The Ideal Healer—Larvate Suggestion in medicines administered by distinguished doctors.

(l) Physiognomy and Palmistry—Plant Autographs—Astral influences—Position of the signs of the zodiac in the human body—Structures determined by vibrations —Their influence in moulding Destinies—The recent Helley's Comet—Scientific bssis of the assumption of evils—Double significances.

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(n) Clair-voyance or Mental Photography—Function of imagination or the image-forming Faculty of the Soul—What corresponds to the Silver Nitrate and other sensitive preparations in the Mental World—Absent Treatment of Diseases—Psycho-Therapeutics—The Christian Healings—The Faith cures—Christ's famous utterance about the leper—how to develop.

(o) The science of Æsthetics—The Fine arts—Music—Painting—Poetry—Sculpture—The ideal development—The dream in marble and bronze—Testimony of different savants in Music both instrumental and vocal about the power of Polarised thoughts in drawing inspiration—Miss-Marris Hall, The Violinist—Mrs. Hughes—Mrs. Satyavala. Devi Dessai—Mendolossohn—Huberts and others—The infant prodigy, Master Madan and Miss Pramila—The Indian Kalwats—The Tala, Laya, and Mana—The time, space and vibration elements in Music—The Ragas and Raginis and their significance Their Presiding Gods and Goddesses.

(p) The Science of Ethics—The Springs of action—Animal spontaneity—Love—Hatred—Jealousy—Evolution of character—Cultivation of good habits—character is habits ingrained into life—Politics and society—The Ethical Sanctions—The Social Evolution—Political growths—Legislative function of the Sovereign Power—Emperor's Will for the Good of All his subjects in the Empire—Its expression in the laws—All Good to the individual citizen insured when individual will is subordinated and relegated to, and is in consonance to this All Good Wish of the Supreme Authority expressed into certain laws for the guidance of the people—Purushakara has no place in an well-ordered Government in the sense of individual humours and whims in contravention of the All Good Wish, is another name for Worst Despotism—violation of this All Good Wish necessarily implies the visitation of the Sanctions and spells Ruin to the Transgressor—Divine Laws—True internally and externally—Divine Will for All Good and its expression the Immutable Laws of Nature in exorable in their Sanctions—the Law of Karma—The Cardinal Principles of Right and Wrong—Evolution of society—Polyandry and Polygamy—The Social contract—The Family and the Individual Units—The modern Socialities.

(q) The laws of organic growth—Christ's utterances—The lilies of the field—Spontaneity and mystery—Growth, an invariable concomitant of Life—Cumulative Instincts—Body, as a function of the Mind—Regeneration and Degeneration go hand in hand—

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(r) The Laws of the Solar and the Lunar Eclipses—Tidal waves—Essotric siguificance—Application in spiritual development—The Tithis or the Days of the Waxing and the Waning Moon—Their influence in the Human Economy—The Pancha Parvas observed by the Hindus—American treatment of diseases by Hydropathy and Fasting—Polarised thoughts—Line of the greatest resistance—Manhood—The greater the temptation. the greater the merit—The Higher Problems of life—Their solution in the light of Polarisation.

(s) The Laws of Life and Death—The thin intervening partition or no partition at all—Herbert Spencer's non correspondence to external stimuli—The theory criticised—Subtler correspondence arising from finer vibrations not perceptible by the grosser sensuous vibrations—Swedenbourgh—A. J. Davis, the Prince of Spiritualities—Expansion and Contraction—The recent discoveries of science—What is Life to one is Death to another—Gita "Ya nisha sarva-bhutanam tasyam jagarti sanyami ; Yasyam jagrati bhutani sa nisha pasyatoh munch"—Chandi—Yogavasisthakara's "Anadaspandini matih"—Samadhi means death to the material world—Concentration of mind—Inhibitation of movements—Evolving Past Memories—Ante-natal experiences—Life and Death going hand in hand—The Destructive and the Healing influence of Time—Creation and Destruction—Kaleidoscopic changes—The co-inhering attributes—The Co-adjusting Planes—Ions and Cycles—Epoch-making—The Satya, Treta, Dvapar and Kali—The Golden age—The Silver age—The Copper age—The Iron age—names of stages of Development in the Individual Life—Collective Life of Creation—True, internally and externally.

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"Mayamtu prakritim bindyat mayinamtu Maheswaram ;
Mayavimbam vasikritya sasyat sarvajna iswara."

Paradise Lost and Regained—The Spider and the Butter-fly—The Chrysalis State—The Swapna, The Jagrat and The Susupti—The Turiya or The State of Non-Vibration—The Emperor drawn and Parcelled out into The Imperial Drama—The Divine Comedy—The Original Impulse—The Maya—The Natural Selection—The Lilavada and The Evolution Theory—The Brahma and The Maya—The Grand Symphony Lost it Monotony Dreariness of Happiness or Misery alone—The Course of Manu—The Leibnitzian Monadism.

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The Four Epochs : Satya, Treta, Dvapar and Kali.

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P. N. MUKHERJEE.

AN INDIAN'S CAREER.

More than one hundred years have elasped, since Calcutta, now flourished into commercial and civic prosperity, raised a set of men, who led the formation of the Hindoo society in the metropolis and opened the sources of native talent and distinction. Like the Pilgrim Fathers, the people came from various parts of the land, disagreeing in temper and taste, but agreeing in one great thing, *viz.*, the national greatness of their souls. Ram Comul Sen was one of those colossal men. Four generations have come and gone since his time, and the contrast that has come over the whole face of Hindu Society is sad and significant. Education has spread; enlightenment is largely sought; social customs have changed; prosperity has elevated all classes of people; race distinction, to a certain extent, has been levelled—all these are advantageous. But the originality, the strength, the fulness and the growth of true genius in the native community have all but departed. When shall we ever see such a galaxy of contemporary characters as Ram Mohun Roy, Ram Dulal Dey, Dwarka Nath Tagore, Radha Kant Deb, Prosonno Coomar Tagore, Rasomay Dutt, Mutty Lall Seal, Ram Gopaul Ghose and Ram Comul Sen? They were really the pioneers of progress among the Hindu society, each a centre, each a power, each a light reaching far into future generations, and altogether represented a phase of Indian life, which, to our regret, has nearly passed away, and a repetition of which we most eagerly, though uneffectually wish to behold. Ram Comul was held in veneration both by the Europeans and the Indians. He was one of the most honorable men in India. He invariably stood in the van for the defence of his country—in sooth he was one of the brightest stars of our Indian galaxy. He shone like a dazzling luminary, glory of the *vaidya* caste. He was beloved both by the young and the old. The Bengal Hurkaru of 19th August, 1844, wrote a succinct sketch of his life. In 1880, Babu Peary Chand Mittra wrote a life of that old patriot, the grandfather of still famous Keshub Chandra Sen, which contains full details of the career and character of this remarkable man. The Friend of India of 27th Octobur 1880, in reviewing the book, wrote as follows :— We have read with much interest the life of Ram Comul Sen by Peary Chand Mittra. Some lives deserve to be written, and Ram Comul Sen's is one of them. It is fit to be held as an example not only because it shows a successful worldly career, but because it reveals an admirable, sterling character. We shall not enter on the narrative, as the book, which costs but one Rupee, will be easily obtained by our reader. But a few sentences from the biography will show to those who do not know the nature of its subject.

"Although Ram Comul was a strict orthodox Hindu, yet he was liberal in his ideas. He encouraged English education. He encouraged the spread of medical science. He denounced indiscriminate charity, and held that alms given to undeserving person, was so much not given to deserving persons. The first persons who condemned in Calcutta the practice of carrying the dying to the river was Rajah Ram Mohun Roy. The practice of plunging a dying person into water, in the hope that the soul, purified by the Gunga, may ascend to heaven, was condemned by Ram Comul, who called it *Ghaut murder*. With regard to the Charak Pujah, he thought that the whole body of the Hindus should not be charged "with the absurdities of the act." He was friendly to the intercourse with European gentlemen, and he received and entertained them at his garden-house at Maniktollah.

Ram Comul Sen was the grandfather of Babu Keshub Chunder Sen and his cousin Narendra Nath Sen, the proprietor and editor of the Indian Mirror, so that the eminence he attained has not been lost to his family. His biographer says :—"Ram Comul used to call Keshub—Beso. Before his death, he said to Peary Mohun, "Peary, your son Beso is destined to be a great man—a religious reformer." One would think that Ram Comul's spirit guides Keshub Chunder. Keshub Chunder's Brahmoism has a tinge of Ram Comul's Vaishnavism. Both the grandfather and the grandson call God, *Hari*. The grandson treads the footsteps of the grandfather in being a vegetarian, in singing hymns, and glorifying God by *Sankirtan* with the aid of his grandfather's instruments, *Khol* and *Khartal*. The spiritualists would say that the spirit of Ram Comul is Keshub Chunder's guardian angel. Krishnavehari, the youngest brother of Keshub Chunder, edits the *Sunday Mirror*.

He is a member of the Senate of the Calcutta University, and his face is the very image of innocence." The book is well written, and its brevity may perhaps be regarded as an additional recommendation.

The Indian Daily News of 4th November, 1880, wrote thus : – Babu Peary Chand Mittra is too well known to need any introduction to the reading public at our hands. His book will, as we have said, prove interesting and may help to incite the rising generation of native youths to emulate the achievements and usefulness of Ram Comul Sen.

The journal of the National Indian Association for February 1881, wrote as follows :—

The biography of Ram Comul Sen of Calcutta, the grand-father of Babu Keshub Chundra Sen, whose English and Bengali Dictionary showed his learning and his zeal for education, has been lately written by Mr. Peary Chand Mittra. It is said to furnish another example of what perseverance and self help can achieve. Brahmo Public Opinion remarks :—"Unlike others who rise only to benefit self, Ram Comul Sen used his position and influence more for the welfare of his countrymen than for himself. The services rendered by him to his country are infinitely more valuable than occasional donations by the wealthiest."

The Indian Mirror of 21st and 23rd October 1880, reviewed the book extensively quoting from it. In the course of the criticism the editor wrote thus :—Babu Peary Chand Mittra, our esteemed townsman, has written a short biography preceded by a beautiful lithographic likeness of Ram Comul Sen. Our author who is not unknown to literary fame, has by this his latest work, laid, we believe, the Hindu community of Calcutta under a lasting debt of obligation. He deserves well of his country who, in these days of imitation and degeneracy, tries to place before the rising race of Bengalis the examples and ideals of men who owed their greatness neither to University titles nor to inherited wealth, but who gained every grain of their wealth and reputation by the sheer force and originality of character. * * * * The history of such a life so passed in pure disinterested assertions for the benefit of his kind can not but be instructive to his countrymen, and we would strongly recommend all who wish to leave a mark upon their time and generation to read Babu Peary Chand Mittra's life of this typical Hindu reformer.

The Hindu Patriot of 25th October, 1880, wrote as follows :—We thank Babu Peary Chand Mittra for a copy of his latest work—the Life of Ram Comul Sen. He has done a service to the nation by collecting together the details of the career and character of this remarkable man. The details are by no means exhaustive, bnt, so far as they go, are very interesting and instructive. Ram Comul Sen was born at Gariffa in the district of Twentyfour-Perganas on the 15th March, 1783. He was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth. His father gave him education in Sanskrit ; he came down to Calcutta and commenced his English studies at Ramjoy Dutt's house at Colootola. Ram Comul says, "I studied English at a school kept by a Hindu up the river where the boys used to make extracts from Tutinama and Arabian Nights, which were used as class books, there being no dictionary or grammar." The biographer says that poverty must have compelled Ram Comul to give up all ideas of seeking for education elsewhere, as he began life in Calcutta on the 19th November, 1800. He was in the service of Mr. Namey on the 10th December 1802. Namey was an assistant of Mr. Blacquiere, Chief Magistrate of Calcutta. On the 10th December 1803, Ram Comul was married. In the same year his father brought him to Mr. Blechynden the Civil Architect of Government, and under him he served as an apprentice. In 1804, he obtained an appointment in the Hindustani Press, on a salary of Rupees eight per month. In 1808, he was in the service of the Chandi Hospital. In 1812, he was under Colonel Ramsay at the Fort William College. In 1818-19 Ram Comul, who must have attracted the notice of Doctor H. H. Wilson while in the Hindustani Press, was appointed a clerk of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, on a salary of Rupees twelve a month, and he discharged his duties so satisfactorily that he was afterwards appointed its Native Secretary, and he rose from that office to a membership of the Council. Ram Comul's fortune now made rapid strides ; he became Dewan of the Mint and of the Bank of Bengal. But Ram Comul is remembered not so much for his rise in the world as for his high intellectual acquirements and qualities, for the great public services he rendered by his connection with almost all the literary, scientific, educational and political bodies of his time in Calcutta, and by his honourable character. As the biographer says:—

"The biography of Ram Comul Sen is examplary because he struggled with poverty and began life with eight Rupees a month. Whether owing to natural intelligence, or uncommon industry or unblemished character, or a combination of all the qualities, he was not slow in rising, and what is most commendable in him was that he did not live to amass money and enjoy worldly grandeur; but it was his constant study to make himself an instrument in the amelioration of the intellectual and moral condition of his countrymen—in relieving the destitute and helpless classes of the city, in giving medical aid to the sick, by the discovery and prevention of the causes of disease, and in the promotion of sanitation. From a composition, he raised himself by dint of industry, like Benjamin Franklin, to the foremost position among the natives of Bengal, respected by the Europeans and Natives alike. Although he firmly adhered to his religious persuation and did not give in an inch to any of his European friends religiously or socially, he was not the less respected."

His Anglo Bengali Dictionary is a monument of his literary labour and research. It was justily pronounced by Mr. J. C. Marshman in the Friend of India as the fullest and most valuable work of its kind which we possess, and will be the most lasting monument of his industry, zeal and erudition. It is perhaps the work by which his name will be recognised by posterity. On his death Mr. Marshman wrote in the *Friend*, "He was equally honored in the European and Native community, and had long been considered as one of the most eminent and influential natives of the metropolis." Ram Comul Sen was an ornament of the nation. His life teaches an enduring lesson of self-reliance and honorable ambition.

S. M.

A SHORT SURVEY OF THE POSITION OF SCIENCE IN SECONDARY SCHOOLS.

I. GREAT BRITAIN.

From the extracts from the report of the committee appointed by the Prime Minister to enquire into the position of Natural Science in the educational system of Great Britain, it is known that with the great war the nation gets conscious of its weakness in science and it is prepared to recognise the claims of science in its nation building capacity, its capacity to build great mechanics, manufacturers and statesmen alike. In the words of the report: "A nation thoroughly trained in scientific methods and stirred with an enthusiasm for penetrating and understanding the secrets of nature, would no doubt reap a rich material harvest of comfort and prosperity but its truest reward would be that it would be fitted by 'an ample and generous education to perform justly, skilfully and magnanimously the offices both private and public of peace and war.'" The committee think of a scheme for the general education in science, which should be made of such a nature that it may not get stereotyped by syllabus or even by rigid tradition. Science in its broadest sense has to be kept in view and the claims of literary and historical studies should not be dispensed with as they touch most naturally the heart and hopes of mankind.

SECONDARY SCHOOLS.

In the grant-earning schools about 30 per cent. of the boys enter before the age of 12 and nearly 90 per cent. before the age of 14. Now under favourable circumstances where entry takes place not later than the age of 12 there is usually a course of work in Physics and Chemistry extending over four years up to the age of 16 and leading up to an examination such as the senior local or matriculation examination. The provision of science teaching with its practical work is not a matter of choice but of regulation in such schools and each school has to submit its curriculum for the approval of the Board of Education and has to satisfy the Board by the provision made in the time-table for the teaching of science in adequate amount, having regard to the legitimate claims of other subjects.

The amount of science taught varies from school to school. The committee point out that the condition cannot be regarded altogether as satisfactory, mainly because the schemes of work are often only the initial stages of a plan which will never be completed and are indirectly influenced by the requirements of university entrance scholarship examination.

The age of entrance to the public schools from the preparatory schools is unduly delayed, being generally 14 and it is recommended that this should be reduced to 13 with a corresponding lowering of the standard of the entrance examination. In the majority of public schools an adequate provision is made for the teaching of science but there is no general principle that science should form an essential part of secondary education. The majority of the larger schools are organised into classical and modern sides. The time devoted to science is generally adequate on the modern side while it varies greatly on the classical. One of the great defects which is to be remedied is that many of the ablest boys pass on to the universities ignorant of science and with little or no idea of its importance as a factor in the progress of civilisation or its influence on human thought.

PREPARATORY SCHOOLS :

In the majority of preparatory schools the teaching of science appears to be deplorable. The committee consider that though it is reasonable to postpone the beginning of the systematic study of chemistry and physics till the age of 12½ or 13 yet they consider that all preparatory schools should make regular provision for the teaching of the elements of natural science with handicraft and drawing. The elements of natural science should consist in nature study. It is proposed that the omission or neglect of this subject should be guarded against by its inclusion in the entrance scholarship examination of public schools. The committee consider that without impairing the claims of general and liberal education of the citizen they are to deal with the diffusion of scientific conceptions and habit of mind their study induces among the general mass of the educated population. Therefore they suggest that for boys schools where the secondary school course covers a period of 4 years from 12-16 the time given to science should be not less than 4 periods in the first year, nor on the average less than 6 periods in each of the following three years and where the course begins at a later age not less than 6 periods in each year will be required. A practical and beneficial consequence of the establishment of a general course for all boys up to the age of about 16 would be the abolition of the existing division into sides now so usual in larger schools. Some of the schools at present are under no obligation to provide for any instruction in science. To remedy such neglect they strongly urge the introduction of compulsory inspection. By inspection they do not mean to impose uniformity or to destroy individual effort but rather to obtain and record information as to the work and efficiency of the schools and to give advice based on a wide experience in other schools. The opinions of the committee regarding school examinations are based upon the recent proposal of the Board of Education. In their opinion there should be two examinations, one at the age of 16 and the other at the age of 18. The committee think of a system sufficiently elastic to meet diverse requirements and at the same time so far co-ordinated that proficiency in secondary school subjects could be tested by any one of them. In the scheme outlined by the Board science and mathematics fall in one group. Now as groups of subjects and not the individual subject being the unit in respect of which success or failure depends, a candidate might pass in this group even if he did not present himself in science at all. To guard against such things every boy should be required to satisfy the examiners both in science and mathematics though subject to the generous application of the principles of compensation. The principle of compensation should be recognized both between the different groups and the different groups of the subjects of the science group.

THE CONTENT OF THE SCIENCE COURSE :

The content of the science course is considered from all points of view and is conveniently divided into two heads. The one that shall be meant for boys of 12 to 16 and which will be compulsory and since the majority of boys will have their only training in science under this period, it is undoubtedly the more important from the standpoint of general education. The other deals with the more specialised part for boys from 16 to 18.

FOR BOYS OF 12 to 16 :

(*a*) The standard of nature study should be raised with the object of imparting a knowledge of the main facts of the life of plants and animals. Physics and Chemistry must continue to be the fundamental subjects with school curriculum as no other science lends itself so well to the study of experimental methods under the limitation of time which are inevitable in school work; but no boy should leave school with the idea that science consists of Physics and Chemistry alone. The principles of science are to be taught with reference to the phenomena of nature which they explain and their utilisation in industry with the object of arousing and satisfying the curiosity of pupils. The course should not be planned as if to lay foundations for specialised study in science at a later period. Such course should be complete in itself with broad and general principles and outlooks of sciences.

(*b*) Laboratory exercise should occupy an important place in the treatment of science but it should not be considered too much an end in itself for such an exercise loses the educational value when it becomes a piece of drill. Experiments shall be done with the idea of establishing in the pupils' mind a more real connection between their experiments and the general principles of science or the related facts of every-day life. Class teaching in science should not get stereotyped by the influence of set type of questions in examinations and by the lack of knowledge of teachers as regards the art of teaching. In fact there shall be freedom of the teacher to choose his material to impart scientific training and outlook into the minds of the pupils. Mathematics and natural science, both these subjects will gain if they are taught with more reference to each other and so far as possible by the same teachers. The effective correlation between the two subjects is rare and is not in clearing and that the education of teachers of mathematics should be conducted with this end in view. Such co-ordination of the subjects will afford a training of the highest importance and will give to many an interest in mathematics and a grip of its principles which without it they would never acquire. Laboratory work should be planned in a way to train the minds of the student to reason about things which he has observed for himself and develop his powers of weighing and interpreting evidence. Demonstration lessons from the teachers together with the laboratory work shall be planned with the idea of acquainting the student with the broad outlines of great scientific principles with the way in which these principles are exemplified in familiar phenomena with their application to the service of man.

A careful arrangement of subjects ought to be made to avoid waste of time. As for example it is not possible to study the various branches of Physics such as heat, light, electricity, etc. inasmuch detail as when one or two are attempted. There must necessarily be great gaps in the students' knowledge of these branches, but in general course the committee think these gaps should be distributed rather than one or more of the branches should escape consideration at all. The different subjects under one particular branch of science, say Physics should not all be done in one term, but resumed from time to time. This gives opportunity for revision and for postponing the more difficult parts until the students are more mature and have more mathematical knowledge at their disposal than at the beginning of the course. In chemistry it is essential that the work shall be brought as closely as possible into relation with the things of daily life. No attempt should be made to study in detail more than a small number of chemical elements. No course can be considered satisfactory which does not lead up to the general laws of chemical combination and the explanation of them in terms of atoms and molecules. Elementary Biology should be introduced in the school course but the want of teachers with wider scientific qualifications is at present the real difficulty in the introduction of biology into school work. All through the science course the greatest care should be taken to insist on the accurate use of English language. Students should be encouraged to handle outbooks in science for such practice will develope the reader's ability to use outbooks to any advantage.

SCIENCE IN SECONDARY SCHOOLS, AGES 16—18.

Under the stages subsequent to the passing of the first school examination the work of the boys becomes more specialised. The choice of the group of subjects should depend upon the tastes and aptitude of the student which he has developed and the career to which he looks forward. Specialisation at this period is decided because the imaginative and logical faculties can be best trained by the intensive study of a few subjects and advanced work is also necessary to attain a high standard of accuracy and thoroughness. Some provision should be made in time to allow the specialising student to give attention to literary studies. The choice of subjects must lie with the teacher and the committee cannot do more than make a few tentative suggestions as follows —

A—(i) A course on the outlines on cosmical physics and astronomical principles of general interest.

(ii) A course on the general principles of geology without too much technical details; illustrated by local examples and the use of geological maps.

(iii) A course on physiology and hygiene which should include a discussion of the part played by bacteria and other lower organisms in fermentation and in the spread of disease.

(iv) A course on physical meteorology.

B—Courses on the history of science.

C—Courses on the development of scientific ideas such as constitution of matter, the conservation of energy, the doctrine of evolution, heredity and immunity.

D—The lines and work of scientific men.

E—The bearing of scientific investigation on industrial progress.

F—Courses of a more practical kind than those mentioned above.

G—A course on the method and philosophy of science historically treated.

It is not of course suggested that they could all be profitably taken by any one teacher or included in the work of any one school, they are quoted only as suggestion. Such courses as indicated above would be profitable also to the science specialists and would do much to counteract the narrowness of view which sometimes accompanies specialisation.

The first and foremost condition for any real improvement in the teaching of science in school of all kinds is that effective steps should be taken to secure an adequate supply of properly qualified teachers. To improve the requisite supply of properly qualified teachers it will be necessary to improve and improve substantially the salaries of teachers and to allow a satisfactory national system of pensions and retiring allowances. The committee rightly state that it is not mearly an improvement in the salaries that is needed, but a revolution in the attitude of the public towards them. The main basis for the calculation of salaries must be what the men and women of intelligence, education and vigour might gain in any other profession. The devising of new experiments and the improvment of schemes of practical training, such pioneering work which may be described as educational research is greatly needed and can only be done at the schools. The committee suggest that there is need for the establishment of short courses for teachers which would be held preferably at university centres where apart from many an additional attraction of a return to the university would be the possibility of access to a large library.

II.—India.

Secondary education is broadly defined as that which follows the primary course which is an education in the vernacular as imparted mainly in primary schools. It is either anglo vernacular or vernacular. It is generally divided into two stages—the middle and the high. In the middle stage a boy is generally prepared for the higher stage and in the high a boy is generally prepared for the matriculation or other forms of school leaving examination. The scheme of school classes vary in various provinces for both vernacular and anglo-vernacular school. The courses in the middle section are fixed by the local government and in the high section they are dictated by the examination for which a school prepares itself. Elementary science is compulsory at Bombay and Madras and optional elsewhere save at Calcutta where science is not prescribed. Science is not an examination subject in Bombay matriculation and in Madras school final. Bombay has an inspector of science teaching. The subjects taken there are studies of matter and life for the lowest classes, then physiology and nature study, then physiology and hygiene, then physics and hygiene, then physics and mechanics and finally chemistry and first-aid in the highest class. As to the object of instruction given, the inspector says that the amount of knowledge of physics and chemistry acquired by the Indian school boy cannot be very valuable in after-life, so these subjects are regarded as purely educational. A knowledge of hygiene, on the other hand, is regarded as an end in itself, while physiology explains its facts Nature study is intended to increase knowledge. As to method, individual practical work has been made the basis of scheme. The training of teachers for instruction in science, the most important step neccssary for the starting of the scheme as mentioned above, was carried out at four different centres and is reported to have been very successful. Now in the seventh quinquennial review of the progress of education in India (1912-17) we see that a remarkable advance has taken place in secondary education by 28·3 per cent. of the total number of students. The popularity of secondary education is greatest in Bengal which contains 35·8 per cent. of all the secondary schools and 35 per cent. of all the secondary pupils in India. From these statistics we come to know that science has got no place in the secondary education of Bengal, the province where the spread of secondary education is the greatest when compared with the other provinces of India. Science in the secondary education of other provinces has only recognition and preliminary experiments are in progress no doubt; still the great problem awaits the consideration of the Government and the people as to what should be the state of affairs as regards general scientific education in India. Science in its broadest sense, in the sense it cultivates directly the faculty of observation, the power of forming a rapid and accurate generalisation among its many other educational value, is universally desired and it shall not be slow to bring intellectual refreshments to the Indian boys who are generally to struggle only with literary and pure mathematical work from the beginning. The main difficulty in the introduction of science among Indian boys seems to be the want of worthy scientific books in vernacular, and unless vernacular be the medium through which it can be taught the teachers must have to wait till the boys get some hold on the foreign language which must always take a long time. However, it is hoped, that with the progress of education science shall gradually assert her legitimate claim on the secondary education of India.

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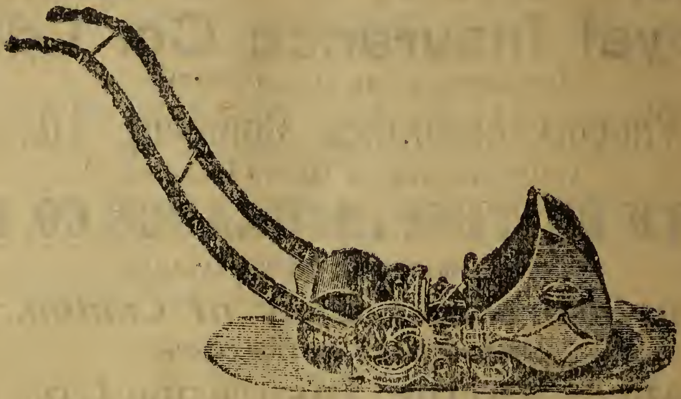

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The Yoga System.

Yoga means Viyoga—

"তং বিদ্যাদ্দুঃখ সংযোগ ।
বিয়োগং যোগসংজ্ঞিতং" ॥—গীতা ।

The Gheranda Sanhita and Hatha Yoga—Preliminary Purification of the Body—"Keep a clean fire and clear hearth for Me"—Preparatory Ground for Raja Yoga—Without the Living Sun Shine and The Ploughing up, no Seeds Will Grow—Patanjali's Eight Methods of Yoga or the Cessation of the Proclivities of Mind virtually means One Method otherwise it conflicts with Srutih.*

Eight names of One Path if per adventure some one catches the real import—In fact Tantriks, Vaishnavas, Samartas, Pouraniks and the Five Sects all declare the Path to be and due to the self-same and even the Eight limbs of Yoga commingle and unite in that *One Path* by which One can attain Immortality which has been termed by Sruti as "ত্যাগেনৈকেন হি অমৃতত্ব মেত" &c.—The Patanjala and Shiva Sanhita—Yogi Yajnavalkya—Ashtavakra Sanhita—Janaka and Shulava—The Brahmins and Shavari—Raja Yoga—Gita—Brahma Sanhita—Jnana Yoga—Gita—Bhakti Yoga—Gita—Karma Yoga—Srimad Bhagabatam—Tantric Sadhana—The Mudras—Srimadbhagabatam; Vasya of Vedanta; and the Radha Tantra, the Commentary to Srimadbhagabatam—Awakening the Kandalini—The Rudra Granthi—The Vishnu Granthi—The Brahma Granthi—The unburnt portion in the Flame of a Candle—The Ira, The Pingala and The Susumna—The Chitra—The Lakini, The Hakini and The Shakini and other Goddesses enthroned within the Six respective Lotuses—The Swayambhu Linga in the Sahasrara—Their Esoteric Significance—The six Plexuses or Psychic Centres—European Physiology and Anatomy—The Epigastric and Hypogastric Plexuses—The great Solar Plexuses—The Carrotid Plexus—The Pelvic Plexus—Centres of Sympathetic Ganglia—The Cerebro Spinal and the Vegitative Nervous Systems—the Sympathetic System—The Abdominal Brain—Pranayama Cessation of Movements—Automatic Pranayama—Kumbhak—Rechaka and Puraka—Yama—Niyama—Asana—Pratyahara—Dharana—Dhyana and Samadhi—The Triputi and the Puryashtaka—Polarised Thought Forces—Abhyasa and Vairagya—The so called Will Power—With a full realisation that he is a Spirit every one can breathe from all Planes of existence—Life—Love—Truth—Man, an External Manifestation of God in one of its Infinite Aspects—Periodicity and Polarity in Nirvanik Laws—The Buddhist Mahapari—Nirvana—Limited powers of Deified Beings—Shariraka Mimansa—The Real Significance of "Sristi Vyaparavarjyam"—Aphorism in the Brahma Sutra—How to live for ever in God Consciousness—Cycles of Existence—The Man in God is One with the God in Man—The Maharashalila of the Universe—Kaleidoscopic Panorama—Bioscopic Exhibition—Vibration and Samadhi—Phantasmagorical Dreams—Higher Planes and Samadhi—A. J. Davis and his "Supreme Condition"—All vibrations must cease or rather all responses except that of Bliss must cease—Ananda-spandini Mati—Parabhyasinah—Practitioners in the Supreme End—Reflections from Higher and Lower Planes of Being—Double—Refraction—Yoga is an altogether different thing from Auto-Hypnotisation.—শ্বাস, প্রশ্বাস, নিশ্বস, মহৎব্রহ্মমসযোনি—আত্মারাম —দশমহাবিদ্যা—শিবশক্তি —পুরুষ প্রকৃতির অতীত—তুরীয় ব্রহ্ম—আত্মারাম।

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* তমেব বিদিত্বা অতিমৃত্যুমেতি নান্যঃ পন্থা বিদ্যতে অয়নায়—তবাদ অন্যত্র ধর্ম্মাদন্যত্রাধর্ম্মাৎ—তথা চ যোগবাশিষ্ঠে—মুক্তিঃ নির্ব্বাসনং মনঃ বন্ধঃ সবাসনন্তথা—তথা চ personified Dharma Judhisthir - ধর্ম্মস্য তত্ত্বং নিহিতং গুহায়াং মহাজনো যেন গতঃ স পন্থা—ইত্যত্র এক বচন নির্দ্দেশাচ্চ একঃ পন্থা এব দর্শিতঃ। শাস্ত্রকারঃ—

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"Ramyani Vikshya Madhurancha Nishamya shabdan, &c., &c. Janmantarasouhridani."—Kalidasa—The Nature's Priest—The Ashta Siddhis—Anima &c.

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Finis........." Aum Tat Sat."

P. N. MUKERJEE.

LOVE'S CROSS-WAY OR VITANDALA OF MIKINDINI.

By Alex. Mitter.

CHAPTER I.

Vitandala was a Kiyao girl with pretty, protruding, thick lips, with a hole in the centre filled up with cork, large round eyes the whites of which seemed to stare you in the face, very slim waist with conspiciously broad hips and short curly hair which stood no higher than your fist when combed out, with a three-toothed ivory comb.

She had on a kanga (camisole) of beautifully figured cloth. She wore a pair of bangles made of Rhino hair. Her head was covered with a cloth of similar print, and round her throat there was a thick black cord with a fluff hanging over the neck like a chignon, in continuation of her hair which did not extend beyond her neck.

She lived in a grass hut on the slopes of a mighty hill, on one side of which was the wide sea, with its ever murmuring waves. Below her hut was a sugar cane plantation, a patch of water melon, and a plot of maize. After a day's work in the plantation, she walked down to a tea shop in the 'Sokoni' (market) to refresh herself. She asked for a rice-cake and a cup of tea. She sat down upon a long, low, cemented plinth, which is the customory seat of the natives of East Africa.

Vitandala's lips were very peculiar indeed. Such lips could only produce a feeling of revulsion in the mind of one, who has not been accustomed to seeing them. This was the case with Capt. Smith of the Kings African Rifles. He was passing that way and had stopped to light a cigarette when his attention was arrested by this girl's what he considered "funny lips." He then approached her and asked her in Swahili," Jambo Bibimīmī Natáka Kúnwa Chai" (Good Evening Miss ! May I have a cup of tea ?)

Vitandala saw that she had been mistaken for a shop assistant yet she replied mischievously shrugging her broad shoulders, "Deo bána"—(yes sir). He pulled a bentwood chair close to her and lit a cigarette for her

Association of ideas led Capt. Smith's mind rapidly into considering the vagaries of man and the ways of women. This is what passed through his brains condensed and put together in coherent speech, "Man has the inveterate habit of accentuating certain parts of the human physiognomy. The art of the dress-maker or jeweller lies in compelling the attention to dwell upon certain parts of the human body or features of the face, which are considered attractive, by the cut of the dress or the beauty of the ornaments. The points empasized may be considered beautiful by some, ugly by others, according to tastes and ideas. Gnce a thing comes into vogue it is difficult to get rid of it. Small waist ! Small feet ! Pricked ears ! Pricked nose ! Iron shoes ! Plugged lips ! The wonder is why women submit to such cruel fashions."

Fatuma, the eighteen year old daughter of Funga-Miza brought the Captain a cup of steaming hot tea, with a piece of coconut cake. Captain Smith was so struck with the beauty of this girl, that he involuntarily rose from his chair and requested her to sit down. She shrugged her pretty shoulders and took the chair vacated by the captain, who had no other alternative than to sit on the platform, beside Vitandala. He asked Fatuma to join them in tea but she refused as she had already had too many cups that day. She begged a cigarette of him and when he offered her one out of his gold cigarette case, she refused to have it saying that she wanted the one he was smoking,

"Eh ! You want the stump I am smoking – What ?" said the captain in astonishment. She looked at him under the veil of her curly long eye-lashes, with that soft expression in her oval black eyes, which is peculiar only to Makua beauties. Her complexion was black as ebony, but her skin was soft and velvety. Her features were well-formed and very pleasing. She had thin red lips and pearly white teeth, and it would require the hand of an Artist to describe the charm of her figure and the grace of her youth.

Capt. Smith's heart melted as his eyes met hers. She put out her hand to take the cigaratte from his lips. He gave it to her with a smile.

"Fatuma," he said swallowing the hot tea, "Do give me the red silk handkerchief, which covers your pretty head" .

She touched his hand as he opened the knots of the handkerchief and naively asked, "What good will it be to you ?''

"Oh," he said, "I'll wear it round my head my pretty Fatuma and think of yeu—What ?"

"Will you though," she asked wistfully, "You white people forget us dark girls in a little while."

"No my Fatuma, you don't know how we white men, who have once drink on the fountain of true love in your country forget to care for our white women. Your little heart can't imagine how very jealous our women folks are of you."

"Are they really", she said with a delightful dimple in her cheek. "I was told they have nothing but contempt for us I understood they do not consider us any better than the dumb, wild animals."

"Oh Yes !—You are right, perhaps. We have that idea before we have seen you or known you. But we can't help admiring you, we can't help loving you, when we come to know you. Your nature is so different from our girls. You are so simple, so frank, so sincere. You are so true of heart. You do not know what is guile —Eh, what ?"

" And they'' she asked.

" They ! why, they are so artificial, so critical, so self-conscious and so far removed from nature and its laws that things natural appear to them as absurd and foolish. Ah well !—my poor, dear, Fatuma, you did not know about them. They and you are as removed from each other as the poles and yet—"

"As the poles !" she repeated. Why, are they not of our sex ? Do they not marry and love their husbands ? Do they not bear children ? Do they not love their children ?"

"Yes" he replied, "They do all these things but they do it all in a different way from you. Yet when you come to think of it, there is very little difference between the so called children of light and the children of darkness. The brute lies almost visible behind the superficial polish of cultured life."

Fatuma looked puzzled. There was such an expression in her face as Rambrandt would have loved to paint.

"Our actions lack the natural flavour. You see we live so much in sight of brick and mortar that our hearts have lost touch with nature—got out of tune, so to say......The ugliness in which the lower passions of man mnifests itself in civilised life has no counter part in the life of the barbarians……."

"Never mind," she said, "I will never leave Africa so it does not matter."

"What I wanted to ask you," he said, winding the red silk handkerchief round his head, "is to meet me at the beach, say after the moon is up for an hour—Eh ?"

"I can't promise", she said with a laugh eying Vitandala who was fidgetting about in her seat and rolling her round eyes.

"Here Fatuma," said Vitandala, "There's your money and good luck to you." She joined a black boy who was waiting for her at some distance and walked away, with him.

Vitandala was terribly wild with the Captain for neglecting her in this rude fashion. She vowed revenge with a cruel oath. She was the daunhter of Sultan Pigmatóyó and was very proud of her birth.

In Africa every little chief is styled a Sultan. These little chiefs can often give you much trouble specially if they combine together for the purpose of taking revenge. Pigmatóyó was very fond of his favourite wife Zulfi Bibi. This Zulfi Bibi was the daughter of a very powerful chief of Mingópó.

Pigmatóyó used to supply fresh fruits and vegetables for the hospital at——from his eststе at Mikindini. Ha had a band of five hundred Askaris, whom the British had removed from his service. This was a cause of exacerbation to him. He fretted over it and sought revenge.

Chapter II.

On getting back to his camp a letter from the Commanding Officer was handed over to the Captain by his orderly. It contained an order to the effect that he must be ready to start on an expedition against certain tribes, who had suddenly risen in arms against the British at the instigation of the Germans. This caused him much uneasiness as he was anxious to meet Fatuma at the beach that night. He snatched a hurried dinner, drank freely of wine and strolled out to the beach, leaving instructions with his servants to keep his kit ready.

"I must see Fatuma," he said to himself, "even if it be for the last time. I can't leave the girl behind without a word to her as to where I am going."

The sky was clear and blue and starry as African skies can only be. The constellations looked much nearer the earth. The sea was calm but the air was filled with its low wail. The camp being some distance away from the sea and the order for mobilisation having been already passed, every body was busy preparing for the expedition. Not a soul was visible throughout the whole length of the sea beach.

Captain Smith looked forward and backward with expectancy, but nothing greeted his eager gaze. He lit a cigar and paced up and down the beach. He then jumped into a boat and began to row about along the shore in the direction of Fatuma's shop, for the sake of whiling away the time. He had been rowing absently for half an hour, when he saw a small figure, wrapped up in a black Kāniki, moving swiftly towards the shore. He whistled and waved the red silk handkerchief. The girl recognized him and advanced towards him. She entered the water taking off her Kāniki and pulling up her kāngá. He asked her to jump into the boat and pushed it away from the shore. Fatuma deposited her Kāniki upon the seat and joined him in rowing. The sea was as calm as a mere and the moon as bright as polished silver.

After twitting her for her delay and telling her of his impatience at it he told her of his love for her and the battle that awaited him the next morning.

"You are going to leave me" she exclaimed, "You are going to run away before I've known you for an hour!" and she clung to him throwing her small hands over his tall shoulders. She burst into tears and her sobbing shook her lovely frame, and sent vibrations through his.

She had only a kángá on which fell in loose folds from her breasts up to her ankles, leaving bare her shoulders and arms which were beautifully rounded and firm.

Captain Smith was greatly moved by the tender passion of the girl. He knew well how an English girl would have played with his love before revealing her feelings to enhance her value. He appreciated for this reason all the more the frank avowal of this native girl. He put his bare arms round her slim waist and said,

" Dear Fatuma we have known each other only for an hour as you say. Do you really love me so much as to miss me when I am gone ?"

"Don't ask me," she said, "I want to run away from father and follow your camp if you'll let me."

"Darling girl," he said, "it is so sweet of you to wish to risk so much for me. You evidently don't put any value upon your life. But I cannot ask you to sacrfice so much for me. After all what am I ? You have one life and so, have I. You have one death and so have I. Why then should I seek pleasure at the cost of yours ?"

"At the cost of mine!" she replied. "What can give me greater pleasure than to be within sight of your handsome face, to hear your deep, rich, voice and to be within reach of you. Ah ! you men—"

"It is no difficult matter for me to take you with me. I can register you as a porter and arrange to take you with my camp followers, my sweet one !"

She caught hold of his wrist, with both her hands and kissed it in gratitide.

"You are so kind to your slave. You really must take me with you."

"No, I won't," he said, "you are not like the other Negro girls, used to roughing it out. You have done nothing harder than make tea and cakes. You won't be able to stand forced marches on low relations, my dear !"

"Won't I though ? You just try and see. You don't know our hearts, you men." She looked at him archly and smiled.

"I believe, I know your heart at any rate, you little duck," he said, as he gave her a hug and a kiss.

She felt a chill from the cold wind which seemed to blow, from the shore and covered her neck and shoulders with her black kàniki Captain Smith rested his left hand over her shoulders and tilting her chin with his right bestowed a kiss on her parted thin lips. She put her hands round his neck and pulling his head down returned his kiss. The mellow moon, the salt air and the lonely boat seemed to intoxicate their youth with the fire of love. They were happy, very happy, indeed. Time and Space seemed not to concern them. Their frail bark drifted along the briny sea, while they sat thgether, obvious of everything else but themselves and the sweet thing called "Love." He even forgot about his orders regarding the following day. Time passed away,—the waves began to rise and toss the scull about. It was then that they began to think of returning shorewards. But it was no use.

"My M'penzi" he said, standing up and throwing his hands up in despair, "We are lost."

"Why what's up," she asked, jumping up mechanically, and put her hand caressingly round his waist.

"Our boat has drifted," he said sitting down and pushing his fingers through his long, fair, hair.

"Does it matter?" she asked simply placing her long tapering fingers over his head.

"Well, perhaps it does," she said in an unconvinced voice. "Why not try and turn the boat about and get shorewards?"

Boating was not our Captain's strong point and he was at his wit's end. He did not wish to betray himself, so he told Fatuma to sit at the rudder while he took hold of the oars. He had, however, no idea in which direction the mere lay. He struggled with the oars, but the boat seemed to make no headway. In any case, they had no idea, where they were going.

Fatuma, the brave megro girl, looked out for the particularly bright star, which the Captain had pointed out to her, earlier in the evening, as Venus—"the lover's star." She found it before her almost hidden under a dark cloud and not behind as when they left the shore and know that they were on the right track.

"Buck up, my heart," she said cheerfully, "We are all right."

"I think, we are," he said,, reassuringly, "but it was very wrong of me not to have noticed that we were drifting. Thank God for the stars he made to guide the feet of straying children."

It was hard work for any body and more particularly for a man who was not accustomed to boating to push the boat shorewards. But the Captain was a strong man and he pulled away with a strong and steady pull until the shore came in view, and the camp fires could be seen blazing at a distance. There was nothing more to trouble their young hearts. The Captain jumped off the boat as it touched land and Fatuma tripped off, after him.

They parted after a long embrace. "I'll cut my stick, old girl," said the Captain after promising to take her along with him.

It was 3 A. M. Captain Smith walked round the camps to see that every thing was in order. He then called Timu-Timi-bin-Matala the N. C. O. of the camp bearers and gave him his instructions regarding Fatuma. He listened gravely and then said, "Right sor; nodin wud be found awantin", and gave the usual salute.

CHAPTER III.

The long and weary march through countries unknown and unexplored began at 4 A. M. The Indian and the African troops marched side by side. The fresh cool breeze of the hills through which they passed inspirited them. The country was full of natural beauty—its scenery was superb. Passing through the jungles, one would here and there catch a glimpse of a rhinocerous, a hippopotamous, or a herd of elephants. An ostrich would occasionally be seen running away at a distance with his head high up in the air. A giraffe would sometimes peer at them pricking up his ears. A few guinea fowls or buffaloes would be shot by the shikaris of the camp and thus provide the soldiers with hearty meals.

Twenty five aeroplanes passed the army in their first halt. They reconnoitred the country as they went along and flashed messages to the troops.

The country was very rough and craggy. There were no roads for the carts, ambulance cars etc., so they were left behind on the fourth day's march. All the bag and baggage, food and clothing had to be carried by porters and camels.

Fatuma was carried on the back of one of these camels, well covered in her black Kāniki and concealed among packages.

The march continued for six days. At the end of the sixth day, the aeroplanes signalled to the army, the position of the enemy.

Scouts were deputed to find out how many the enemy were in number, how they were armed and what were the best directions from which they could be attacked, with advantage.

Aeroplanes were busy throughout the whole night supplying information to Major Flint, the Commanding Officer. They flew very low and caused a considerable amount of consternation among the Africans.

The chief of Mingóyó with his son-in-law, Pignatóyó, were already upon the battlefield. Vitandala had told her father how a captain of the British army had tried to ravish her and how she had escaped by fighting him. This had incensed the already irate chief. He set out with his daughter armed cap-a-pie in grotesque armour. His armour bearers carried his spears, javelins, axes and shields.

The revolting chiefs were helped by the Germans with arms and ammunitions as the latter were hard pressed and wanted to divert the attention of the British in another direction.

Thirteen different chiefs had pooled together their strength and resources for the common cause. They had amassed a large number of rifles and guns supplied to them by the Germans. They had taken up a position on the slope of a hill which was thick with wild trees. Below was a big lake. Beyond the lake and on the hill facing the enemy was the British army and they were already preparing for an attack early in the morning. The troops were all in good spirits, for they felt quite fit and had plenty to eat.

At 3 A. M., the maxims opened fire. But the Aricans quietly climbed up the hill and took refuge on the other side. The British guns pounded away, until the sun shone high. It was then signalled by the aeroplanes that the enemy had left the slopes facing them and taken shelter on the other side of the hill, being perfectly secure there. The only damage that could be done to them, was by means of bombs dropped from the aeroplanes. But the Africans were very clever. They had dug themselves in within trenches and had a wire netting overhead.

They had probably learnt these tactics from the Huns or were put up to them by these enemies of civilization. The British had no means of crossing the lake. It would take months to circumvent the hills as there was no passes across them. Besides one could not be sure at the end of that time to find the enemy in their present position. It was a big puzzle for the officer-in charge of the army. He did not really know what to do. Once he could get face to face with the enemy he could settle them in no time. But the problem was how to get face to face with them. Days passed away without anything of importance occuring. The army began to grow tired of their uneventful expedition. The aeroplanes had to go back to the base as most of them got out of repairs, on account of the bad weather.

To cheer up the drooping spirits of the troops a dance (Gomah) was got up at night. A big camp fire was lit and the soldiers stood in a ring.

A dozen Askaris and a dozen bibis (girls) chosen from among the porters, stood facing each other, waving their heads and shoulders in a slow hypnotic manner, and moving round and round in easy time struck their feet on the ground with a quick, springy jerk, to the beating of tom-toms. They had tied round their ankles and legs empty tin cans of milk and tobacco filling them up with a few pebbles to give a jingling sound to their rhythmic motion. The sinuous movements of the lissome bodies of the girls and the backward and forward motion of their necks, which were exaggerated by the men, who stood vis-a-vis, added considerably to the merriment of the throng, who shouted and cheered at the top of their voice.

The dancers sang the following song as they moved round and round.

" Vitika-Sanga Waha-i-Nana-ni
Laoonda-way-doo-randa de
La-Mapajani Kermani etc.

In one corner was arranged a Red Cross Hospital, which consisted of a small, square. deal-wood, table with a few bottles labelled with the names of medicines, but which actually contained nothing more noxious than tea, cocca, coffee, or, rum. People pretended to be ill and were treated with these refreshments. The officers liked these dances and loved to be present at them. They were all in a merry mood and enjoying themselves at their hearts content.

Motions of the human body and their various evolutions have a language of their own. They have the power of expressing, or, emphasising the thoughts, sentiments, character, and speech of mankind. It should not be difficult, for instance, to judge of the mental growth of a people from the development of the terpsichorean art.

Captain Smith saw Fatuma eyeing him wistfully from the Red-Cross Corner. She was rigged out as a Red-Cross nurse. He pretended to have a colic and went over to the Red-Cross Hospital. Fatuma attended to him and he quietly drew her away from the crowd. They sat upon a big boulder making love to each other. She took his face between her timy soft hands and gave his cheeks a rub, which made his whole body tingle. She then sat upon his knees and kissed him with a passion which surprised him. It was impossible for Captain Smith to forget his Fatuma. The pleasure she gave him was unequalled by any that he had ever experienced, in all his life. He was a man who had seen much of life and was a favourite with the opposite sex, wherever he went. He made no secret of his conquests of women. But his heart was touched by this simple girl, who was so free from sophistication. He loved her to such an extent that he was prepared to marry her at the cost of being scoffed at, by his friends. While they were engaged in their soft whisperings, Vitandala had come across the lake with her father and a number of their men, in a little skiff. She had sought out the Captain and had made herself responsib le for his life to her father Pigmatoyo. She did not want to kill Fatuma. She knew that death would put an end to all her sufferings. She wanted her to see her lover killed under her very eyes, in the midst of the enchantment of love. She stole noiselessly behind the big boulder, and heard the words which the lovers poured into each other's ears. It made her blood boil to hear them. She had falllen in love with Captain Smith some time ago and frequented the coffee shop in the hope of meeting him, as she knew he loved to walk that way. Although she was considered beautiful by her tribesmen, admired by them and much sought after, she disdained all their protestations of love, being in love with this Englishman.

" Light of my heart," the Captain said as he clasped Fatuma to his breast.

" Plague of my heart," said Vitandala rising with the stilleto in hand, " take this—go and meet thy Maker with thy black soul."

She struck him a mortal blow on the back. Fatuma shrieked in a shrill voice and fainted. Vitandala quickly got away.

While Vitandala was doing to death this young Captain her father, with his men had fallen upon the other British Officers and killed them. A fight ensued, during which the Chief and his men were arrested and put under-guard.

The army returned to head-quarters at once. The news there was very heartening. The Germans head surrendered at last. The soldiers went mad with joy. Those who were in places like Lindi or Dara-Salam, where there were " Cinema Shows" went to see the pictures. The Bomas (Forts) and camps were decorated with flags and buntings and there was a feu de joie from the forts.

As soon as the news of the German surrender spread, the tribes came in one by one and sued for peace.

TUKARAM.

(The saintly Maratha Poet.)

Tukàràm was a Vàni by caste. It means that he was the real Maratha Vaishya, a community which has its commercial position usurped by the Gujarathi and Marwari Banias. The word Bania has come to mean a Gujarathi naturalized resident in the Maratha country. Poor Vànis had to give way to these emigrants. This caste is still known as Vaishya Vàni. His father had a shop at Dehu, a village about 18 miles from Poona. He was born there in 1530 of the *Shak* Era, 1608-9 A.D. Tukaram was even from his childhood a recluse who never cared for worldly pleasures. He had a termagant wife like Socrates' Xanthippé. He never followed his father's profession. He introduced open air preaching and prayer. He composed poetry, recited it, and explained its meaning to the masses, or the man in the street. The religious recitals known as *Kathàs* have musical accompaniments ranging from the country drum to the finished harmonium of the West, but Tukàràm carried merely a pair of cymbals and a pair of chips known as *Tàl.* He was very popular. His poetic compositions can be counted by thousands. They deal with all phases of human life. But he was a passimist and saw no good in mortal life. To him, everything mortal was abomination. He felt special reverence for the Vithoba of Pandharpur, who is accepted as an incarnation of Vishnu. Tukàràm was therefore a Vaishnava and all his compositions refer chiefly to that God—the Protector of the Hindu Trinity. 'Devotion' and 'Faith' were his watch words. His Faith and his despondent thoughts are visible all over his compositions, and the best course to analyse his self (*sva, sua*) is to read them. Otherwise, his simple life can be expressed in one sentence. He was born, he lived a saintly life, he composed verses, and died a recluse. I give a few extracts just sufficient to show how he lived and thought. His political creed, for instance, was *nil,* as is evident from his letter to Shivàji, the founder of the Maratha Empire, whose contemporary he had the honour to be. There are in print a few of the verses he sent to that great man, in reply to his invitation to his court. The extracts are given here :—When he saw the torches, the umbrella, and the horse sent for him, he exclaimed "Oh God! save me from these temptations! Do not inveigle me into such snares. To me position, arrogance, pride, or any such shows are shere abomination, oh God! do run up to save me from them." "Oh Shivàji! your intent desire seems to be to see me. But look here I am a *jungli*, a despondent, a man without proper clothes to cover my lean, famished body—what is there to be seen in such a living skeleton? Do not speak of visits, please. I am however not a helpless man. I am the servant of God. God protects me, God feeds me. I am the owner of the town known as 'Hopeless.' I have discarded the world. I see only Vithoba, just as a chaste woman looks to her husband alone for support. The whole of my Universe is Vithal. Vithal is my all in all. It seems that you too want God Vithal. Then take my word, and follow faithfully the advice of Ramdas. If you waver, how can you get God Ram? You are intelligent, you know what I mean. To me, devotion is my sole support. What is the use of my taking the trouble to go to you? Food?—I can get it by begging. Clothes?—rags are my estate. Bed?—I have slabs of stones. A blanket?—I have the celestial vault. I have no desire. It would be waste of time to go to you. People go to a king's palace with the motive of gain in honour. The lucky and the favoured few of Fortune, get all respect in a palace, not others. If you are disappointed at my reply, God will not forsake me. I give you a bit of advice. Do not be tired of, or sick of, good company. Do not venture where you will be blamed. Do not follow the advice of wicked tell-tales. Examine every man with whom you come in contact, and find out the real well-wishers of the State. I need not tell you much, as you know everything. Do help the helpless. If I hear this done, I shall be fully satisfied, and, there will remain no necessity of a visit. What is the motive of a visit? I congratulate mother Earth for God's giving you birth on her surface. May your reputation fill the three worlds!"

Tukàràm's advice to people, covers, as I said, every phase of life. So voluminous and so pathetic are his compositions that he is quoted everywhere in public speeches and essays. But his wife had no opinion about him. He was not the hero of his own partner. I record a portion of her outbursts against him for the edification of the students of Milton, Samson and Socrates. Here they are:—

"He has become a *Yogi* only to trouble me. Fortune comes home without* asking and yet 1 am a begger. One should not become anybody's wife. How long shall I bear misfortune ! What am I to give to hungry children to eat ? Better if they die ! He does not keep any thing in the house. He gives it away in charity. He has washed my house as it were, of everything available. Even there is no cow-dung to smear my hut with."

"Oh child ! what shall you eat now ? My husband has gone mad after God. He closed his father's shop. He ties rags to his head. He does not care for us. He merely looks after his own comfort. Holds a pair of cymbals and the pair of chips his musical instruments and stands in temples with a gaping mouth ! What shall we do now ? The husband is not at home. He cannot work. He eats food given gratis. Beats his cymbals all the day. The whole thing is confusion worst confounded. I feel I am dead though alive. I feel overwhelmed with shame. He does not look to family affairs, I, his wife am feverish and restless, am throwing stones in his name."

About the caste system, Tukàràm says :—

"Wicked temperament, cruel mind, querrulous habits, are significant negative qualities. I do not care in what caste a man is born. I look to good qualities. An onion grown in a sacred Tulsi plantation can not be offered to gods. It is impure. Sandal-wood-paste is applied to images of gods but not the vermin that live in that tree."

Once upon a time, a Brahman accidentally touched an untouchable *Mhàr.* He lost his temper and abused that poor fellow. The following dialogue took place :—

Tukaràm :—"I suspect your caste. You are certainly not a Brahman."

Brahman :- "I am the official astrologer of ten villages."

Tukàràm :—"Yes, but you have in your heart *anger*, that *chandàl* which vitiates your body. It cannot be purified until you are dead."

Brahman :—"Then what is my caste, when I say, I am the son of a Brahman priest ?"

Tukàràm :—"Chandàl. Because, he whose mind is *chandàl* (wicked) is a Chandàl by caste."

A number of Brahmans once passed Tukàràm while he was instructing a pupil. The latter enquired where so many Brahmans were going. Tukàràm said "Do you call these fellows Brahmans? Do you know how many of them have coolie women as their mistresses? How many of them are usurers? How many of them frequent the houses of the untouchable for recovering their loans with interest. How many of them accept dry food from their houses, and how many of them abuse, in the bargain, the mothers and sisters of these poor people?

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* This possibly refers to Maharaja Shivaji's offer.

High birth; but wicked deed
Destroys reputation and high caste seed."

The pupil said "But I personally know many of them, they have Brahman family names." "Yes," said Tukàràm,

"Burn those names
Put them into flames."

About their colour, says Tukàràm, "What is there in colour? Orpiment, brass, and gold, are all yellow. But what a difference exists in their qualities? We have nothing to do with their caste. It is character which makes a man high. Blessed be the mother of the Chamar (cobbler) if he be a Vaishnav. He and his mother represent real high caste. This is not what I alone (Tukàràm) say. The Puranas have themselves said so before. The untouchable should be honoured like Brahmans, if they be pure. I do not care for caste." About images, Tukàràm says, "What is the use of putting flowers on those stone and brass images? Devotion and faith together, form the most crucial test."

Tukàràm died in 1571 of the Shak era, 1649-50 A. D.

B. A. GUPTE.

DELUDED BY FASCINATION.

Chapter I.

Mr. Roy, a zemindar of West Bengal, had two children as the fruit of his marriage. The first issue was a boy, who turned into a young lad in the course of time. The young lad was brought down to Calcutta by an escort, for his education. He was admitted into the Wards' Institution, which was under the leadership of a veteran educationist and distinguished writer, whose fame would last, as long as the province of Bengal is in existence. The second child was a girl. Her name was Annapurna, she was a beautiful maiden of twelve summers, and the idol of her parents. Her beauty was of the chastest type and her face and eyes were lit up with an expression, which was truly divine in character—one had to look up to the sweet face and he was sure to be drawn to her by an attraction which was magnetic and spiritual. Annapurna, though young, looked after the arrangements of the *Atithitsala*—Fifty or sixty men and women, daily resorted there; had nothing but blessings for her.

Chapter II.

Annapurna was in high glee as she was to keep company with her mother on her pilgrimage to Chandranath. The leave-taking of the couple was heart-rending. Falling down at her husband's feet, she gave vent to weeping, and shed a torrent of tears. Her husband quietly taking her up in his bosom, kissed, away the tears and fondling her most affectionately said "why do you weep for? This temporary separation, though trying, need not afflict us.

By worshipping Chandranath you would attain virtue which is better, if the *sastras* were true, than earthly bliss. Don't think I'll be far off. I will always be with you in spirit and your yoga practises have shown you, that, if you so list, you would see me in my astral body."

"I know all that, my dear, but still the separation is causing me more pain, than I would be able to bear, but God's mercy and your blessings would sustain me. I would invoke your presence, when my yearning for you would be irresistible. Mr. Roy then took Annapurna in his arms, kissed her and breathed heavily on her head. Addressing her he said " , *Ma* be always with your mother, never leave her alone for a moment and whenever you find her shedding tears, kiss them away. Let your love strengthen her, and your presence sustain her. I will, my dear child, be always with you and meditate upon the lotus feet of Srikrishna whenever the dark shade of sadness touches you. Our Lord is with you and in you, and your pure spirit will feel His presence, if you ask Him to come to you in the proper spirit." The mother and child occupied two different palanquins and anon the sing-song jargon of the bearers announced to Mr. Roy, the departure of his wife and daughter from his hearth and home.

CHAPTER III.

The ladies and their retinue travelled by boats from Calcutta and had gone past Barisal, before the *Manjees* (oarsmen) thought of anchoring for the night. The mighty and truculent Megna, nicknamed the *galakata* or decapitator of the neck was flowing magisticially at the distance of a stone's throw, from the place the vessels were anchored for the night. Everybody had gone to sleep, excepting several *durwans*, who seated in their respective boats, were on the alert, guarding the vessels. Mid-night had passed away, the darkness all around was intense. nothing stirred, save the buzzing of insects nothing was heard, anon the splash of oars was heard, something the outlines of which could be discerned in the dark, was noiselessly coming towards the boats, the *durwans* called each other and lighted their lamps, when it was perceived that two chipp boats manned by armed men were coming alongside the boats. They were pirates and their object was to ransack the boats. Fortunately the alertness of the *durwans*, prevented a coup and when the pirates were challenged, they sat on their oars and had a consultation, amongst themselves. In the meantime, the *durwans* some twenty-five in number, stood on the roof of the vessels, they had all loaded their guns and were determined to give a warm reception to the unwelcome visitors. At last, one of the dacoits, who acted as leader said—" *Durwans*, what is the use of shedding warm blood, and killing men, you allow us to loot the vessels, we would not injure a hair from anybody's head."

The jamadar replied, " friends you are overwhelmingly kind and to show you that we appreciate your kindness I will call on my men steadily to take aim and fire."

No sooner was the command given, than it was carried. A ringing volley was poured forth and a goodly number of dacoits fell into the river. Screams and ejaculations of pain were heard and the men in the *chipps* tried to save their comrades from a watery grave. They went away quietly, without attempting to board the boats a second time. Although the durwans sat with lighted lanterns the rest of the night, nothing of any importance transpired. The morning dawned as beautiful as ever and the view of the majestic Meghna rolling on to the sea was superb. The ladies had opened their shutters, and were enjoying the cool breeze of the morning. Without any further trouble, the travellers safely reached Noakhali. From there, they travelled by palanquins to Chandranath, and soon reached their destination. To those who had gone up to the Himalayas, the hills of Chandranath do not look imposing, but they had nevertheless a wild grandeur about them, which was majestic in character.

CHAPTER IV.

At the foot of the hills, there was the sacred Vyasa tank, with the temple of Siva just on the top of its *pucca* ghat. Bathing in the tank, the devotees entered the temple and offered up *puja.* A lot of bell metal plates, cups, glasses were given away to the Brahmins along with sweets aud new clothing. Then the ascent to the hills began. The ascent was steep, but the ladies went on stoutly. At a turning which was close by, a shed has been erected to commemorate the memory of a Hindu lady, who had fallen on the spot and died. Higher up, an image of Kali had been set up and in front of it, tongues of fire was coming out from two rents or crevices in the rocks. One of the party lighted his cigar in this fire. The *pujari* of the goddess Kali told the party, that there was formerly a temple of Ram and Sita somewhere near, but it was not visible, as it lies buried in the rock, covered up by dense jungle. Some further ascent brought the party to the big temple of Sumbhunath—a *Saimbhu* risen from the midst of the rock. The image was not the handiwork of man. In the temple, there were the images of other gods and goddesses, but Sumbhunath eclipsed them all. Lots of worshippers were offering flowers, *bael* leaves, and pouring coconut water on his head and the cry of "Siva Sambhu" raised by many voices echoed and re-echoed far and wide. Many idle Brahmins live here and gain their livelihood by exactions on the pilgrims. Besides the temple, there were other buildings, in which the pujarees, and other hangers—on had their quarters. There was a place for religious mendicants to live in temporarily. The ladies saw a man smeared with ashes all over his body, his hair was knotted, and his nails were sharp and pointed. The man was busy reading a book and did not condescend to answer the questions that were put to him.

There was a place, low down the hillside, accessible by a descent of hundreds of steps, and by the side of which, a purling spring flowed by, called the *Patal Gaya* where oblations for the manes of the dead, were offered up by the pious. The ascent from Sumbhunath was irregular. The steps were at a higher level and the fatigue of getting over them was immense. Some of the followers were panting, others were literally gasping for breath and the benevolent *Kutri* mistress on looking at their condition directed them to stay where they were; and not to go up further. The *Kutri* and her daughter showed no sign of flatigue, but climbed up merrily, chanting all the while, the name of "Siva Sambhu." The mystic chant, soothed and enlivened them. At a higher elevation, but quite visible from the place where the party stood, a big *boa*, went across the hill. The reptile, was at least, twelve feet in length and pretty well developed in girth. Some time elapsed before it disappeared in the thick jungle, and the party waited for its disappearance. The march was resumed and anon the goal was reached. The view of the sea, from the summit was glorious. The scene could never be effaced from memory, considering the deep impression created. The blue expanse of water was bathed in the morning light and its swell was gentle and easy. On account of the paucity of wind the ripples never turned into waves and the white sea gulls rode on the water quite majestically. The water washed the foot of the Chandranath hills, as if making homage to the great god Siva—the Destroyer in the Trinity. Far out in the Sea; a steamer was perceptible like a moving, fairy speck. The country all round, dotted with human habitations and covered up by vegetation green in colour and soothing to the sight, with trees of Lilliputian size, looked like a veritable panorama. Light and shade and the view in perspective made the scenery living poetry. The temple of Chandranath was not a big one, and the *lingum* of Siva had nothing uncommon about it. In spite of the early hour, lots of worshippers had assembled. Special arrangements were made for the worship of the ladies. The *Mohunt* was handsomely paid and a crowd of Sadhus and other people were feasted and got 4 annas as *dakhina*.

CHAPTER V.

It was past two o'clock before the ladies thought of coming down. The descent was easy and not in the least troublesome but the ladies were much fatigued, They had not, even then, broken their bast and refused to take any food, until they came to their tents, which were pitched at a convenient and high and dry place. While coming down, they heard an uncouth yelling and presently a Fakir, evidently maddened with *Gunga* was seen rushing upon the party, with a drawn sheath knife. The man looked like an ourang-outang, with a shaggy head of hair and a knotted beard. He was almost naked and his yells were unearthly and not like anything which a human being could utter. Almost every body amongst the party made way for him and Annapurna, in moving away, missed her footing and rolled down the steps. Nobody noticed the accident, but a Bengali gentleman, who had been to Chandranath and coming just behind the party, saw the fall, he rushed up to the place and raised Annapurna, who was in a deep swoon. She had fasted; undergone much fatigue and the fall combined to lose her senses.

The Bengali gentleman, was a graduate of the Calcutta University and a vakil of the High Court, although he practised as a pleader in the Chittagong Judge's Court.

He was a staunch Hindu and had gone up to Chandranath on pilgrimage. He was by birth a Brahmin and practised homeopathy for the good of his fellowmen. Fortunately, he had with him a small box of homeopathic medicines. Placing Annapurna on his lap, he administered to her restoratives, which soon brought her round. She opened her eyes and her mother's joy could well be imagined than described. Sincerely thanking the gentleman, she directed a *Doolie* to be brought there, and placing Annapurna on it, they came down the hills and reached their tents without further mishap. She would not allow the gentleman whose name was Bholanath Chuckerbutty, to go away, but kept him in one of the tents, as her guest. Bholanath attended on Annapurna the whole night and pronouncing her safe during the small hours of the morning, went over to his tent to have a wink of sleep. Bholanath was a good-looking young man of five and twenty, with a fair complexion. His prominent eyes, lit up, as they were, with intelligence and the fire of deep spirituality, gave an expression to his face, which, along with his pleasant manners, endeared him to all, who came in contact with him. He remained with the lady and her party, till Annapurna was well and strong enough to undertake the homeward journey. At last the day arrived to make a start and the lady bade farewell to Bholanath, but not until she has extracted a promise from him to visit her at her hearth and home at no distant date. The promise was heartily given and the lady could not restrain her tears when addressing Bholanath she said "My son, an all-wise Providence has brought us together and I bless the day, when we met each other, in the sacred Chandranath hills. May God protect and prosper you, my daughter Annapurna owes her life to you and we are all deeply thankful for the services, you have rendered to us." Bholanath answered "Lady, I respect you as my mother. I thank my stars, that I came across a family, so very good and noble. I have simply done my duty, but I am prepared to give up my life in your cause. May God be always merciful to you and yours. I hope to meet you, during the next Durgapuja holidays."

Bholanath's eyes were wet and his voice checked with emotion when he, in the real Hindu style, fell down at the feet of the lady to bid her farewell. He happened to look at Annapurna and her eyes which were at once turned away from him, told a tale, which caused a flutter in his heart, the blood to rush up to his face and neck and his body to shake a bit. The gaze was almost a momentary one, but the electricity shot from it, caused a marvellous change in Bholanath. Even after they were gone and not perceptible to the eyes, he stood stock still at the place and after giving vent to burning sighs and a flood of tears, at last moved to go his destination.

CHAPTER VI.

It was Durga puja time and there was joy in every Hindu household. People were busy buying new clothing for their near and dear and new shoes for their children. The ladies had ornaments and soaps and scents of sorts. Everybody from the highest to the lowest must make purchases during this gala season. It is the time for the absent to return home and for all to join in good fellowship, forgetting past discord and disagreement. Youngsters were falling at the feet of elders and embracing each other warmly.

Even an enemy was welcome and made much of. It was the time for peace and good will and adoring the goddess heartily and enthusiastically. Bholanath kept his word and went over to Mr. Roy's place during the Durgapujah. He was right royally received and considered one of the family. He freely went inside the zenana, and was always addressed by the *kutri* as "my son." A fortnight before the pujahs, Brahmin-pandits scattered all over Bengal, congregated at Mr. Roy's place and the learned discussions they had in the drawing-room were really worthy of a hearing. Abstruse questions on the Nya philosophy and discourses and dissertations on the Vedanta, the Sankhya, and Patanjal were listened to, and, decided. Original compositions in Sanscrit poetry were recited and the astrologers were not behindhand. They too talked about the almanac, the phases of the moon, and the position of planets, and the likely events that would take place during the year. All these learned luminaries had *basas* (places of habitation) allowed to them, edibles of the best quality and in profuse quantities sent to them, and their sojourn made pleasant and comfortable to them. After a short stay, they got gifts of money and suitable travelling expenses for themselves and their servants.

The *guru* and *purohit* of the family made their annual visits during this time, and for their trouble in coming, amply compensated, in money, clothing and bell-metal utensils. Lots of *jattrawallhs*, musicians, buffoons, wrestlers, and people of that ilk visited Mr. Roy's place and gave their performances in the evening, in the hope of securing engagements for the Pujahs. These performances were called *moholas* a sort of test as to what they could do, if they failed to please the zemindar, they were not engaged. The successful performers got earnest money, and their services were engaged. During the three days of the Pujahs; guests were entertained sumptuously. On the day of the immerson of the goddess in the river, the scene was as picturesque as it was lively. Lots of people, of all sexes and age, dressed in their best, were out on the streets, buying various articles which were piled for sale at every available space. Images were being slowly carried through the dense crowd in the thoroughfares, to the accompaniment of tom-tom and other musical instruments. All were making their *pronams* and saying "Don't you see the sorrowful face of the goddess, she was smiling, while she was in the *dalan.*" Presently, a bird flew away ahead and those who saw it, blessed themselves, as a sight of the Nilkantha bird, during this particular day was auspicious. Anon the image of goddess Durga, of the zemindar came slowly along. Every eye was turned to look at the procession, which was headed by six huge elephants, with *howdahs* on and their faces painted. Next came a group of horsemen and they were followed by swordsmen, *bullum wallahs,* (spearmen) and flagsmen. Behind them were the musicians, and on their back, the image of Durga, carried on the shoulders of bearers. Last of all Mr. Roy came on horseback, followed by a string of carriages of sorts, from the lordly phaeton to the poorly ekka, on which were seated, the children, members and friends of the family. Boats of sorts were on the breast of the river and before the goddess was immersed, boat races between different parties were held, and in every case the zeminder was the referee and paymaster. Immerson of the goddess in water was over, there was a display of horsemanship, by jumping over hurdles, and ditches. Skill in archery was shewn and last of all, a display at targets brought the scene to a close.

Mr. Roy took part in the shooting in which his skill, accuracy and steadiness were much admired by the spectators. The Bijoya Dasami was solemnly performed, juniors fell at the feet of elders to secure their blessings. Bholanath made his obeisance to Mr. Roy and his wife, and in his turn got the *pronams* of Annapurna.

CHAPTER VII.

After the Bijoya Dasami—Bholanath made up his mind to go back to Chattagong, and with that purpose spoke to Mr. Roy who, however, asked him to stay a few days longer, as he had something important to communicate to him. Two days after this; Mr. Roy sent for Bholanath, in his *sanctum sanctorum* and without any preamble went straight to the subject he had in heart. He said "Bholanath, when I heard my wife bestowing the highest encomiums on you, I kept silent. I thought I would not form any opinion until I had seen you and had opportunities of testing the stuff you were made of.

From the day you came here, I have been observing you most closely and I am glad to be able to say, that my expectations had more than been fulfilled. You are a jewel of a man and to know you is to admire you. I have, therefore, made up my mind to bestow my daughter's hand to you in marriage, if you have no objection on that score." Bholanath was taken completely by surprise. He did not dream, that he would be so fortunate as to have the beautiful daughter of a very rich man for his wife. He could only stammer out thanks, which were as sincere as they were concise. Mr. Roy said "I do not know why, but my health is failing and I cannot devote much time to look after my zemindary. You are a properly qualified man and I would like to have your help in conducting my zemindary work. You shall have to remain with me here, and I hope the prospect would not be distasteful to you?" Bholanath replied "that it would always be a pleasure to to be associated with him in work, but then people may call him a *ghar-jamai* (son-in-law kept in the father-in-law's house) a disgraceful and irksome position to all good men. Mr. Roy laughed away the conscientious scruples of Bholanath and it was settled that after the marriage, he would settle down at Mr. Roy's. When the news of the marriage negotiations got wind, everybody was delighted, the *kutri* (mistress of the house) specially so, and what was Annapurna thinking about it?

She was trembling with joy, her face was blushed red; tears running down her cheeks, and her eyes upraised towards heaven. She was thanking the Most High for His kindness. She said Oh Lord Sri Krishna I humbly and sincerely thank Thee for uniting me with Bholanath, whom in my heart of hearts, I longed to have for a husband. May I thus merit your blessings in my wedded life."

There was however, one in the household, who heard the news with jealousy and pain. She tossed in her bed restlessly, burning sighs escaped her frequently, she shed a flood of tears and bewailed her fate most vehemently. Who was this woman? She was Annapurna's cousin a young widow. Mr. Roy had an elder brother, who having made drakes and ducks with his fortune died prematurely, and leaving an only daughter who had been brought up by her uncle. When the girl attained a marriageable age, she was united in holy wedlock, with the son of a neighbouring zemindar.

Six months after her marriage, Shikhar became a widow, much to the distress of her uncle and aunt. She was now about eighteen years old and a beautiful girl to look at. Her beauty, though superb, was gross in character, and was of the earth—earthy. Annapurna, on the contrary, had a spiritualised face, beaming with the light that burned within her. A man's animal propensities would be excited by gazing on Shikhar, who had in complexion, and shape, all that the world call beautiful and enchanting, but by looking at the adorable Annapurna, one would see the divinity in woman, which raises one from earth to heaven, from the calls of the flesh, to the up-lifting grace of spirituality. It was Sikhar, whom the news of Annapurna's intended marriage had so much excited her jealousy, and why, the story would shew, when it unfolds itself.

Chapter VIII.

Bholanath was in a deep reverie. He was a spiritual man and he considered marriage as above the run of ordinary human affairs. He was thinking whether he and his bride, would suit each other best, considering the difference in their worldly status. He, however, placed implicit confidence in God's providence and thought everything would turn out-well.

He was so much lost in thought, that he did not notice somebody coming noiselessly in and bolting the door from inside. It was past ten o'clock in the night, and Bholanath was in his bed-room. He was seated on his bed and was perfectly unconscious of his surroundings. The new-comer came close to Bholanath and stood still like a statue. The sound of a deep drawn sigh attracted Bholanath's attention and he saw to his utter surprise and consternation, the muffled up figure of a woman. A woman at that time of the night, in his sleeping apartment, was too much for the equanimity of a virtuous man like Bholanath. He shook, with terror, like an aspen leaf and was simply dumb-foundered. The woman, on noticing his condition, advanced a step or two and addressed him thus —"What ails you ? Are you frightened at the shadow of a woman ? Compose yourself, like a man and pay heed to what I say. The moment you set your foot in this place and I saw you, an irresistible impulse came upon me and I was deeply enamoured of you. It may be unwomanly to say so, but I am above those small social observances which Mother Grundy and her ilk call decorum.

I, therefore, do not care to avow that I loved you, the moment I saw you. Call it love at first sight, call it infatuation or whatever you choose to style it, but as God is my witness, I loved you sincerely, deeply, madly. I called my better instincts to my aid, I recalled the pride of my sex, I recollected I was a widow, and debarred from the usages of society, to remarry, I wept and cried aloud, I invoked the deities but all to no purpose. I thought I was going mad, so I have come to you, do not spurn me, and turn me away. I am young, people call me beautiful and I am also rich. So, take me and my all. Make me yours, in the eyes of God, you are already my husband, my lord, my beloved on earth. You are mine and no earthly power can revoke the tie I have fastened, around you, and take away from me one of my own choice. I fall down at your feet and suiting the action to the word, she clasped Bholanath's feet and shed a torrent of hot tears." Bholanath did not utter a word in reply to this vehement language.

He was still like one spell-bound. Finding no response from him, she stood up and her appearance and attitude were striking. If I had been an Italian painter, I would fain reproduce it in canvas the animated figure and dazzling face of this piece of Eve's flesh. So far she was acting like a poor frail woman, but in a moment, she dried up her eyes, and became as calm and placid as the expanse over head. She stood erect and her long dishevelled hair was waving in a mass on her back. Rays of light were darting from her eyes which gleamed with a sinister light. Bholanath was stlll silent and seated on his bed, over which he fidgetted with evident trepidation. Bholanath's silence brought on a repulsion of feeling and she said—Fellow, I took you for a man, I find you are worse than a beast. Evidently I made a mistake in my choice. You are not what I took you for, however you may suit popinjays and ninies like my cousin Annapurna. Forget what I have divulged to you, consider it a hideous dream. I go, but henceforth you will find me your worst enemy, so have a care." Without deigning to cast another look towards Bholanath, she left the room like a Sultana. The darkness outside enveloped her and was lost to view. Bholanath was still seated on his bed and looked like one dazed.

CHAPTER IX.

This room had a couple of windows near the ceiling, from which one could see what was transpiring below, without being discovered by the people below. From one of these windows, somebody was peeping and witnessing the scene that was taking place.

Need we say, that the on-looker was a woman, and she was Annapurna—the betrothed of Bholanath. When her cousin had departed, she heaved a deep sigh of relief, and thanking God with all her heart and soul, left the place for her own sleeping apartment. She walked with unsteady steps and her gait denoted, that she was still feeling the effects of the agitation, she had undergone a moment before.

CHAPTER X.

It was the *gatraharidra* day—the day when the bride would be anointed with turmeric and oil. This ceremony takes place on the eve of the marriage which was solemnized amidst much pomp, feasting and social ceremonials. There was a lavish expenditure of money and *tamashas* (amusements) of sorts were held for the special delectation of the tenantry Utensils, clothing and sweets were freely distributed.

In an auspicious hour, amidst the chanting of Vedic *mantras* and by the performance of the *saptapadi* (seven steps ceremoney before the holy fire) Bholanath and Annapurna became man and wife. The ladies blew conchs and uttered *hooloos* (a peculiar sound made by the tip of the tongue by a number of females on a festive occasion).

At last, during the small hours of the morning, the bride and bridegroom retired to their nuptial chamber and the first talk Annapurna had with her husband was on the subject of her cousin Shikar's misconduct. Annapurna said—"I was an eye-witness of the scene, which I saw from one of the window's near the ceiling. I was petrified by the unwomanly conduct of Shikar and I had not the least idea, that my sex could grovel in the dust, in the way, she did. I was confident of the part you will take and I am grateful to you for your nobleness." Bholanath said "I was taken completely by surprise and the audacity and vileness of the girl, so much pained me, that I could hardly articulate a syllable and sat like one demented." "The scene" replied Annapurna "was so shocking, that

I am shuddering even now." Be easy said Bholanath "my dear, let the dead past be effaced from your memory. We mean to be happy and I will kiss away the tears that are trembling on your eyes." Suiting his word to action, Bholanath kissed the virgin lips of Annapurna.

She flushed and the blush dyed the cheeks and neck with a crimson, which was simply enchanting to behold. The happy pair would not have caressed each other, had they noticed a pair of wicked, glimmering eyes, spreading venom from a dark corner of the room. They thought they were alone, but a jealous, bad woman had already unloosened the bolt of a door and stealthily stepped in. If eyes could strike one dead, this pair of eyes would have killed Bholanath and Annapurna, such was the bad magnetism coming out from them. Happily the newly-wedded pair did not notice the dark figure, which was trembling and starting from an accession of feelings. She was no other than Shikar, who had ensconced herself in the room and did not stay in it much longer. The endearment of Bholanath and his hot kisses were too much for her jealous soul, bent on mischief. She glided out of the room, and vowing vengeance, retired to her own chamber.

Bholanath and Annapurna led a happy wedded life. Their souls were congenial and the love they bore to each other, was deep and sincere. If happiness is vouchsafed to the denizens of this benighted world, then the married life of the happy pair was sweet, elevating and free from alloy. They had passed two years of their bright existence, when Mr. Roy, whilst out riding had a bad fall from his horse, which had also kicked him. He was brought home in a palanquin, in an unconscious state and all that human skill could do, to alleviate pain and suffering was utilised for him, but unhappily to no purpose. Four days after the sad accident, he breathed his last, without regaining consciousness. The sad event cast a deep gloom all round his zemindary, the blow was overwhelming to the *kutri* and her daughter. They were so much overpowered, that they could hardly realise, the extent of their loss. Mr. Roy's only son and heir was brought from Calcutta, and the *shrad* ceremony was performed on a scale befitting the rank of the deceased.

KHAGENDRA NATH ROY.

THE FAIR ROSE OF CASHMERE—XXXIV.

Chapter XVIII.

More Foil.

It was long past midday. Though not a cloud specked the sky a sombre shade hung over a smooth clearing on the skirts of a fir-wood. Long trailing shadows drifting out of the nearest copses and the untrimmed branches of giant trees interlacing with each other formed a canopy over it. The landscape had a repulsive appearance. Ugly plants, lank grass and a pool out of which grew rushes formed the wild elements of the scene.

Here was the palanquin deposited, hidden by the fringe of a scruby bush. To take a short spell of rest squatted its bearers here and there. The escorts were enjoying their pipes. In their midst lounged the Sindian sharing in the general recreation. In the spaces between the trees were the horses gnawing at the logs or nibbling at some green grass by the margin of the pool.

The place in spite of its forbidding aspect invited rest to the way-worn men. Leaving the suburbs they had taken the route previously planned out hoping to reach the intrenchments of the pouring army under cover of night but day breaking on the way they were obliged to strike into the woods. From morn to noon they had toiled, along twisting paths, through brambles and bracken, through scrub and thicket, till the sight of the open space afforded a relief to their trying experience.

Alas for Joyonte! though the gag had been taken out of her mouth, her hands and feet untied, she was none the better for the little mercy. Smitten by the suddenness of the blow and puzzled to think what hand can have dealt it, she was more than half paralysed with fright. Her brain swam, the senses came and went. She lay cold, only the heart beat and the pulses throbbed.

It was all quiet save for the jabber of the men.

" How I tricked the old hag and her pards," boasted the Sindian, his eyes emitting a flash of delight. " I brought into play one of the many tricks I have so often practised."

" You are the cleverest of cut throats," complimented one of the

Turks, " but mind, if they can get a drop upon you, they will chop your nigger's head off your shoulders."

"Pooh ?" interjected he with a look of insolent trumph. " I am too old a bird to be caught with a chaff."

He licked his dry lips with a tongue almost as dry.

" I wonder that the words do not stick in your throat and choke you," sneered the other superciliously, knocking the ashes out of his pipe on the heel of his boot and giving them a puff.

"Hang you, you have blown all your ashes into my eye, hang you," screeched the blackie rubbing his right eye.

"Ho, ho, you have got a black eye, ho, ho," the man broke into a chuckling laugh. "I am sure you need another to match it," he knocked more tobacco-ash and blew it in a bee-line with his other eye.

All roared with laughter.

"Look silly owl, what a mess you have made me in," growled the Sindian, his voice rose to a sort of wail.

"Can't help that," uttered the other with assumed gravity.

Laughter rang again.

"Do stop your guffawing ?" he bellowed in indignation.

"Ah, you turn up your nose at a good joke. Well, there are treats of a better sort for you", gurgled a voice from behind. Accompanying the words a brawny hand tweaked his nose and gave his ear a twitch.

The man who suited action to his words was a burly Turk.

"What the deuce are you at ?" the darkie squirmed and fidgetted.

A round of ringing cheer cut the air.

"Ah dog, you slink," cried the individual, digging him playfully in the ribs, then tapping his pocket to feel how full it was.

"What fool's trick is this ?" he yelled in an ugly mood, making a grab at the man's wrist.

"I am going to overhaul your pocket," was the cool assertion.

"I don't want any of your impertinence" exasperated, he glared savagely.

"I am sure you want this," blurted out another of the band, rapping the end of his stick on his head.

"Have you any notion of what you are doing," he protested.

With a jerk he moved off and sat down with a sounding flop amid a mass of dry leaves.

A titter ran round a minute later. One of the merry-makers had set fire to the leaves. Smoke was curling up, eddying and drifting towards him.

"Ho, yelping brute, see over there, what a mighty mess,' a shout came from among the Afghan bearers who were enjoying the fun in silence.

"*Wow how*," he yelled leaping to his feet as his eyes fell on the conflagration.

'Ho, ho,' blew a hurricane of laughter.

"Captain, see the fun," he cried chokingly, "there has been fiendish work here. I wish you would stop their nonsense."

"He will do nothing of the sort," croaked a voice.

"Don't go too far with me," he assumed a fierce attitude.

"If we were to take away every bit of skin off your back we would not go far enough," returned the former.

"I am really tempted to crush the cursed life out of him," said another.

"Measure up your own life and see what it is worth," retorted the blackie forcing a laugh to his dry lips.

"The surly knave wont keep his mouth shut until we quiet him," exclaimed a third.

"No more bother, let us pick up our legs and be on the move," he cried, anxious to avoid any more practical joke.

"Shut," grunted the Afghan bearers, "you made us run like blazes through the devilish beastly woods, we are almost done up."

"It was killing us by inches," grinned another.

"Miles of roguish going. Oh my feet, oh my stomach, what a nasty job," rose a murmur.

"Captain," persisted the blackie. "We had best be moving on. I begin to fear that there are men on our track."

"Tut, tut," hissed the captain "We have made our pace too hot for our pursuers." He re-filled his pipe.

There was silence for a few minutes, a deep tense silence. All on a sudden the Sindian started up and stared open-mouthed in the direction of the bushes. His quick ear had caught a rustle.

"Look, look, how the fellow gapes?" cried one of the band.

"Hush," interjected he, holding up a hand.

"The wretch seems to be off his chump," remarked another.

"What's up," enquired the captain anxiously.

"It is only the wind rumbling," drawled a voice. "There is nothing to be alarmed about."

"Hush, listen," cried the blackie pointing his finger towards the bushes ahead. "Do you call that the wind ?"

All strained their ears, they could now distinguish muffled thuds. Suddenly a form loomed out, the figure of a man.

"Ha, we are followed," yelled the blackie, frightened out of his wits at the sight of the man. "What's that further ahead. I swear I saw a gleam of steel," he darted away at break-neck speed.

It was the one-eyed. He had doggedly kept up the pursuit and brought a squad of the city police.

The bushes parted, a band of twenty horsemen came spurring across the open space. Their badge, their accoutrement betokened them to be the myrmidons of the law.

In a flash sprang up the Turks and the Afghans. There were mounting in hot haste and getting into line. Determined to put up a good fight they made hasty preparations.

The surprise party charged in a solid mass. The hottest fight ensued. The air rang with screams of fury, the ground seemed to shake under the thud of hoofs. The Afghans fought on foot, the Turks on horseback. The place became full of sounds, of men scampering away, of men in pursuit, of lines breaking and lines reforming, of steel clashing upon steel. The Afghans fought like mad men. With levelled lances they parried the lunges for some time but the superior advantage of their mounted antagonists forced them to fall back. Pierced through and through, hacked and horridly disfigured they sank at last on the gory grass.

The Turks manoevered for a rear-attack. They broke up in two divisions. The assailants spurred towards their flanks. The conflict grew more terrible. There were swaying backwards and forwards, advancing and receding, wheeling to the right and left. Here a man rolled from the saddle, there a horse dropped. Off into the grass toppled one, away sped his steed helter-skelter. The attackers and the attacked were locked in a demonaic struggle, each trying to outflank the other. The Turks hotly pressed fought with the courage of despair. Their hideous yells, the whoops of the opposite party intermingled with the clangour of steel produced a hideous pandemonium.

Poor Joyonti whose nerves had already been over strung by the startling sequence of events was in a shocking fright. The shouts, the thuds, the clatter sent a creepy thrill into her heart. Instinctively she guessed that it was a struggle between her captors and some force out for her rescue. She felt her fate trembling in the balance. If the latter won her freedom was certain, if her captors got the best of the encounter her doom was hermetically sealed. The issue was momentous. A sudden impulse bade her fly. Softly she opened the door of the palanquin, protruded her head and finding no living creature near crept noiselessly out. Not a soul was visible within eye-shot save the wild surrounding, beyond which in the distance was the air rocking with sounds.

Every moment was precious now. Gathering up her skirts lest they should hamper her movements she dived into the nearest scrub with all the speed she could force into her faltering feet, pressed blindly forward, creeping, crawling, skulking through the grass, dragging herself through as tight places and desperate situations as one had ever experienced in a race for life, on and on, further on till the shouts and yells sounded muffled and distant.

The conflict had ended in a wholesale slaughter of her captors. The victors were in a terrible state of exhaustion. Dismounting they threw themselves on the grass to rec over their wind.

"Ho there, where's the palkee," they shouted to the one-eyed.

"I wonder where it is," murmured the other, starting a search round. Peering in amongst the bushes he caught sight of its dusky form. With a chuckle he made a dash towards it but was nettled the next instant to find it empty.

"The rascal has foiled us," cried he, "whisked her away, quick, let us follow his trail."

All sprang on horseback and blindly shot in a direction contrary to the one taken by her.

She had made good progress, had covered a mile. Now was she pushing her way into a dense growth of reed. Through a brambled mass she next floundered and entering a braken wriggled along. A dusky track now became visible across a tangle of rank herbage. Using up the remainder of her flagging strength she ventured into its unknown course, went trembling and tottering, pausing ever and anon to pick her way till after a tortous wandering found herself out of the wood. Now before her lay an expanse of open land. She could descry figures moving to and fro. She made towards them. They turned out to be low-class women.

"Who can this be ?" muttered they amazingly, evidently struck by her air and beauty.

"Give me sheltor good women," she gasped out.

"Who are you ?" they enquired.

"Take me to your abode. I am too dead-beat to make a free use of speech. Here take this," she drew off her finger a diamond ring and gave it to the foremost of the group.

Their eyes sparkled with delight. With loud demonstrations of regard they led her to their humble dwellings.

CHAPTER XIX.

Has the dead returned to life.

The district bordering on Chilas was robbed of its heritage of quietude by the arrival of a large army. Its heights were crowned with camps, rockets rang loudly through its echoing valleys Every eminence sparkled with glittering steel, every road was crowded with waggons, every empty space was filled with the frowning visage of war. Like a sea broken loose swirling torrents of men and horses inundated the plains. Squadron upon squadron poured in from all quarters like successive living waves. The tramp of cavalry, the clangour of arms, the sound of marching feet gave token of the coming strife.

The allied forces took up advantageous positions, their bases lay at widely seperate points. The cavalier occupied a low ridge behind which rolled a tributary of the Gilgit river. A country road lay in his front and two wooded hills guarded his right and left. Keeping touch with him the Sirdar distributed his army into three camps. His right wing stretched to a wood, his left ended in a wide gorge, his main body was disposed in a central valley. Covering his flanks the armies of the feudatory princes were planted at strategic points. The chief held the interior lines so as to be able to reach any point in the zone of operation. He put his men in their places. On their right was a hill which kept off any attack on that side, on their left deep trenches were dug and outside the trenches logs were piled up and branches of trees to prevent the enemy's cavalry from breaking in. The savage hordes took up their position on the open plain, their right wing was placed under the command of Jowala Prosaud, their left under their own suzerin. The main army was divided into two halves—a right centre, right wing and right flank—and a left centre, left wing and left flank. In front of it was an advance guard and behind it a reserve. Major General commanded the whole army. Excellent roads linked all the positions together. Days of fierce industry had overspread the whole tract with a network of ditches, the mountain sides were scarred with timber. Tracks were blocked with abatis, redoubt rose above redout like a grand stair case.

From his eyrie perch the Sultan had watched the vast host coming. His keen outlook had caught a glimpse of the great chain girding in an iron band the very tract which was to have been his basis of operation. He perceived that the effort of his opponents was to bring him to an action. He declined that issue, not daring plunge himself too soon into the vortex of battle. His resources which had begun to be continuously recruited from the different quarters of his border provinces having now approached a scale equal to the situation he proceeded to operate on the rear of the enemy and if possible to try side issues. Under cover of the woods, under shelter of the maze of hills, slowly crept his motley host of Turks and Turkomans, Afghans, Tartars, Arabs and Moors, forty thousand infantry and thirty thousand cavalry and a large number of archers mounted on elephants. Ibrahim Pasha the commander of his border legions was summoned to hasten down with the veterns of Oxus and Amo.

He pitched his camp about three miles from the enemy's lines. Round it he built up a great fence made of logs and felled trees. Close to it saddled horses were kept standing night and day. All day long he kept riding about from point to point looking after everything and giving orders. All night long a strong guard of mounted Caucassians moved over the ground in front of it.

The Major's camp was hourly the scene of hurry and bustle, generals calling in to receive instructions, scouts flocking to deliver messages, leaders sitting in solemn conclave to discuss every phase of the situation. Great commotion prevailed. The clangour of trumpets pealed loud and clear from the hill sides, bands poured upon the air martial cadences, bugles sang in shrill strains.

From the monotony of rough military duties the relief of a liesurely saunter in the distant stillness allured the chief and his comrades one evening. They chose for their ramble the mighty sweep of the plain behind the hills. In spite of the muffled twilight their eyes could note far away the form of a pinnacle profiled in black against the sky. Through the silence there came a sound of bells floating dimly. It struck them that it was the steeple of a temple whose bells were clashing out the weird music. Even in the heart filled with cruel thought a chord is touched, an echo is waked when an incentive to holy association sends it vibrations to the physical sense.

They advanced in the direction of the sound and found themselves in no long time before a magnificent edifice. It was the temple of Godadhurjee. Surmounted by a copula an arched gallery crowned its gate from which a huge drum rolled at stated hours. A long porch led to a vast square court. In the centre of the court was the temple, an octagonal building mounted on a marbled platform which was edged all round with a flight of steps. Above its roof rose a conical tower and a minaret tapered up at each corner. In its facade there were numerous recesses. Delicately sculptured ornamentation in bas relief covered all parts of it. Behind the edifice and connected with it by a roofed passage was a large two-storied building having a spacious courtyard in the middle. Above and below, suites of apartments with fretted roofs and tasselated pavements, opening one into other and fronted with parlours lined the four sides of the courtyard. At its centre stood a large banian tree whose monstrous foliage formed over it a large complete canopy. This was the secluded division of the sanctuary peopled only by such recluses of the fair sex as had forsaken the world and washed their mind of all wordly desires. Within its sacred walls rang no voice save that of feminine purity, its pavement no male feet had ever trod save that of the patriarch.

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THE
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NEW SERIES.

No. 7—July, 1918.

THE LAST LOVE-EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF A PHILOSOPHER.

The Independence of the United States of America had been conclusively acknowledged and ratified by the Treaty of Peace of September 3, 1783; and, under the able direction of Benjamin Franklin, ambassador from the new Republic to the Court of Versailles, the diplomatic and commercial relation of the United States with France had been successfully established by Treaty, in consonance with the views and wishes of Congress.

Philadelphia ardently desired the return of her famed fellow-citizen who had displayed so much prudence and skill in effecting the great objects of his mission. He, no less anxious to return to America, never wholly free from the fear that his declining health might detain him in France, perhaps to close his life there, and, withal, that his most ardent prayer was to be spared to end his days in his native land among his fellow-citizens, and surrounded by his grandchildren—he yet seemed to seek a pleasurable excuse for the delay of his departure, under the influence of a sentiment which had less concern in the settlement of such collateral details as yet remained for adjustment, than the American philosopher had, perhaps, deemed possible, or cared even to acknowledge to himself at that period of his life.

During the latter part of his embassy to the French Court, he had taken up his residence at Passy, near Auteuil, in his environs of Paris.

In the latter charming village dwelt the widow of Helvetius.* The relict of Helvetius was a most amiable and gifted woman. She reckoned among her friends the most distinguished men of letters of the period, by whom she was never otherwise designated than as "The good lady of Auteuil."

Although she had passed that term of female life which has been so arbitrarily assigned as the climacteric to the fascinating powers of the fair sex, the widow of Helvetius was another exception to that questionable rule; and still most fascinating, both by the grace of her manners, and the attractions of her person. The gentleness of her disposition, the charming versatility of her intellect, together with the prudent deportment which had distinguished her throughout a life of considerable trial, and had placed her beyond the reach of all reproach, invested her, as it were, with an aureole of feminine grace and purity, to which all who came within the atmosphere of her intercourse paid homage of admiration and respect.

Strange as it may at first appear, when the then respective ages of the "good lady of Auteuil" and of Benjamin Franklin are considered, the American philosopher found the charm of her society too irresistible not to make a permanent alliance with her a serious subject of his thoughts; and in so much, at length, that he believed it desirable for his happiness.

On her part, the amiable widow had not the most remote presentiment of such a design; and always received Franklin as a friend who entertained no other sentiments towards her than those he had expressed, and as one in whose near society she would have esteemed herself happy to live.

Between Passy and Auteuil, a frequent intercourse of visits had for some time been established. Once in every week Madame Helvetius dined at Franklin's house, in company with the Abbé de

---

* Helvetius (Claude Adrian), who had acquired an European notoriety by his celebrated work "De l'Esprit," had early displayed many proofs of genius; but until the appearance of that work, in the forty-third year of his age, had never before published anything. It was condemned for its freedom of opinion by the Parliament of Paris, but his biographers make no mention of his recantation of the principles it put forth.. He, nevertheless, persisted in its publication; and, to avoid the consequences, came to England in 1764. He subsequently repaired to Berlin at the invitation of the "Philosopher of Sans Souci," whose Court was ever open to the great thinkers of his time. On his return to France he led a retired life at Auteuil, and died 1771. His other works of note are "Le Bonheur," a poem, and "De l'Homme," 2 vols. 8vo., published after his death.

Laroche, the physician Cabanis, who resided under her roof, and Morellet, another esteemed friend, but less frequent guest. Franklin, on the other hand, dined much more frequently at the house of the charming widow, where he often passed the whole evening, but had never yet paid her a morning visit.

The intercourse with Franklin was most cordial on all sides. The simplicity of his manners, his noble sense of right, and duty, which revealed itself in the most trivial things; his affability, the purity of his soul, his cheerfulness, and his delightful power of narration, were inexhaustible themes for admiration to Morellet.

Such in society was the man who had contributed so much to the elevation of his country to a free and independent state, and whom mankind has to thank for one of the most important discoveries of his time.

One morning, contrary to his usual custom, Franklin left his apartment at a very early hour, and summoned the young man, who officiated as his valet and general servant, by his usual appellative of "Dick! Dick! I am going to Auteuil, get thee ready to come with me."

Dick, a born American, had served with some distinction in the War of Independence under Washington. On the reduction of the army, he left his immediate service about the person of that general to take service with Benjamin Franklin, to whom he became greatly attached. Richard, or Dick, as he was familiarly called by Franklin, was no servant of the common order. Trusty, and devoted from impulse and from principle, he was as good a Christian from faith as he was American by birth and feeling. He accompanied his master everywhere, and when not making the necessary preparations for Franklin's philosophical experiments, or engaged in other immediate duties, he was a diligent reader of his Bible. Like most young men of a genial tone of feeling, when conscious of the genuine rectitude of their principles, he was somewhat of an enthusiast, and never more so than when the opportunity presented itself to speak of the land of his birth, or when the merits of his master were the subject of discourse.

In his spare moments he was fond of enlightening the minds of the other servants on the effects of electricity, or of explaining to the simple peasants of Auteuil the great advantages of the lightning-conductor, invented by his master, Benjamin Franklin.*

No sooner was Richard called, than he made his appearance, and almost in less time than it took his master to communicate his intention, the gold-headed cane, hat, and gloves of the philosopher were handed to him, and, without further delay, master and man were upon their way to Auteuil.

Under the already glowing rays of a mid-June morning sun, that had begun somewhat to embrown the meadows, and lit-up copse, cornfield, and vineyard with a dazzling flood of summer light, the travellers found the heat even at that hour oppressive, and quitting the high road, the paved *chaussée* of which reflected oppressively both the light and heat, pursued their way by side paths now become familiar to them, where they were screened at frequent and agreeable intervals by the friendly shade of trees. The philosopher walking slowly in front, evinced by nothing in his manner how much he was in reality concerned to reach the end of his journey with more expedition, while his servant following behind could scarcely suppress a feeling of impatience at the slowness of his master's pace.

Franklin found Madame Helvetius in her *salle de réception*, which looked out upon the beautiful garden of her house, from which close, and up to the very sill of the window, near which she had been seated, the thick foliage of a lime-tree spread its cool and refreshing verdure.

"So early a visitor, my worthy Dr. Franklin!" said the charming hostess, as she rose to receive him. "I hope it may be no unpleasant intelligence that you have to impart to me, and which has set you astir at so unusual an hour?"

"Not in the least, Madame Helvetius," replied Franklin. "I am come thus early to relate to you a circumstance that occurred to me last night."

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* The experiments by which he established the scientific fact that electricity and lightning are the same, are, as described by himself, singularly interesting. He made a kite of a silk handkerchief, and sent it up into the air, with an ordinary key fastened to the end of a hempen string, by which he held the kite in his hand. His son watched with him the results. Clouds came and passed, and at length lightning came. It agitated the hempen cord, and emitted sparks from the key, which gave him a slight electrical shock. Thus was the discovery made: the identity of lightning with electricity was clearly manifested, and Franklin was so overcome by his feelings at the discovery, that he said he could willingly at that moment have died.

"Ah! then, my dear friend, how charming it is of you. You are come to relate to me some pleasant little story?"

"Well, you shall judge for yourself, dear madame. You will perhaps recollect our conversation of last evening, and how I endeavoured by the most cogent arguments to make you sensible that you ought no longer to lead thus a single life, but should marry again?"

"Oh, heavens! my dear friend, why revert to such a subject! Let us rather speak on some other."

"Is it then possible, Madame Helvetius, that you have not perceived the regret I feel in regard to the strange persistence with which you still persevere in your truth towards your deceased husband, which is not only without any reasonable ground of excuse, but perfectly futile?"

"At another time we will talk of that—at another time, dear friend!" interposed Madame Helvetius, with a simultaneous motion of her hand towards Franklin's white head, as though she would have smoothed down his grey locks.

"Well," resumed Franklin, "after our conversation of last night, I returned home, went to bed, and dreamed—that I was dead. Shortly I found myself in that Paradise where the souls of the departed enjoy imperishable happiness and repose. The gatekeeper of that Eden asked me whether I was desirous to see any of the spirits of the blessed; and I made reply that I much desired to be led where the philosophers were wont to meet. 'There are two,' replied the guardian, 'who much frequent a spot close by. They ere most intimate neighbours, and take much pleasure in each other's society.' 'Who are they?' said I, 'Socrates and Helvetius' was the guardian's reply. 'I have no equal esteem for both of them; but lead me first to Helvetius, for though I speak French, I am not a master of the Greek language.' Helvetius received me in the most friendly manner. He questioned me eagerly upon the present state of religious matters in France, and on the political subjects which most engaged the attention of Europe. But I, who had imagined he would have been more anxious to be informed upon matters that concerned him more nearly, and surprised that he made no inquires about you, interrupted him at length in his interrogatories, and exclaimed, 'But, good heaven!

have you no desire to know how fares your old faithful friend and partner in life, Madame Helvetius?—she who still loves you with such affectionate constancy! Scarcely an hour since I was in her house at Auteuil, and had the most convincing evidence of the undiminished interest and devotion with which she regards you, and cherishes your memory.'

"'Ah!' said he—'you speak of my former matrimonial felicity. We must learn to forget those things here, if we would be happy. For many years I thought of nothing else, she was constantly before my mind, and even here I felt desolate. But at length I have found a consolation for the loss of her society. I have married another charming woman, and it would have been impossible to find one who resembled more my first wife, than her on whom my choice has fallen. She is not so handsome, it is true, as was my former spouse; but she is gifted with as much feeling, and intellect; and loves me tenderly. She has, indeed, no thought but to please me, and to render me happy. Stay a while with me, and you shall soon behold her.'

"Upon this I resumed. 'I preceive very clearly that your first wife is infinitely more true and constant than you are. Since your death, she has had several very advantageous offers of marriage, but she refused them all. I will candidly confess to you, that—I loved her myself with the most intense affection; but she remained cold and insensible to all my entreaties, all my arguments; in fact, she refused my hand from love for you!'

"'I am exceedingly sorry to hear that she was so unreasonable, and pity her inconsiderate wilfulness; for she was indeed a most excellent, and truly leveable woman.'

"At these words, Madame Helvetius made her appearance; and in her I recognised—imagine, only, who I saw before me? No other person than, Madame Franklin! my old faithful American friend and wife! On the instant I laid claim to her as belonging to me—but, in a cold and somewhat repulsive tone, she said: 'For forty years and four months, nearly half a century, I was your wife. Rest satisfied with that. I have here formed another alliance, which will endure for ever.' Deeply chagrined to be rejected in so cold a manner by my departed wife, I immediately resolved to quit such ungrateful spirits. I longed to return to our planet, and behold once more the sun, and *you!* Say, shall we not avenge ourselves for such inconstancy?"

But the charming widow of Auteuil was by no means disposed to avenge in such a manner the faithlessness of the spirits which the American philosopher's brain had so vividly impressed upon him in his dream. Her determination to remain single had long been an unalterable resolve. Had such not been the case, it may be readily believed she would have hesitated before she rejected an offer that conferred with it so much honour, and which had she accepted, would have bestowed upon her a name equally celebrated in two quarters of the globe.

As they sate opposite to each other at the open window, it was not without a certain degree of emotion that she gazed on the earnest, truthful countenance of him who spoke to her so frankly, and, with a cheerful hopefulness of soul at once so tender, so affectionate! She appreciated at their full value the high esteem, and the sincere friendship, of which he had given her proof so incontestible in the solicitation for her hand. Neither in his manner, nor his words had Benjamin Franklin made himself ridiculous. There was nothing of the love-sick dotard in his demeanour. Before her sat a sage, who spoke deeply impressed with the conviction that, in all the circumstances, and in every stage of life, no partner was so desirable and indispensible as a wife who was fitted to embellish our existence, to give two-fold increase to our happiness, to alleviate the cares and sweeten the bitter anxieties which are our inevitable fate, however highly or lowly cast; and, if destined to survive her husband, to make his death-bed one of peaceful resignation.

On the previous evening, in discourse with Madame Helvetius, Franklin had, indeed, purposely adverted to, and eventually dwelt with much earnestness upon, the propriety of her entering again the marriage state; but in doing so, whether from timidity or forethought, he had expressed his opinion in a general point of view only, without in the least permitting his own personal sentiments towards her to betray themselves. Nor in truth, during that conversation, whether from less vanity than most of her sex, or a less share of that innate perspicuity in matters of the heart, which most women possess, she had not in the remotest degree detected the deep interest he felt in the counsel he advised with such tranquil yet earnest eloquence.

But now, the amiable widow's eyes became suffused with tears;

she leaned her arm on the window-cushion, and buried her face in her hand.

"Come, then," exclaimed Franklin, after a short silence, "come then, charming lady of Auteuil, let us both avenge ourselves."

"Wist! listen! my dear friend, listen!" said Madame Helvetius in a low tone, and in an attitude of attention. "Do not speak, for I hear voices in discourse close to us."

Both gently rose from their seats, and putting aside as gently the foliage of the lime-tree branch that obstructed somewhat their hearing and view of what was passing in the garden beneath, they beheld there, seated on a stone bench immediately under the window, Franklin's valet, Dick, in close discourse with Annette, the daughter of Madame Helvetius' gardener, a young maiden of seventeen, and a by no means unattractive specimen of those dark-eyed daughters of France, frequently to be met with among the present girls of the environs of Paris, whose rustic beauty is not a little enhanced by the charm of a costume at once simple and picturesque.

Between the leaves of the lime-tree both Franklin and Madame Helvetius remarked that the heads of the two young people were so closely inclined to each other, that the fair so closely inclined to each other, that the fair hair of the American almost touched the black braided tresses of the maiden of Auteuil.

"Let me go, Monsieur Richard!" said the damsel, the light-olive complexion of her sunny cheeks suffused the while with a richer blush of red. "If madame knew that you were following me so, she would be sure to discharge me from her service. Let me go, I beseech you. Oh! I must go! There, don't you hear? I think my father called me to water his peas. Yes, and besides, I have not yet made the cheese for madame, not yet skimmed the last night's milk!"

Nevertheless, Annette rose not from the bench on which she was seated. But that might be accounted for by the circumstance that Richard, though without the least effort to detain her, had put his arm round her slender waist, doubtless to prevent her escaping.

On witnessing so much undue familiarity on the part of his servant, Franklin evinced great uneasiness, and from a sentiment of virtuous indignation his cheek became crimson red. He was about to speak in anger to the thoughtless young couple, when Madame

Helvetius, putting her small white hand over his mouth, compelled him to silence, and to listen further.

"You will not understand me, Annettee," was Richard's reply to the maiden. "What I say to you, I would as openly say in the presence of Madame Helvetius and Monsieur Franklin. Go, call your father, if you will, and I will speak before him. It is far from my thoughts to wrong you in your virtue; but in all sincerity I would marry you."

The young girl inclined her pretty head in silence, and as though her inmost heart responded in sympathy to the frank avowal of the young man's sentiments towards her, the slight motion made by the neat little foot that mechanically rubbed up the gravel path on which it rested, brought her somewhat yet closer to Richard. No further reply from her was needed.

"Well, then," continued the young man, "we will be married. I will open my mind to Monsieur Franklin. He will speak to Madame Helvetius, and then both will arrange matters with your father."

"Are you really in earnest, Richard? You wish to marry me?"

"In all truth and earnest I mean it, dear Annette. We will go to America, and you will see that it is the finest country in the whole world. Monsieur Franklin will give us some land, which I will cultivate. We shall be free there, and live content and happy. Oh, my dear Annette! if you but knew my magnificent native land! how gloriously the sun rises above our forests, you would long, as ardently as I do, to be there; and the sooner the better, for I am sure you will learn to love it as I do. Compared to the grandeur of our rivers, your Seine and Rhone are mere insignificant brooklets; and in any one of our lakes you might sink all Paris, and not a vestige of it would be seen. Say but the word, Annette, and before Monsieur Franklin leaves the house, all may be settled."

"How?" said the maiden; her dark, soft eyes expanding with an expression of astonishment, and her whole countenance breathing, as it were, the doubt and curiosity which Richard's description of his native land had awakened in her simple mind; above all, at hearing of lakes in which all Paris would disappear, without leaving a trace of it. "Are there, then, such grand and beautiful things in your country?"

"Yes, Annette, indeed; and God knows that I speak the truth."

"And is there then also, there, a duckpond, like here at Auteuli?"

"What! the duck-pond of Auteuil? That little pool of water you pass by at the entrance of the village—that mere ditch planted round with sickly trees, and full of nothing else but frogs and toads?"

"Yes, yes," resumed the village lass, withdrawing herself gently from Richard's circling arm. A duck-pond like here, in Auteuil?"

"But, Annette! how can you then think of that duck-pond? You surely do not love me; and there is some young man in the village whom you like better than me."

"No, Richard. But the duck-pond of Auteuil is more to my taste than your great lakes in which you seem to have a fancy to put all Paris; and then your rivers, as compared to which the Seine, my loved, beautiful Seine, the river of my native land, is but an insignificant brooklet! Richard, I will be your wife; but you must remain in Auteuil!"

"What, Annette? You would have me leave Monsieur Franklin? Have me abandon for ever my native land? That would be as though you would have me desert from the flag of my country? You would surely never require such a sacrifice from me, Annette? Reflect only a little that my country has need of all her citizens, however humble their station. That England, which could not crush us out, may again become our enemy. Good heaven! what would Monsieur Franklin say to such a thing, were I to tell him I would not return with him to America? Annette! I love you; I would willingly lay down my life for you, if my country had no call for it. Annette! my beloved Annette! there is yet something greater, something higher than love, than happiness; and that is the duty which we owe to the land that gave us birth. But you—you are not so situated. What can withhold you? France has no need of you, a humble maiden. You can leave your native land, and your absence would never be remarked; you, whose name is perhaps not known beyond Auteuil, and who never can render any service to your country."

"You are in error, Richard!" replied the maiden, rising from the seat, and assuming a graceful dignity of attitude that struck Richard with astonishment, as, with the spontaneous impulse of all her genial nature, she exclaimed, "I, too, love my country,—our beautiful France! And I will that my children, should it please God that I have any, shall love it too, as I do! Have you never heard in your America of that maiden of France, the humble village-girl of

Domremy, who delivered our land, too, from the yoke of those proud English, against whom you have fought? Duty, you say, calls you back to America. My happiness binds me to France. You have your lakes, your rivers, your forests; I love the duck-pond of Auteuil, on whose banks I was born. As a child, I sported by that pond-side; and those sickly trees, of which you spoke with such contempt, were witnesses to the pleasures of my youth. Adieu, Monsieur Richard! Fare ye well! I must go, water my father's peas, make the cheese for Madame Helvetius, and skim last night's milk."

With the native grace of her country women, she curtsied slightly and slowly to her dumbstricken and bewildered American lover; then, turning from the spot in visible emotion, and eyes suffused with irrepressible tears, she hastened to the kitchen-garden, where her father had been engaged all the morning with his watering-pot.

"My dear friend," said Madame Helvetius to Franklin, "*you* are a more valuable citizen than Richard; at least *you* are more useful to and needed by your country than he. Will you—can you resolve to give up your American entirely? Will you end your days in France near the duck pond of Auteuil, far away from your great rivers, your immense lakes, your sun that rises so gloriously over your virgin forests? *I*, for my part—I think like Annette. I prefer the little insignificant duck-pond of Auteuil to that new world that you have contributed so much to enfranchise. Your narrative of the dream is as charming as it was ingenious," she added; "but, my dear friend, what say you to the little narrative we have just heard together?"

Franklin spoke not. After a short pause, in which he seemed to be collecting himself, he raised the hand of the woman he loved to his lips, kissed it with respectful tenderness, and immediately sought the apartment of the physician Cabanis, who was to prescribe for him the regimen he was to follow during the long voyage across the Atlantic, in alleviation of the suffering he always experienced on the passage.

A few days afterwards, he embarked with Richard at Havre for America, and, as is more generally known as matter of history, upon his return to Philadelphia was elected Governor of that State, and shortly afterwards President of the United States of America.

Annette left neither the duck-pond of Auteuil nor France. But, after the lapse of twelve months, she married one of her neighbours, who, in 1789, joined the army, and was accompanied by her on the march to the frontiers. Under the Empire, Annette played a brilliant *rôle* : and her husband fell gloriously on the field of honour in 1812.

As far as relates to Madame Helvetius, "the good lady of Auteuil" proved herself constant both to her predilection for that quiet village and her resolution to remain a widow. Her house was still the favourite resort of the most distinguished men of the day. Benjamin Franklin had for successors Turgot, Garat, Destüt-Tracy, and Bernardin de Saint Pierre.* When Bonaparte, then First Consul, was walking one day with her in her garden, she said to him "General, you do not know how happy one can live on a small patch of this globe of scarcely three acres!" Those were truthful words from the lips of a woman who had rejected the hand of Benjamin Franklin, and preferred to live and die in a modest retirement, in which, sustained throughout by the noble impulses of a kindly heart and gifted intellect, the love of her country was, next to that of God, the constant aspiration of her gentle soul.

R. P.

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* The author of the beautiful story of "Paul and Virginia."

THE FIERY CROSS.

One of the most popular pieces for Readings,—whether penny, public, or private,—in that most popular poem, "The Lady of the Lake," is the portion of the third canto that so vividly describes the sending forth of the Fiery Cross. In the introduction to this canto, the poet speaks of the time when "the Fiery Cross glanced, like a meteor, round;" and, when young Angus is described as speeding forward with the Fiery Cross, we are told,

> Benledi saw the Cross of Fire,
> It glanced like lightning up Strath-Ire.

These and similar expressions combine to leave an idea on the mind of the English reader who has not carefully attended to the proceedings of Brian the Hermit after he had formed his "slender crosslet," that the Fiery Cross was a veritable cross of fire,—a crosslet that blazed brightly as it was borne rapidly along, and not a cross whose flaming points had been quenched in the blood of a slaughtered goat. And, if we may judge from the written and pictured page of popular English literature, it would almost seem that this erroneous impression as to the Fiery Cross was very general. Of course, well-informed artists, such as Mr. R. R. McIan, whose pencil has done so much to familiarise us with the people and customs of his native country, have not voluntarily adopted this vulgar error, and thereby sacrificed truth to pictorial effect, but have represented Malise, Angus, and other bearers of the fatal signal, as holding on high a small cross whose charred points have been dipped in blood. But the popular way of representing the Fiery Cross, as adapted to the commonly received idea of this peculiar Highland token for the instant assembling of a clan, is as a blazing brand or torch, on which a crosspiece of wood has been fixed; or with jets of fire issuing from the three points of the upper portion of the Cross,* whose bearer is shown speeding over moor and moss, after the fashion of the Will-o'-the-wisp.

Perhaps this is the theatrical method of realising the idea of the Fiery Cross. I am not aware if it gains admittance into the operatic

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* It was thus represented in a large cartoon in "Punch," vol. xxi., page 98, illustrative of an Irish ecclesiastical subject.

"La Donna del Lago;" but I have a remembrance of once seeing, at a provincial theatre, the part of *Roderick Dhu* excellently ranted and roared by Mr. Hicks—the, "bravo 'Icks!" of transpontine melodrama—who had been specially engaged as the star of the evening, and had produced his own adaptation of "The Lady of the Lake,"—a piece into which the poetry of Scott was made to dovetail into the couplets of Hicks in a very diverting manner. The diversion was by no means alleviated by the peculiar circumstances under which *Roderick Dhu* made his chief appearances upon the stage. The manager of the theatre had combined a little circus business with the representation of the more legitimate drama; and, as it was as necessary for him to employ his stud of six spotted horses and two trick ponies, as it was for Mr. Crummles to bring forward his practicable pump and tubs, it behoved *Roderick Dhu* not only to make his exits and entrances upon a piebald steed, but also to shout his speeches from that steed's back more frequently than from those boards of the stage that were to him as his native heath. And, as Mr. Hicks was a person of much action and distinguished by a reckless and energetic delivery, and as, from the fact of his position in the saddle, he was precluded from much attitudinising or emphatic stamping, he endeavoured to infuse his accustomed vigour into his speeches by tugging at the bridle of his patient steed, and compelling him first to cross to the right, and then to the left, and then wheel round to the pit, as though his rider's words were too much for his feelings, and that it was but with difficulty he could be restrained from "urging on his wild career." The scene in which was represented "The sending forth of the Fiery Cross!" not only made a very effective show in the play-bill, but also on the stage. Mr. Hicks dismissed his piebald steed for a few minutes in order to throw the whole weight of his attitudes into the grand *tableau* that was to bring home to an English audience a faithful representation of the Highland method adopted by *Roderick Dhu* for the gathering of his clan. *Brian the Hermit* was in attendance; but the patriarch goat was dispensed with. The vassals, however, were there—including the check-taker (whom I recognised by his squint and mutton-chop whiskers), and other supernumeraries impressed for that occasion; and when *Brian* held out the cross and uttered the curse (into which Mr. Hicks had infused a few stronger expletives), they shouted in chorus, "Woe to the traitor, woe!" dwelling on the "woe!" with an energy which the six spotted steeds and the two trick ponies behind the scenes may have mistaken for a cry that was specially intended for their benefit. Then Mr. Hicks himself took the cross, the three points of which had been steeped in tar; these he carefully lighted, and when all three points were ablaze, he took up his position on the extreme right of the stage, and thus addressed *Malise*, who stood on the extreme left of the stage, in a couplet of Scott, adapted by Hicks:—

Here, take the cross! speed, Malise, speed!
The muster-place be Llanrick mead.

Mr. Hicks then shied the cross through the air, so that it described a rapid arc of fire across the whole width of the stage; and as it fell it was dexterously caught by *Malise*, who, amid the demonstrations of the impressed check-taker and the other supernumeraries, rushed with it up the stage, disappeared for a moment, then re-appeared, crossing a practicable rock, from which he stepped down behind the scenes, to blow out the flaming tar and put aside the Fiery Cross for the next night's performance.

Now, when I saw this representation of "the sending forth of the Fiery Cross," and heard its merits attested by the applause of a crowded house, I could not but admire the skilful way in which Mr. Hicks had adapted Scott's poem, if not to his own apprehension, at any rate to that of the majority of his audience. If he had presumed to send out the Fiery Cross without the accompaniment of visible fire, he would have rashly endangered the success of the piece, and would have needlessly interfered with a popular notion. As it was, he crowned with success, instead of ruining, the effective point of the scene, and caused the curtain to descend with applause.

To turn, however, from Mr. Hicks and melodrama, to Scott and history. In his notes to the poem of "The Lady of the Lake," its author tells us that the Fiery Cross was also called "*Crean Tarigh*, or the Cross of Shame, because disobedience to what the symbol implied inferred infamy." But it was also known by other names. Dr. Browne, in his "History of the Highlands," calls it *Tarie;* Dr. John Smith, of Campbelton, the celebrated historian and Gaelic scholar, calls it *Cran-tara* – "the beam of gathering;" and it is mentioned thus in his Ossianic poem "Dargo":—"The song ceased; but its sound was still in our ear, as the voice of the gale when its course is past. Our eyes were turned to the sea. On the distant wave arose a cloud. We knew the skiff of Innisfail. On its mast we saw the *Cran-tara* hung. 'Spread,' said Comhal, 'the white wings of my sails. On the waves we fly to help our friends.' . . . . But, see that light of Innisfail; see the *Cran-tara* fly! Danger is nigh the king." Dr. Smith says that the *Cran-tara* means, in general, a signal of distress; that it was properly a piece of wood, half burnt and dipped in blood, which was conveyed with all possible expedition from one hamlet to another in cases of imminent danger; and that the fire and blood might intimate either the danger apprehended from the invaders, or a threatening to such as did not immediately repair to the chieftain's standard.

The Fiery Cross appears to have been a custom to other northern nations; and it had yet another name in the Western Highlands than those already mentioned; for in Cantire (South Argyleshire) I have met with it under the name of *Croistar.* The cross was prepared in a similar way, and with the like rites to the *Crean Tarigh* of Scott's poem; but with this local peculiarity added to the ceremony described in "The Lady of the Lake." When the chieftain, at the close of his speech that denounced vengeance upon their enemies, had proclaimed the appointed place for the tryst, he gave the cross to the clansman who was commissioned to be its first bearer; but he, instead of instantly bounding away with it, as did Malise, "the messenger of blood and brand," first repeated the words of his chieftain's command, in order to ensure its having been faithfully committed to his memory, and then, holding his Fiery Cross on high, thrice made the circuit of the assembled vassals, shouting as he did so, "Croistar! croistar!" They answered him with the same cry of "Croistar! croistar!" and then he fled on fleetest foot to rouse the dwellers in the remotest glens with the fatal symbol of the Fiery Cross.

CUTHBERT BEDE.

ON A RIVER IN CHINA.

Although so much has been written and so many people have generalised on China and the Chinese, very little is really known by western nations of them as they are, of the manner in which they pass their daily lives, of the every-day occurrences in a Chinese city, of the ordinary routine of life of this strange people. Volumes of pictures and illustrations have been published pretending to show all this, and the "Outer Barbarian," as the foreigner to the Chinese popularly but erroneously fancies himself to be called by the children of the "Flowery Land" (a poetical, but unfortunately incorrect, or rather unused name), believes himself "quite up" on China. These illustrations certainly have a sort of resemblance to the originals, but at the same time they have none at all. That is, a person already acquainted with the race and their habits would recognise what was intended to be represented, but to a stranger the idea conveyed would be erroneous. Who ever saw a spark of vivacity in the sleepy, stolid, half-idiotic faces presented to them as the portraits of the celestial originals? And yet these originals are a merry, lively set of men, shrewd in business, keen in driving a bargain, perfect diplomatists in all they do, never throwing away a chance of gaining a cash, sharp in retort, of sprightly humour, having a fine sense of the ludicrous. Where is the dirt, the noise, and hubbub of the over-crowded market streets teeming with life? It is yet all unknown to us. Sir John Davis, Williams, Milne, and others have endeavoured to render us familiar with such scenes, but have failed; they have not said enough on the subject. And John Chinaman, as we call him, and popularly imagine him to be, is still a myth. He and his manners and customs have yet to be told of. From the gorgeous work of Allom down to the trumpery pictures in Le Breton's "China,"—the one representing scenery and the other life,—all is unreal and, in the former splendid volumes, in many instances apocryphal. Even the illustrations in Archdeacon Cobbold's clever little book, the "Chinese Drawn by Themselves," are not the faithful portraitures they seem. The fact is, that the Chinaman has no knowledge of drawing or prespective, and consequently cannot represent himself on paper. His own idea of himself is the most ridiculous of all that can be imagined. Were he *to try* and caricature himself, his family, manners, customs, houses, &c., &c., he could not succeed better than he does at present with no such intention.

Foreigners are not aware of this slight failing, and copy these things, religiously believing they *must* be correct. Until quite recently, competent artists have not resorted to this distant country for the purpose of recording their impressions on paper; these few have only gone as the correspondents of journals, and have of course occupied themselves with views most intimately connected with passing events, captures of cities, city gates, guard-houses, English men of war, landing of foreign troops, encampments of foreign soldiery, uninteresting bays and harbours in the far north, and such like. There are but very few domestic scenes or sketches of every-day life.

Having passed many years among this curious people, living among them, and transacting business with them, visiting them in their "hongs" (mercantile establishments), and thus in a manner becoming familiarised with their sayings and doings, aided moreover by some knowledge of the local vernaculars, I have endeavoured in the following sketch to convey some slight idea of the daily aspect of Chinese life.

Let us take the river Min, and the city of Foochowfoo, the prettiest of the open ports of China, as the subject of our ramble, and the month of May for the time. At daylight the steamer, which has probably been lying at anchor for the previous night under the "White Dogs" islets, stands in for the entrance of the beautiful river Min, on which Foochowfoo stands some thirty miles inland. The pilot-boat, conspicuous by the initial letter in its large white sail, and by its red-and-white flag, soon glides gracefully alongside, and the pilot carefully works the steamer over the wide-spread sand and mud banks which stretch across the entrance in every direction, and render the navigation of great difficulty. A long lazy swell lifts the vessel gently on her course, opening up more distinctly every instant the curious, clearly defined cone of "Sharp Peak," and the wild tumbling range of mountains, or rather lofty hills, which gird the coast. We are soon under the Peak in smooth water, very likely seeing at anchor some fine large clipper ship, inward bound for a cargo of tea, and waiting for the tide to serve. The beauty of the Min, which has gained the name of the Rhine of China, does not develope itself here, but higher up the river contracts, and the lofty ragged hills creep down to the water's edge. Here we pass some heavily laden outward-bound merchantman, tugged along and kept in its proper channel by numerous sampans. These sampans are curious little boats with over-lapping mat-coverings, which in fine weather can be drawn one over the other in the centre of the boat, but when wet, or during the summer heats, can be stretched along from stem to stern. They are usually kept beautifully clean. Far better off, indeed, are they in that respect than the owners. The boat people generally number four or five: two men, (one of them sometimes a venerable remnant of antiquity), a boy, and a girl. Behind, and in charge of the large oar, which acts as tiller and screw, is the presiding genius, usually the mother of the crew, an aged female of dirty aspect, unengaging appearance, and scanty wardrobe. In fact the same clothing apparently does duty indifferently for both sexes. It consists of loose blue cotton trousers and jacket in various stages of decay, with here and there a small bright patch of blue showing how often the rest of the costume must have been washed and used to obtain its present dirty milk-and-water hue. A ragged queue about ten inches long, eked out by an old bit of string or cord, and rusted in colour by constant exposure to all sorts of weather, is twisted round the boatman's head, unshaved for perhaps a week, and covered with a mangy-looking scrub of bristles. The old lady having first stiffened her grizzled locks by drawing them through gummy pine-shavings, brushes them back *à la chinoise*, and arranges them in a stiff knob behind, binding them up with a red cord, and ornamenting the whole with a few long silver bodkins, or hair-pins, and frequently with natural flowers, a pretty mode much in favour with the Foochow fair sex. The old man occasionally indulges in a wispy beard or moustache, which looks as if a touch of "thine incomparable oil, Macassar," would prove of the greatest service. The boat is rowed by the rowers, who *stand* on the half-deck with their faces towards the bows of the boat; the oar is a long, often crooked, pole, with the blade attached to it by two bands of rattan. Grasping the little crosspiece forming the handle of the oar, the boatman pushes against it, urging the boat forward, and beating time on the deck with a loud stamp of one foot, occasionally vociferating a sort of monotonous sing-song common to most Eastern nations, the solo part being sung by one or other of the men indifferently; then one or two others begin whining the refrain, which is finally taken up in full chorus by the rest. After carefully skirting the edge of a wide-spreading and treacherous sandbank, the steamer passes the village of Quantow on the right hand, where usually lie the Cantonese lorchas and many of the native coasting craft. Seen in the early morning, it makes a very pretty view, the smoke of the wood fires curling in a light fleecy cloud over the houses, nestling down in a little inlet of the river between two low hills covered with a growth of the tall graceful bamboo, its slender leaves yet unparched by the summer heat, and rustling in the light breeze. Here and there, growing out from between black boulders, spring up strange fantastic-looking trees, flinging abroad their gnarled branches, and shadowing with their young foliage of every hue of green the little red Jose-houses of the simple fishermen, erected for the worship of the several deities of the sea, and which stand below perched on some rock commanding an extensive view. In the miniature harbour in front lie anchored several junks, from the sides of one or the other of which bursts forth ever and anon a stream of white smoke, followed by a thundering report as the junkmen fire their morning guns. Leaving this, we enter a sort of gorge between the lofty banks, which is about the prettiest part of the river, at least from the mouth to the anchorage. There are many far more lovely spots beyond. The hills are in many places cultivated in terraces up to the very summits, principally growing sweet potatoes. This terrace cultivation has been denied by some writers, but the fact remains the same; and not only are sweet potatoes so grown, but we have seen the whole sides of lofty hills terraced for the cultivation of *rice*, a stupendous undertaking, than which nothing more shows the patient industry of the Chinese; for rice requires a *constant* supply of water; this has to be pumped up by manual or, rather, pedal, labour, and during the season the creaking of these water-wheels resounds without intermission night and day.

Soon we pass the Mingan fort, a picturesque "bit" for an artist, useless as a means of defence on account of the ruinous state of its walls, and the honeycombing of the old cast-iron guns, left lying uncared for in the open, just as they rotted down through the wooden carriages, or rather stands. However, although of no account as a fortress, as it is called, it charms the eye as we pass it, the sun, yet young, shining on its grey or brown old walls and crumbling embrasures, to which the small-leaved Chinese ivy clings in masses, here and there a little stunted tree or shrub finding a precarious existence in the mouldering mortar between the bricks. Amid this sombre colouring shine out a few gaudy triangular flags, white, with a red vandyked border, and a few characters in black denoting the corps which owns them, and which flags seem to from the only garrison of the place. A flight of old stone steps goes down to the edge of the swift river; at the bottom a few sampans are anchored, and perhaps a mandarin junk, gorgeous with paint and silken banners on their long slender tapering staffs. Huge bows of red cotton cloth are bound round the muzzles of the guns, in the mouth of each of which is the snow-white tompion. A few coolie-looking men are idling up and down the steps, or lounging about on the battlements; we only know them to be soldiers by their wearing scrubby filthy turbans of red and blue cotton cloth, and white jackets with red borders, front and back having a large black circle, in the centre of which is written the character "Yung," popularly translated "brave," Although the character *does* mean brave among many other meanings, in *this* instance it means militia-man; it is a mistake to imagine that the regular soldiery have it.

A little higher up on the south side of the river is a curious formation on the rock called the "Mandarin's Boot;" the sandy rock has here fallen off in flakes from the steep hill-side, leaving behind it a large patch which has a very strong resemblance to the black satin boots worn by mandarins.

Here and there in commanding positions on either side of the river are gun-batteries, which the Chinese must consider impregnable, if we may judge from their shape. They face down the river, and consist of a simple platform of stonework, with squat, massy white-washed pillars, about five feet high, and four feet apart, studding the outer edge, and forming, or intended to form, the embrasures for the guns, of which, by a slight oversight, there never seem to be any. There is usually a guard-shed, which affords shelter to some half-dozen ragamuffins, who pass the day smoking their water-pipes, fleaing one another, card-playing, gambling, and making entomological collections from their garments. Beyond this row of stumpy pillars there is nothing in the way of defence; no sides to the battery, no glacis, no magazines.

Continuing up the river, we shortly after open "Pagoda" Island, as it is called from a small ruinous pagoda which crowns the summit. The river here divides in two, one branch taking the south side, and one the north of the large island which faces Foochow, and which is usually called Nantai. It is about fifteen to eighteen miles long, by three broad. The north branch of the river is the one used, and off Pagoda Island the ships anchor. At the commencement of the tea season the sight here amply repays a visit, for a fleet of the most magnificent merchantmen in the world, commanded by skilful officers, here lie at anchor, empty, but *readg for sea*, waiting eagerly for their precious freights of tea, shipped with the most marvellous rapidity, and then straining every mast, sail, and rope to reach their goal: the officers ceaselessly watching and availing themselves of every puff of wind or current, never missing a chance of adding a mile to their course, and each striving for one or other of the honours of being the first ship home, or of making the quickest passage. Slowly the steamer ranges up among the shipping, and, taking up her berth, the chain cable rattles through the hawse-holes, and we are at anchor.

While we are waiting for a sampan to come up (it does not take long) and continue up to Foochow, let us take a look at Pagoda Island. Small, rising like a rock out of the water, it *was* an island; but within the last few years the sand has silted up between it and the mainland, and the channel behind has gradually closed up. The island is crowned by its ruined pagoda of seven stories, the only ascent being by the outside, which is rather nervous work; the top-storey has fallen in, or rather to pieces, and an old tree grows out of the ruins. The rest of the island is strewn over with enormous black boulders, toppling one over the other in the most apparently insecure manner, but happily safe. One instance however did occur here of a gentleman having built a bunglow for himself just underneath one of these stones, which stone having become loosened from some cause or other, the ponderous mass slid slowly down; only a few feet, it is true, but yet sufficient to demolish one of the walls of the house, and to intrude a huge corner into the drawing-room, whence it had to be chiselled out piecemeal. Such accidents are, however, fortunately of the rarest.

On the island are a few large stores for the convenience of ships; and on the mainland close at hand is a small village, which forms the sink, as it were of Foochow, and is the nest of all the "rowdies" and bad characters who assemble there. There is this advantage about such a place as this, namely, that Foochowfoo itself, in consequence, is kept in a great measure free from such pests, and is hence one of the quietest and most tranquil of the Treaty Ports.

By this time the sampans will be swarming round the steamer; in fact they are sometimes a perfect nuisance, hanging about her for hours after the passangers have left; and they are held in great dislike by the masters, in consequence of the touters and crimps making use of them to smuggle themselves on board, and fill the minds of the crew with wild ideas of better berths in other ships, more pay, less work, &c., &c., thus making them discontented and disobedient to order. So much trouble is caused by them, indeed, that these boats are sometimes entirely tabooed.

We remember a ludicrous incident occurring on such an occasion, when, being on board a steamer alongside which no sampan was allowed to come, and being ignorant of this order, we had hailed a boat, which in due course came up. The mate, seeing it, and not knowing the circumstances, took it for a crimp's boat, and quietly getting up a large bucket of water, dashed it over the chattering crew. Their frantic rage as, drenched by the unused and abhorred element on which they passed their lives, they grinned and cursed every one and everything, was most laughable. These sampans are of the same sort as those we have already met with, but interspersed with them are perhaps two or three house-boats, as they are called, which are far superior. They are the property of the foreign firms at Foochow, almost each of which owns one, flying its house or distinguishing flag. Many of them are most comfortable, and even luxurious: a large boat with spacious cabin, glass windows, and venetian curtains, broad covered seats, sometimes a table, and with crew of eight, ten, or even twelve men. They carry a great quantity of sail.

Let us enter a house-boat, kindly placed at our disposal by one of the firms, and continue our voyage up the river. The tide has turned, and is in our favour, as is also the breeze. Our luggage is safely stowed under the half-deck, the mast has been set up, and the sail is ready for hoisting; a farewell to our courteous captain, and we have shoved off. Some of the crew propel the boat through the water with their usual stamping and droning accompaniment; the others, with much shouting, have succeeded in getting up the fore and main sail, and the broad boat is now drawing rapidly ahead, the water hissing and bubbling under her flat bottom. As she heels over to the breeze, the rowers lay aside their oars and retire to the back of the wooden house, as the cabin is called, where they lie about basking in the sun, leaving perhaps one man in the fore part to watch the sail. So we glide gently and swiftly along, and it is most enjoyable lounging on the soft cushions, letting the pale-blue smoke of a good cheroot curl lazily out of one's mouth, and watching the gently receding and well-cultivated shores, a light breeze playing through the partly open venetians. So far preferable to the clanking of the screw of the steamer, or being victim to the effect of an adverse tide, when, sitting in the cabin, the unfortunate traveller sees the banks on either side almost stationary, and is mainly occupied in urging to further exertions some ten boatmen, who are shouting a monotonous "time-keeping" tune, stamping heavily with one foot each time they move the body forward. Stunned by the noise, it is with no pleasurable emotions he contemplates this stamping and plunging of these ten pairs of dirty legs, some of them, it is true, well shaped, but the greater part deformed by swollen muscles and varicose veins. Moreover, going *against* tide, he is likely to spend some seven hours *en route*, while on the other hand, the "with-the-tide" does it in two hours and a half; and this is happily our case. So we rustle along, leaving behind us every now and then some sampan or inferior boat, and the head of old Kooshan looms (sometimes) out of his cloudy frame, and allows us to see what he is like; but mostly he is shy, and shrouds himself in an impenetrable veil of fog and mist.

The land on the south side is generally low-lying, and on the north side it trends upwards towards Kooshan. Presently we pass a huge wood junk bound for Ningpo; and these vessels are so curious, and the ingenuity displayed in their stowage so great, that we may be pardoned a word or two on the subject. Ningpo, with which so much of the trade in wood in connection with Foochow takes place, is situated some three hundred miles up the coast, behind the Chusan Islands. Enormous quantities of wood are sent there every year, almost all in poles, used for building masts for junks and fishing-boats, &c. The junks which carry this wood make a special trade of it, and are usually called Ningpo wood junks; the hulls are painted white with a few black streaks, and light-coloured mat or cotton cloth sails. They are of great breadth, nearly flat-bottomed, and standing very high out of the water when unladen. This and their great strength of construction will be explained by their process of taking cargo.

The Chinese have always been considered a curious people, and some author has written an amusing chapter on their peculiarity of reversing all western modes: wearing white for mourning; old men flying kites, while young ones look on (a mistake, by the way), playing shuttle cock with the feet, presenting a coffin as the most suitable offering to a sick parent, reading books backwards, printing by rubbing the paper on the types, instead of stamping the types on the paper, the old folks doing the courtship, while the young ones are ignored, and so forth; but he has omitted one point of difference, which will strike the reader as somewhat strange: the Chinese agent of the wood junk puts the cargo *outside,* and leaves *the hold empty.* We have been over these junks, several of them of great size, and can vouch for the fact. The natives use them as floats, and ingeniously bind the poles of wood to the two sides of the vessel with rattan ropes, trebling it, as it were, in width, and loading the decks with as much timber as they can, leaving space for the working of the sails. The hold remains empty, and acts as a buoy or float to the immense cargo. Thus these vessels will in one voyage carry more wood than an European vessel of double tonnage could take in two.

We soon round under the point of Kooshan, making the half-way Pagoda, a small and elegantly-formed obelisk, which stands out well in the river, and forms a prominent landmark. Near this spot is the sunken wall laid down by the Chinese authorities in years gone by to prevent the ascent to Foochow of the fire-wheel ships of the red-bristled barbarians, as they then dared to call us to our faces. This wall has most disastrously carried out the then wishes of the mandarins, although not at all in the manner desired by them; for the blocks of stone and the rubbish which they then insanely throw into the Min have formed a sort of wall on which the sand of the river has silted up with each returning tide, until, burying the stones beneath, a widespreading bank forks out across the river, blocking it up to all but vessels of the very lightest draught. Year after year the inexorable sand extends its bounds; spit follows spit, bank rises after bank, ton after ton of mud ballast is heaved into the river from the trading junks; on every side the needy fisherman, struggling for his daily bread, plants in the river his line of bamboo poles as far as he can from the bank, and stretches on them his nets; the sand rises around these poles at first in tiny ledges, but gathering rapidity of expansion as they gain bulk, the water shallows, the sand rises, the dust comes, the *ground* hardens. The husbandman, equally needy with the fisherman, obtains possession, lays soil, and soon the patch is green with a rising crop. Thus this once fine river, which for centuries has served as a highway for fleets of junks carrying on a large coasting trade, is now becoming so shallow that even the little gunboats of his Majesty's fleet have to avail themselves of the highest tides to get up and down the river between Foochowfoo and the anchorage.

Added to this, a minor evil, although unhappily it has been attended more than once by fatal consequences, has arisen in the freshets, or chowchow water, as it is called, which abound in this river, and are caused by the constant shifting of the artificial sandbanks, and the rapid swirl of the waters through the holes and narrow crannies left between. People bathing and seamen falling overboard in the harbour have been sucked down by these little whirlpools, and only cast up again to the surface far from the spot where they sank, and of course with life extinct; in some cases the bodies have even disappeared altogether.

Turning another angle in the river, we pass between two widespreading "stretches" of paddy fields, dotted here and there with little villages, clustered together under and among groups of ancient wide-spreading Chinese banyans, or nestling against the sides of some of the low-lying hills, bespattered, as it were, with boulders and masses of rock, blackened with age, interspersed with clumps of dark firs and home-like olive-trees, with their deep green glossy leaves and straight stems. Here and there a dusky sturdy native—with tattered blue jacket girt round his waist by perhaps his turban, his head bristling with a fortnight's growth of hair, shielded from the heat of the midday sun by a wide-spreading mat hat, his white or blue cotton trousers tucked up high on his sinewy legs,—wallows along the muddy bank, gaining a precarious existence by the produce of his researches after fresh-water shell-fish, occasionally finding a prize in some waif or stray, an old box may—be, or a hat, a basket, a bit of old matting soaked by water—a pole, anything in act; for here in China truly may it be said that *all* is grist that comes to the mill. Heaps of filth and garbage that the most indigent *chiffonnier* of the Quartier Latin would pass with disdain, is eagerly turned over half-a-dozen times by as many of his Chinese *confrères* each of whom will find something for which he can obtain money or money's worth.

Further on, we pass some ruddy-looking country-girl, her glossy black hair decked with natural flowers, trudging along the bank humming some country song and guiding before her some ungainly buffalo of truculent aspect, with muddy and mud coloured hide, his fierce-looking little eyes glaring out from under his shaggy brows and coarse backward-spreading horns.

On the north, the basin in which Foochow lies opens to the view a noble area some twenty miles across, hemmed in by lefty bold-looking hills. Conspicuous among them old Kooshan rears his bald, head some three thousand feet above the level of the sea; sinking a little, the ridge stretches along the northern arc, and rises into the Peling range, the remarkable "Nipple Hill" pointing out the great pass to the highlands lying beyond, the nearest tea-growing district to Foochow. The western hills lie far on the horizen, showing up ever and anon in some grandlooking mountain, and terminates abruptly with the precipitous crown of peaks called the Lover's Leap, or the Five Tigers.

Between this and Kooshan the river bifurcates around the island of Nantai; and on the north side of the main branch is the fair "city of banyans," as Foochow is called, like a jewel in its setting,—a pearl among emeralds; for around it stretch on every side, from the ancient moats to the mountain foot, the paddy-fields, over which the shoots of the young rice crop spread a flowing carpet of tender green, charming and soothing the eye, which aches from the bright glare of the sun. Soon we see before us the outlying craft of the great squadron usually trading at Foochow; and in a few minutes we are flying through the ranks of vast junks, creaking and straining as the swift flood tide drives them taut up to their massy coir cables. Hugging near into the Nantai shore, we pass the foreign mercantile establishments, here and there at first, then more frequently, until at length they form nearly a continuous line, many of them noble edifices. These are nearly all the mere business houses, the private residences of the owners dotting the hill-side above. We struggle along through the maze of lofty hulls and swarming sampans, until, turning the nose of our comfortable house-boat in shore, we bring up at the landing-place of one of the foreign establishments, and close to the celebrated bridge of Foochowfoo.

CAMBALU.

THE GEETA OR THE HINDU BIBLE.

The Bhagabat Geeta may not inaptly be called the Hindu Bible, as it contains philosophical and ethical precepts and principles equal in importance and value to the precepts of Jesus Christ. It is a treatise on theology communicated by Krishna to his friend and pupil Arjuna during a short suspension of the engagement between the Pandava and the Kuru armies. In point of poetical conception, there is something peculiarly striking and magnificent in the introduction of this solemn discussion on the nature of the Godhead and the destiny of man. According to Monier Williams, the Bhagavat Geeta lies in the Mahabharata like a pearl contributing with other numerous episodes to the tesselated character of that immense epic. The principal points discussed in the Geeta relate to the relations between soul and God, the properties of Nature and soul, the universe and God, nature of the future existence, the nature of the steps—knowledge, work and faith—by which Yoga or union of soul with God can be secured and the moral responsibility of man &c.

The relation between Soul and God.

O Arjuna, elevate yourself, by concentrated faith, to the Supreme Being who pervades the universe and in whom all Nature is included. Chap. viii, v. 22.

Since God is distinct from senseless matter (which is liable to destruction) and is superior to the human soul, He is called Purushottama, the Supreme Being not only in this world, but in the Vedas. Chap. xv, v. 18.

Purusha is that superior being who is called Moheshwara, the great God, the most high spirit, who in this body is the observer, the director, the protector and the partaker. Chap. xiii, v. 22.

The same view is expressed in the Upanishads.

Two beautiful birds rest on the same tree. They are mutual friends. One of them enjoys the fruit of good actions, the other fasts and is a mere spectator. Mundaka, Chap. 1, v. 1.

Omkar is like a bow, the soul is like an arrow and Brahma is the aim. Attain the Supreme Being even as an arrow reaches the object aimed at. Mundaka, Chap. ii, v. 8.

The relation of soul to God has been likened to that of salt and water. As salt dissolves itself in water, the soul in its state of salvation becomes one with God.

The relation between God and the Universe.

According to the Geeta the universe though distinct from God has been created by Him and rests in Him.

O Aurjuna, know that God is the eternal seed of all Nature. Chap. vii, v. 10.

There is nothing greater than God ; and all things hang on Him even as precious gems upon a string. Chap. vii, v. 7.

Understand that all things rest in God as the mighty air passing every where rests for ever in the ethereal space, Chap. ix, v. 6.

According to the Geeta, God is not only the Creator but the Regulator of the universe. The action of nature is regulated by divine laws. Nature is handmaid to God, acting as it were under order. By God's supervision, Nature produces both the movable and the immovable. It is from this source that the universe is born. Chap. iv, v. 10.

The Properties of Nature and soul.

Sri Krishna in one place has said that nothing is there superior to God, but adopting the doctrine of the Sankhya philosophy, has pronounced Nature and Soul as eternal. Chap. XIII, v. 10.

If, according to the Geeta, Nature and Soul are eternal, then they stand on the same footing with God, that is to say, become co-eternal with Him. In that case, God cannot be superior to matter ; in other words, the universe resolves itself into an evolution of matter. How to reconcile this inconsistency ? In order to understand the Hindu Shastras, the apparently contradictory opinions must be reconciled by taking a comprehensive view of the provision as a whole and not in parts. Thus in Chap. VII verses 4 and 5, we find the following exposition of the matter :—The divine principle is divided into 8 elements : earth, water, fire, air and ether, together with mind, understanding and self-consciousness. But besides this, know that God has another superior principle distinct from this, which is of a vital nature supporting this world.

Here the origin of Nature and soul is traced to God. When it is said that Nature and soul are eternal it must be understood that they have no ultimate source or origin. They emanate from the divine essence.

The future existence.

The Geeta lays down doctrines as to the existence of a previous and future world, but it does not seem to inculcate that human souls animate the bodies of inferior animals. Man is born with privilege to know God; how can he be born as a beast deprived of such privilege? A man, however depraved he may be, knows when he does anything wrong. When he has the faculties of judging of what is right and wrong, how can he be degraded to the rank of brutes devoid of conscience? As the soul in this mortal frame finds infancy, youth and old age, so in some future existence will it find the same. Chap. ii, v. 13.

As men put on new clothes putting off the old, so the soul inhabits a new body quitting the old. Chap. ii, v. 22.

The observers of the Vedic ordinances, after enjoying great heavenly bliss, are born in this world, after the stock of their virtues is exhausted. This process of going to and fro (death and rebirth) continues so long as they are under the influence of desires. Chap. ix, v. 21.

There are differences of opinion on the transmigration of souls. The best course for us should be, to rise above the pretensions of hostile sects, and without being terrified by the fear of future punishment or allured by the hope of future happiness, we should be content with such practical religion as consists in performing the duties of life; and uncontrolled by the dogmas of any particular creed, we should strive to make the soul retire inward upon itself and by the efforts of its own contemplation, admire the ineffable grandeur of the Being of beings, the Supreme cause of all created things.

Steps by which Yoga or Union with God can be secured.

Knowledge.

The soul cannot be pierced by weapons, burned by fire, dissolved by water or dried up by air. Chap. i, v. 23.

The soul alone endures pain and pleasure. Chap. viii, v. 20.

So in the Upanishads. It is the enlightened soul that sees, touches, hears, smells, tastes, feels and acts. It has been shown that the soul and the universe reside in the Supreme Being. When I know that my soul resides in God, I know also that the souls of others reside in Him. As I know I have a soul, so from the fact of seeing and hearing I know that there is some thing in me which sees and hears, I draw similar inferences with respect to the souls of others. As I know that all souls reside in God, so I know that all senseless matter resides also in the Supreme Being. Thus the knowledge of soul is the foundation of all knowledge relating to God and the universe. This is the sublimest of all truths. Like Decartes, Vyasdeb deduces in the Geeta the knowledge of God from a knowledge of the soul. The Cartesian theory is summed up thus :—

Nothing is certain but thought; nor are there any truths except those which follow from the operation of our own conscience. We have no knowledge of our soul except as a thinking substance, and it were easier for us to believe that the soul should cease to exist than that it should cease to think. As to man himself, what is he but the incarnation of thought? For that which constitutes the man is not his bones nor his flesh nor his blood: These are the accidents, the incumbrances, the impediments of his nature. But the man himself is the thought The invisible I, the ultimate fact of existence, the mystery of life is this :—I am a thing that thinks. This therefore is the beginning—the basis of our knowledge. The thought of each man is the last element to which analysis can carry us; it is the Supreme Judge of every thing; it is the starting point of all wisdom. Taking our stand on this ground we rise to the perception of the Deity. For our belief in His divine existence is an irrefragable proof that He exists. Otherwise whence does this belief arise? Since nothing can come out of nothing, and no effect can be without a cause, it follows that the idea we have of God must have an origin, and this origin whatever name we give it, is no other than God. Thus the ultimate proof of His existence is our idea of it. Instead therefore of saying that we know ourselves because we believe in God, we should rather say that we believe in God because we know ourselves. This is the order and precedence of things. The thought of every man is sufficient to prove his existence and it is the only proof which he can ever possess. Such therefore is the supremacy and dignity of the human intellect that even this highest of all matters flows from it as from its sole source, so that self-knowledge is the first step towards the attainment of true knowledge.

The next step of *Jnanayoya* is equanimity of mind. The wise man is pleased with whatever he may by chance, obtain, enduring heat and cold, devoid of malice, the same in prosperity and adversity, and is not subject to the bondage of this world, though acting his part therein. Chap. iv, v. 23.

Knowledge is superior to sacrificial offerings. Everything is perfected by knowledge. Chap. iv, v. 33.

There is nothing so sacred on earth as knowledge; that is, purifies man so much as knowledge. The man perfected by *yoga* learns it within himself in time. Chap. iv, v. 38.

Having due regard for precepts and through diligent application and self-restraint one acquires knowledge which soon ends in the attainment of beatitude. Chap iv, v. 39.

As the tortoise can draw in his limbs so when the *yogee* can exercise command over his passions. so as to easily restrain them from their objects, his wisdom is confirmed. Chap. ii, v. 58.

Work.

Man does not attain freedom from action by not performing action. By asceticism also he does not attain to final emancipation. Chap. iii, v. 4.

The proper course is to perform our duties leaving the consequences in the hands of God. The Geeta inculcates the golden rule:—virtue is its own reward. He is the real Sanyasi and Yogee who performs his duties without any hope of reward. Doing wrong without regard to consequences is certainly reprehensible.

The objects of senses draw back from an abstinent person but not his passions; but the passions fly from him who has seen the Supreme Being. Chap. ii, v. 59.

The injunctions of Manu are also to the same effect. Attain your all-desired end by subduing the mind and the senses so that the body may not be enfeebled. Manu, Chap. ii, v. 100.

It is not advisable to enfeeble the body by fasting and mortification of the passions. If such austerities produce a negative result by disabling one from the commission of sins, they at the same time prove obstacles to positive virtue. The principal use of the senses and faculties of the mind is to promote the progress of the ideal in knowledge and virtue. Those who instead of putting a proper check on the passions so that they may perform their legitimate functions, try to destroy them altogether are certainly not wise. Those who through indiscretion cause the outward and inward functions of the body to deteriorate must certainly be set down as of demoniac nature.—Chap. xvii, v. 6.

On the other hand, intemperance or indulgence should be avoided. The best course is to observe the golden mean between austerity and intemperance. Neither surfeit nor fasting, too much sleep or utter absence of it, is favourable to the practice of *yoga*. Chap. vi, v. 16.

The harmony and free development of life can only be attained by exercising its principal functions boldly and without fear. These functions are of two kinds; one set of them increasing the happiness of the mind, the other set that of the body. For, every enjoyment by which no man is injured is innocent, and every innocent enjoyment is praiserworthy because it exerts in diffusing the spirit of interest and satisfaction which is favourable to the practice of benevolence towards others.

Faith.

The 3rd step of Yoga. When the heart is purified by the performance of our duties, and when a knowledge of our soul and of God is attained, faith spontaneously springs up in the mind. When we realise the relationship of father and son in God and ourselves, we cannot fail to revere and admire Him and love our fellow creatures as brothers. Mere dry knowledge and unfeeling action without faith may lead to hardness of heart incompatible with that lowliness, benevolence and piety which spring from faith. A harmonious observance of the three processes—knowledge, work and faith—is indispensably necessary for man in attaining Yoga or devotion.

They alone are principal *yogees* who are devoted to God praying to Him with reverence. Chap. vi, v. 2.

And prayer consists in loving God and doing His will. God forthwith delivers those from the terror of this world of mortality who are devoted to Him and who leave all consequences of their acts in His hands, who contemplate and pray to Him with concentrated reverence. Chap. xii, vs. 6, 7.

The Moral Responsibility of Man.

Sin is an obstacle to Yoga. Is it God that makes us commit sins or do we commit them of our own free will? There cannot be any doubt that we are the masters of our own actions whether sinful or virtuous. God gives us moral force to follow the path of righteousness and resist temptations to vice. But it is inconsistent with Divine Nature to corrupt mankind by wicked thoughts or evil desires as we cannot conceive the all-merciful to be so cruel as to punish us for our sins, having himself incited us to them. Man himself is liable for his sins and reaps the fruit of his virtue. Men commit sins through the influence of lust and anger. This lust is an obstacle to salvation being strong and insatiable. Chap. iii, v. 37.

You should therefore first subdue your passions and get the better of this sinful destroyer of wisdom and knowledge. Chap. iii, v. 41.

These extracts clearly show that the Geeta holds man responsible for his sins. The following Sloka may give rise to a different view, but a right reading of what follows and precedes it, reconciles this apparent inconsistency.

All propensities, good or evil, proceed from God. They are dependent on Him but He is not subject to them. Chap ii, v. 12.

But the 15th verse in the same chapter clearly lays down that delusion (maya) is the source of all ignorance and moral turpitude. They alone do not pray to and revere God who are sinful, ignorant and mean-minded, who have lost their wisdom through delusion (maya) and who are ungodly. Chap. vii, v. 15.

God resides in the breast of every moral being revolving with His supernatural power all things which are mounted on the universal wheel of time. Ch. xviii, v. 61.

God does not influence us viciously but uses us as instruments for the fulfilment of His good design. It requires purity of heart to know what is agreeable to Him.

The nature of Prayer or Devine Service prescribed in the Geeta.

Whatever may be the mode in which men pray to God, He serves them according to it. Chap. iv, v. 11.

Thus the view of religion inculcated in the Geeta is not narrow or sectarian, but broad and catholic. Those who pray with reverence to other gods in fact pray to God though irregularly, Chap. ix, v. 23.

The Geeta lays much stress on the practice of morality as a means of securing the special favour of God and thereby attaining salvation.

One who bears malice to nobody, is friendly and kind towards all, exempt from pride and selfishness, who is the same in prosperity and adversity, always cheerful, forbearing, constantly devout, self-restrained, and rests firm faith in God, devoting his mind and wisdom to His service is His favourite. Chap. xii vs. 13, 14.

According to Manu, the essential features of virtue (dharma) are patience, forgiveness, self-control, absence of cupidity, purity, subjection of the senses or passions, wisdom, learning, truthfulness and equanimity or want of irritability.

Religion may be considered under two general heads; the first comprehends what we are to believe, the other what we are to practise for the regulation of our conduct and the discharge of our duties The one is the province of faith, the other of morality. Faith seems to draw its principal, if not all, its excellence from the influence it has upon morality and no article of faith can be true and authentic that weakens or subverts morality which is the practical part of religion.

Religious rites and ceremonies are intended to produce moral results—to form an excellent moral character by purifying the heart. It cannot be said that purity of heart can be attained only by minute and punctilious observance of such rites and ceremonies and by no other means.

Such being the case, want of uniformity in their observance is not of any practical moment. Moral efficacy is the true test of their usefulness, and if that is secured otherwise, religious antipathy or persecution based upon such want of uniformity is highly objectionable. Proselytising zeal to be of any value should be directed to make converts to ideas of sound morality which are invariable, and not to those of religious or customary formalities which are variable. Besides, rites serve only to smother living piety beneath mechanical forms. The moral standard being common to all forms of faith can easily reconcile all differences in them and will meet with little or no opposition.

What is Rational Happiness according to the Geeta?

Happiness has been divided into the three classes as it is founded upon true knowledge or wisdom, covetousness or lust and ignorance or delusion. There are three qualities arising from nature—Satwa, truth, Rajas, passion and Tamas, darkness, and each of them confines the incorruptible soul in the body. Chap. xiv, v. 5.

From the rational attribute (Satwa Guna) arises wisdom, from the carnal attribute (rajaguna) covetousness or lust and from the delusive attribute (tamaguna) error, delusion, and ignorance. Chap. xiv, v. 17.

That is rational happiness which flows from habit, puts an end to miseries, proceeds from self-knowledge and though at first is bitter like poison, proves in the long run to be as sweet as nectar. Ch. xviii, vs. 36, 37.

K. C. KANJILAL, B.L.

THE FAIR ROSE OF CASHMERE—XXXV.

The temple was filled with sounds, the drum rolled, the bells jangled, the din of tongs deafened the ear. The square thronged with men and women. From the cloister holy men seated on pieces of tiger skin were chanting hymns. The evening service was going on. The air was redolent of the odour of fumigation, puffs of eddying white smoke rose from many points of the platform.

The chief and his comrades attended the service till its close. They took their departure and were once again crunching the dusty face of the highway. The moon had risen. Its silver beam bathed the landscape in a glow of lustre, giving them a clear view of the surrounding as they moved in files, the schoolmaster and the astrologer foremost, the sirdar, the cavalier and the adjutant several paces behind, Jawala Prosad and Khurruck Singh following next and after them the Major and the chief.

Silence brooded over the scene save for a sudden screech of some night bird.

"Great Heaven, what omen is this ?" cried the schoolmaster with a wide, dilated, winkless sort of stare.

"What makes you look so strangely," jested the astrologer.

"We must put ourselves at our greatest possible speed. I smell danger," said he nervously.

"Ha, ha, you are coward and craven to the last," laughed the other—a rolling, rippling laughter.

"Stop that laughing," whined he. "On the fulcrum of nonsense turns your liver of wit to produce only a fit of hysteria."

"A truce to the nasty gibberish."

"Shut, you dipthong of folly and stupidity," he returned scowling. "Had you a relish for beauty of language you would not be the idiot you are," the pedagogue was stung by the disparaging reference to his style of speaking.

"Don't be too complimentary or I'll see if a clod of earth will fit your mouth."

"Ha, ha, you feel the pinch," laughed he, it was a mirthless laugh, full of subdued wrath. "I say again to your face that if your sense and understanding be applied as forces to a wheel and axle the algebraical sum of their motion will be zero."

"Pity, your figures do not well balance," the astrologor broke again into a mocking laugh.

"A thousand pities you have no brain—you possessive adjective having for its snbstantive indefinite foolishness," the pedagogue was getting horribly provoked.

"Measure up your own brain and see what it is worth you dunce, you loggerhead, you dunderpate," the other kept up the jeer.

"There is no harmonical progression in your words," he criticised sharply. "If by the rules of equation your wit be resolved into its quadratic factors, the proportion of vulgarism would be found too great," a grin overspred his features.

"You are an ass to think so," cried the other half laughing, half angry.

"You are a God's ape," howled the pedagogue visibly smarting under what he took to be a taunt. "I am loath to have any more speech with you." He pursed up his lips and shot ahead as though to shun his company.

As he rounded a sharp turn of the path he became aware of an appearance floating along its grassy border. On the instant from its likeness to the prince he recognised the figure as his and believing him to be dead was overwhelmed by the startling impression that it was his spirit.

"Oh horror, what's there, a ghost, a ghost," he screamed in a shocking fright, staggered back and swimming away measured his length on the ground.

"Ghost, ghost," shrieked the astrologer who was the next to percieve it. He fell back trembling violently.

"Hallo, what's up?" shouted the others rushing forward; but came anon to a dead halt, startled at what they beheld. It was the form of the prince as real and lifelike as could be. There was no mistaking the identity, the eyes, the nose, the cheeks the same, the same. Was it a purely subjective hallucination, a delusion, the mere phantasy of an overheated brain? No, no, there was no delusion, no deception of the eye, it was the prince, an objective reality. There was no brooding over his memory just then, no thinking of him to lead them to visualise their ideas.

They stood looking aghast.

"Can the dead return to life," the Sirdar shook out the words in a tone which spelt awe and amazement.

"No, no, that's his spirit, in form as perfect as he had in life" thrilled the adjutant's trembling voice.

Riveted to the spot, uncertain whether to go forward or fall back, feeling an awful dread, they were wondering what could the visitation mean.

"It seems to be moving towards us," chattered the cavalier in tremulous accents.

"Let it come, what fear, we are seven to one,'' Khurruck Sing plucked up a courage.

"The desire to speak seems to be legible on its face," mumbled the chief whose eyes were focussed on the approaching form.

"Let me address it," the Major ventured.

All shouted out '*Joyram*' (1).

"Friend spirit," he began in a quivering voice. "Art thou come to tell us where in eternity thou art in being ? Art thou come to reveal the mystery of the vast unknown, the mystery that pervades every chamber of thy being, or is it that thy nature is obsequious to the kingdom of darkness and hence thou seekst the light of earth ? Say friend, is anything troubling thy soul ? Has death by profane hand reduced thee to the powers of hell ? But how comest thou from where there can be no return. Are the gates of Hades open for exit. Say friend wherefore art thou here. Art thou watching over us, by association to forward our plans, or can it be that thou art wondering round the scene of thy death, haunting the places thy feet had last trod in life——"

"Look, look, it raises its right arm," cried the Sirdar agitatedly.

"Be not alarmed comrades, I am no more dead than you are," vociferated the figure, drawing nearer.

"Listen, listen, it speaks, the same voice as in life,' exclaimed the adjutant.

"Be not alarmed, comrades. I have not lost my individuality. Feel me, I am of flesh and blood, just as you are," the figure held out its hand for the Major to press.

"By God, this can never be a spectral hand," cried the Major gripping it. "Can it be you are alive ?"

---

(1) An invocation of the Deity.

"Of course, as full of life as you are. You think I was killed that night. No I was captured. I contrived to slip away unperceived. No more delusion comrades. give me your hand each of you."

He shook hands with each.

"Heaven be thanked," cried voices in a chorus.

Great was the joy of all when they realised that he was a living personality, not an unearthly spectre. The astrologer recovering from his fright and the pedagogue regaining composure joined their voices to the chorus of delight.

The prince gave them a full account of his escapade.

"I heard of your arrival with a large army," added he "I was going to your camp. On the way I espied you crossing the fields. I kept your trail but missed it among the scrubs. Imagining you might be sauntering somewhere in the vicinity I shot into a by-path by sheer instinct and was awaiting your return, After long tedious waiting I saw you coming back. To make fun I sprang a surprise on you. The pedagogue took me for a ghost and raised an alarm," he paused and then said. "My friends my heart bleeds to break you the sad news that the princess is no more." He related in detail his meeting with Chitrelekha.

From jubilation they subsided to a gloomy mood as they received the sad tidings. For a moment they felt that all their exertions were misspent. There remained no need to storm the castle. Retaliation was now the inspiring principle of their action. They led the prince to their camp and with unanimous consent gave him the chief command.

They found a new adherent in Raja Protap Sing. The abduction of Joyonti having led to the discovery of a secret intrigue in which the Sultan was found to be the principal factor there was trembling in the city. The public mind was exercised by the apprehension that the tyrant had ostensibly withdrawn his legions from the country but was hovering round to make any point his objective which afforded the means of gratifying his lust. All hearts were filled with anxiety for the safety of their women folks. The prince who shared the popular view felt constrained to take drastic measures for the protection of his state notwithstanding the enormous odds of encountering a power so immensely superior, but as the arrival of a large retributive force brought to relief the gravity of the situation and lessened his hazards he eagerly embraced the opportunity, He opened communications with the allies and mustering a force of twenty thousand men offered to join their standard. The allies received his offer with congratulation and by a strategic arrangement he intrenched his force on the border of his dominion to hasten to their aid when the moment came.

The moslem force was ready, each troop in its place, every leader knew what he had to do. No less eager were the allied host for a decisive issue, the fighting effervescence in their blood was aflame. Thus for three days the two armies faced each other.

CHAPTER XX.

The Battle.

The grey light of dawn broke over the long perspective of the hostile lines and over the vast plain that lay between. As far as the eye could reach nothing was to be seen but colour, figure and glittering steel.

The allied army was drawn up in a phalaux. Its face consisted of two outspread corps—the chief's spearmen and the Guikwar archers—in parallel lines. Two cavalry brigades flanked it. Separated by an interval was the mainbody, formed of square battalions: Its right centre was under the command of the Chief, the Major was in command of the left. The cavalier commanded the right wing, the Sirdar's division formed the left A colossal cavalry force with rocket men by thousands composed the right and left flanks. The main infantry mass under the border princes, in rank and file close and deep, spread out in several columns behind. It preceded a rear guard of strong infantry corps and cavalry divisions.

Away beyond the plain was the Moslem army in battle array, gay with flags and glittering crescents. Many different uniforms and diverse features varied its long perspective. At its front was a picked body of fifteen thousand mailed horsemen, the flower of the Turkish chivalry, Huge lines of Afghan infantry and masses of Beloochoe horse composed its right wing and right flank. In the centre were disposed Turkish horse and foot under Adil Shah the Commander-in-Chief. On the left wing were Arab, Tartar and Moor troops. Next in line were Persian foot soldiers and archers mounted on elephants. On the far left there was a body of ten thousand horse and foot, forming the first reserve. Behind the whole army on a rising ground, shaded by a giant elm was the tent of the Sultan and with him a second reserve of seven thousand Caucasian guards: The Moslem army was a magnificent spectacle with the cresent and star, with colours waving, and the armour glistening,

As the lord of Ghazni road along the lines a tremendous shout of 'Long live the Sultan' burst from the mighty host, seeming to quake the very vault of Heaven. It echoed over the plain, through the far-off hills, was plainly heard by the grimly listening ranks of the allies.

As for the latter there was no tumult of enthusiasm visible among them. Silence brooded over their position, broken only now and then by the voices of the commanding officers, varying in cadence and distance. Every man stood steady at his post, with iron composure. 'Stand to your arm,' 'See to your weapons,' 'have your bows ready strung,' were the cries that sounded sternly.

Spear in one hand and a large shield in the other the spearmen stood shoulder to shoulder, neck and neck, boot to boot. The archers had adjusted the nicks to the bow-string, raised their bows in swift silence and drawing the butt to their ear waited for the moment of assault. Every drop of blood was afire in every vein.

For sometime both sides played the waiting game, At last the Sultan launched his great cavalry attack. The pipe shrilled, the drum rolled, he shouted out 'charge.'

Four divisions numbering fifteen thousand men, armoured from head to heel, moved forward in echelon. At full gallap they came on, almost shaking the earth with their steady tread. It was an appalling vision of waving plumes and gleaming sabres. Nothing could be more majestic, nothing more menacing than the advance of this gallant force. The clank of accoutrement, the clatter of spurs and scabbards, the thunder of galloping hoofs loaded the air with sounds. Like a sea broken loose the living flood inundated the plain.

To meet the assault the prince had quickly drawn up the spearmen in a long chequer of squares, corner to corner. The men were packed so close that their shields touched one another making a solid wall. Behind the shield wall the archers were rushed into position with the bows held at the required angle and elevation. A thrill ran through them, each man braced himself up.

The tramp of the charging squadrons sounded nearer and nearer, the lines of shining points gleamed brighter. With a grim and silent fury the men came up.

Quicker than lightning the spearmen in the front line were down on their knees, the line behind stooped, those in the third drew themselves up to their full height; the shields in their outstretched arms made one continuous barrier of tough hide bristling with protrusive spear points. In the full momentum of their charge the leading squadrons rode up to the gleaming points, were thrust back by a push of steel, halted before the tossing fringe. To dash through that deadly hedge seemed impossible. Their pride shrivelled before the menacing front.

"Charge bowmen, pour in your arrows, charge, charge," the prince gave the command.

Bows twanged with one accord. Like an avalanche arrows sped on and dropped on the human target. Shower upon shower they went hissing. The horses in the leading columns fell, their riders were brought heavily to the ground. But this did not stop the headlong advance of the others who came right up and made an attempt to ride down the barrier. The spears pushed keenly home, the slings played, the archers rained fatal bolts. The cruel missiles made huge gaps in their ranks. Men dropped thick and fast. The flood swung back. Simultaneously a brigade of mounted lancers smote the broken masses on the flanks and rolled them up.

"Halt, front, reform," rose the shrill cry of the commanding officer and the deeper shouts of his subalterns.

The disordered squadrons fell grimly into formation. Again rang the fierce tramp of the iron-shod hoofs. Again rose the vision of a sea in motion with ten thousand points of gleaming steel. The broken cavalry had rallied in a furious charge, came dashing, the officers fiercely leading.

The prince rode from square to square.

"Stand to your ground to the last man," he exhorted.

"We will," they cried.

The charging squadrons were received in the old style, by the front line with the spear, by the archery with deadly shafts, the slingers plied then with sling-stones. The horses were impaled on the plunging steel, the men rolled headlong out of the saddle. Into the reeling lines the bowmen shot in relays, volley after volley. Squads fell before that iron hail. The charging columns faltered and sank into a shapeless receding mass. The mound of dead and dying formed a solid barrier between the worsted survivores and the iron edge of the allied ronks.

"Rally the men," rang voices in stentorian tones.

The scattered divisions reformed. There was another mad rush across the open, another impetu s dash on the whole front of the allies. The spearmen checked the rush at all points. Their stubborn lines remained unbroken. From behind the sheild-wall they thrust forward the pointed steel straight for a head, or a breast. The archery from behind blew an iron storm. Bows twanged like harps, away went shafts as straight as arrow ever flew. Riders were unhorsed, horses rolled on the ground.

Several times was the scene repeated. The worsted columns rolled sullenly back, the head was thrown back upon the rear, both flanks were overlapped. The mass had broken into units, tumbled and were put to a tumultous flight. In vain had the lord of Ghazni poured on the enemy's lines the whole strength of his magnificent cavalry. The gallant brigade that had made the great charge had contracted to a few wrecked squadrons.

Then followed a counterstrike The prince launched an infantry attack.

"Forward—charge," he shouted the order.

Above the crash of music rose a mighty shout as with levelled spears and uplifted battle-axes his left wing poured forward in dense columns towards the right wing of the enemy. In a whirlwind of dust dashed the furious soldiery—an avalanche of martial figures and gleaming steel—leaving a track of broken limbs and dying men under a hail of javelins from the hostile archery. On, on, they dashed at racing speed, like thunder rolling through the air, swept the plain and brushed aside the smothered squadrons. Battalions of Afghans hurled forward, a wave of fire and fury. Crash they came together—the hostile forces, men and horses—all mixed, all in tumult, the swords cleaved, the axes chopped. Louder and louder was the roar, fiercer the rage of battle. Bang, bang, barked the weapons. It was a pandemonium of sound and scene.

The moslem columns wavered, broke at last. Their first line was carried, next the second. The assailants mowed lanes and furrows in their ranks, smashed format ions, crashed their way through. Vainly were the Afghan swords splintered on the compact of steel, in vain the Beloochee blades clashed against the sweep of the Indian axe. Back, back the beaten mass was driven back, shouting, struggling, leaving behind a broad crimson trail of the dying and the dead. Their centre was fairly broken.

The Sultan flew to the scene, pushed forward a division of his right flank to rally the shattered ranks. The broken centre was restored, the wrecked battalions were replaced by fresh troops. Men deepened into line. Wilder, fiercer and more desperate they rode the race of death.

At the head of a large cavalry the Major general charged at full gallop the left wing of the enemy. On, on, tore on, the solid columns, the steeds snorting, the sabres flashing. Arrows came souse upon them, galled men and horse in that glorious rush. The hetergenous mass of Arabs, Tartars and Moors, had flung themselves promptly into squares, ready with bristling front. Down came the squadrons thundering with a thrust of steel. The impetus was too great.

The squares shivered. Those in the front lines went down, the others dived forward, only to melt before the fiery charge. Yet the men clung to their formation. As fast as one mass was mowed down, another came on, there was no stopping them. The carnage on both sides was sickening. Generals and colonels fought with sword, alongside their troops. It was a fierce hand to hand struggle Crash, crash, the air rang, the prodding lances drove home and deep, the axes swung, the maces rattled.

While the Major charged the enemy's left the chief hastened to hurl a thunderbolt at its right. Ahead he dashed, his redoubtable bowmen in the leading ranks. Upon the charging columns the Tartar archers beat a storm of barbed darts. The missiles whizzed through the air, hustled through their ranks, fell like hail, Then archery answered archery. Arrows whipped from the sheafs, bowled over, flew clicking against the human target. Horse and horsemen rolled in the dust. If the Tartars shot with deadly precision, the hill fighters were no mean markmen. From both sides broke an angry tempest of bolts and javelins, tore through squadrons, tore through columns. Men and horses went down unceasengly under the iron sheet.

"Close up lads," shouted the chief again and again.

The hill squadrons dashed forward in extended order. The enemy's flanks charged out—a succession of dense waves—each line pressed forward by the sheer weight of the men behind. Half-way they came to grips. Hurrah ? the hill men flung themselves at the steel wall. Clash, clash, bang, axe met axe, lance played with lance. Roar and rush, blows and blood, shricks and writhings, the scene became harrowing. What hours before was an empty space was now filled with the frowning visage of war.

The Persians under General Walid Shah made a flank charge to circle round the chief's legions. The elephants were sent forward, backed by squads of galloping horse. The colossal beasts goaded to the combat by the archers on their backs thundered on with a shrill cry of the fiercest rage. With the trunks lifted, the ears flapping, the tails shaking, they came charging up, raged through the ranks, trod on horses and riders. In a few fierce and bloody moments, the hill-men by hundreds were trampled out of existence.

The prince galloped off to his legions of rocket-men.

"Fire," he gave a sharp word of command.

Rockets screeched through the air, dropped in the midst of the huge quadrupeds and exploded. The crash, the sparks, the flashes of flame freightened them. Nor would the horses face the scene. Fire-balls filled with combustibles roared their way in, burst, rolled waves of fire on front and flanks. Wounded, scorched, bleeding, the affrighted animals broke and fled. Over the field rolled the tumult of a disorderly flight.

The Persian archers had quickly dismounted. They slung their bows and dashed with their bills upon the rear of the hill fighters. The rear ranks changed front to meet the attack on their flanks, the men stood like their native rocks. The iron shower of fire-balls scourged the Persians as they plunged into the vortex of the fight. Into space or into the files burst the explosives scattering them in broken and distracted groups. They boomed and boomed, every boom was the knell of a dozen souls at least.

The sun was high. Tne allies so far had the best of the encounter. They had still one-third of the army quite fresh. While the Sultan was well nigh driven to beat up his reserves, they had strong bodies of cavalry and infantry who did not take part in the fight at all.

The prince saw that the time was come to go in and win. He ordered his right and left centres to charge right into the middle of the enemy.

"Spur on," he shouted, leading at full gallop the massive columns.

"On, on," echoed the adjutant.

"On, on," cried Khurruck Sing who spurred behind.

Squadron after squadron, column after column, the solid array of horse and foot darted forward like successive ocean waves. Across the plane strewn with the dead, through the tempest of darts they went tearing. Cross bows sang from the enemy's lines, sheets of iron tore through the ranks, hundreds were swept into eternity. On, on, yet, on and fearlessly they rushed like a whirl wind.

General Adil Shah drew his legions together and joining them back to back opposed the charging mass with a double front. Steadily, dourly came on the maddened horse and foot, broke on the phalanx, broke its order. Their axes beat down man and horse, their maces dripped blood, with a thousand steel points they stormed the lines. The double front yielded to the impetus.

The Turk general instantly re-inforced his disorganised ranks. A shout, a hurrah, a fresh swoop of troops rushed into rallying squares. In the medley of horror, in the deluge of blood, the combatants closed in the shock of battle foot to foot, arm to arm. All was now a wild and mingled chaos of varied uniforms, of swinging battle-axes and brandished lances, of swords sabring and spears lunging.

The Turks gave way. Right through and through their ranks rode the mad cavalry, the infantry went thundering, their columns broke. Re-inforcements were ceaselessly rushed up and put into the battle-line.

In this scene of death and fury the general stood facing the clash of steel. Filled with maniacal rage he struck right and left among the men rallying them by oaths and threats.

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SAKTI.

Force can neither be created, nor destroyed. Hence Durga is Sakti and is Sati ever existing. The quantity of force in nature is just as eternal and unalterable as the quantity of matter. It is therefore unreasonable to suppose that force may be controlled or compelled to exert itself in this or that form without the outlay of any other force for that purpose. Vital force is quite distinct from molecular forces evident in the building up of crystals.

If will and life be forms of force, their total amount must be limited by the law of conservation. But if they be outside the realm of forces, their freedom is unfettered by any restrictions within our knowledge, each enjoying an indefinite, though correlated scope in its own domain. Therefore indestructibility of both Matter and Force implies a fixed co-efficient of force for matter in equilibrium. The mystic play of co-equal, to our senses so dissimilar, action of the eye, the brain, the nerve alike demand agencies transcending all our science. The highest manifestation of these agencies is in Will : the Highest Agent is God.

We are all fallible pigmies. We call ourselves Men :—but a man according to scriptures is not a "Hornless, tailless biped," but is after the image of the Creator. Remember that it has been proved by calculation founded on strictly optical principles that in the centre of the shadow of a small circular plate of metal, exposed in a dark-room to a beam of light emanating from a very small brilliant point, there ought to be no darkness :—in fact no shadow at that place. On the contrary, there is a degree of illumination. (ब्रह्मसम्पद्यते यदा) *Brahnasampadyate yada* for then the spark of light illuminates the dark soul of man. The darkness under the lamp does not affect this view.

The vital energy violates our fundamental conceptions of force in that individuality which life confers, in the impossibility of insulating or transferring vitality, (legends are numerous where vitality, youth, etc. were imparted or lent, of course without apparent interest), as also in its heriditary character (wherein we organically live in other farms). Inasmuch as the apparent susceptibility of indefinite increase or diminution, the subject demands a separate category seemingly belonging to the Class Will.

Will is as potent a force as Sound which has an influence upon the course of events, a fact which can be clearly accounted for. The effects produced are out of proportion with the energy expended. The same words with different sound intonations produce different effects. The saying (तुण्ड दोषे मुण्ड शास्ति) *tunda dose munda sasti*, is as old and universal as any other truism. Indeed the lower creatures from horse downwards appreciate the difference of intonations and have been seen to recognise the sound of their master. Is this the basis on which Vedantists form their doctrine of (शब्द ब्रह्म) *Sabda-Brahma* ? The identification of sound with the Supreme Being is not monopolised by us Indians only : in the Hebrew Scriptures we find the same "Word is God."

Word is an expression of an idea, it is something like a sign, a symbol (नेदिष्ट प्रतीक) a *nedista-pratika*, the nearest, the approximate representation. There are such expressions as good-word which means praise, and hard-word which means sound angrily used. The Vedas enumerate (खट् फट् जहि etc) *khat, phat, jahi, chindi, bhindhi ete krura vachyani.* But some consider sound as eternal. We began with Will and Vital Force ; Muscular Force is directed and its vital action is controlled by Will. If we assume it to be coequal with the expenditnre of tissue, measurable alike by its transferred results and by decomposition of this tissue, where and what is that Power which lets loose or withholds this Force without expending it ? Exercise of thought is followed by fatigue, yet it is not attended by a sense of effort—that of will—except in so far as is directed by an exertion of the will. And although the former doubtless consumes tissues, have we any reason to believe that the exercise of the will does the same, apart from the consumption which corresponds to the forces whose mode of action is proscribed ? The metamorphosis of force though 'not work-done' in the mechanical sense is the result of some definite mode of causation. What is the causation and whether is it susceptible of measurement? In the same category with energy, agency or influence—the vital principle would seem to be directing—Force, which it never expends nor consumes. In the growth of organic beings unstable combinations are formed in which, as Kant says, "all parts mutually end etc." If in such organic development Force is consumed, disorganisation without de-composition ought to evolve it. Vitality itself represents an energy-requisite for the development and growth of organisms, their dissolution being in turn attended by development of inferior forms of life.

As stated above, if Will and Life be forms of Force their total amount must be limited by the Law of Conservation. If they are outside the realm of forces, their freedom is unfettered by any restrictions within our knowledge. (সকলই তোমার ইচ্ছা ইচ্ছাময়ী তারা তুমি) *Sakali tomara ichha ichhamayi tara tumi*, each enjoying an indefinite though correlated scope in its own domain.

Then 'Domain' therefore limits will and life, that is *Ayu*, so far as life is concerned, has its limited domain of a certain period of time and certain in other circumstances which shorten or lengthen its period. The domain of will may be similarly limited by not only what has been brought to us by our senses but by our imageries and fancies which the permutations and combinations of our perceptions may devise; the limit therefore is then of a limited nature though the limit itself is a limit not of space, time and quantity.

Indestructibility of both Matter and Force implies a fixed coefficient of force and matter in equilibrium. But how great is the contrast in this respect of such energies as life and will!

But sound (শব্দ) Sabda, is a unique form of energy. It is similar to light and is conveyed by waves, certain waves of which moving in space or ether (আকাশ) Akasa, whilst it is conveyed outward but leaves some gaps like pockets in the depressions, well known in accoustics and to aeronauts. Certain class of sounds whether shrill or broad go far reaching long distances and others are lost in the way. Some intonations are perceptible to our auditory nerves, others escape them, and to us lost for ever. The conch-shell sound shrill and long and continuous is fancied by the seers of the East to reach higher strata of the atmosphere and nearer the gods, their transportation is accellerated by the smoke of incenses burnt at temples. What waste therefore must be of energy to let all the sound we cause go without any physical correlative force or energy in its turn. Heat, electricity, light interchange correlatively, but sound beyond making a flame flicker or a string revibrate or a thin plate of metal echoe from a distance, and excepting so far as it affects our will force and that of other beings, does not appear to be converted in any other mechanical result. In industry it is almost uselessly burdensome, often racking our nerves except in so far as it warns us of impending motor car or railway train risks. At times in the *Kalu's* oil mill moved by bullocks, it reminds the owner when his bullock is not going round, the tinkling little bell tied at the collar emits a sound while it is agoing. It is fortùnate that the bullock has not yet acquired that instinctive logic that it may produce the same sound by simply shaking its neck.

Sound is however the only ordinary means of communicating our thoughts and disseminating information by oral tradition. The Vedas (শ্রুতি) *Sruti* are therefore the only relic of the thoughts of our primitive ancestors. The transmission of sound through the air depends on the density and elasticity of the air itself, sound of propagation being equal to the square root of the ratio of the elastic force to the density.

But all reactions and series of reactions that transform one substance into another, liberate the same amount of energy, which is the difference of the intrinsic energy of these substances. This doctrine of adopting the differences in the relative diurnal motion of the Sun and the Moon is the basis of the *Tithi* তিথি, an astronomical and religious period of division of time. This confirms the principle of conservation of energy as well as leads to the determination of the energy of reaction which otherwise are not directly accessible to our observation.

Akasa (আকাশ) is an elementary substance, a (ভূত) *Bhuta* with us, but that *akasa* is not an empty space (nature abhors vacuum) as we ordinarily fancy ; it fills every thing and leaves no space empty though some of us connect the idea of emptiness (শূন্য) *Sunya* with akasa. Hence the (তত্ত্ব) *tatva, akasa* and *sabda* are incomputable. Akasa is ether. An amount of ether equal in quantity of matter (say about ⅓ grain) if enclosed in a cube of an inch in the side, would exert a bursting power of upwards of 17 billions of pounds on each side of the cube, whilst common air exerts a power of only 15 pounds. It will thus be seen that ordinarily speaking ether is the most expansive of all known substances. But this is we generally talk of, but the ether akasa as an element—*bhuta* is something more diffusive and therefore not unwisely it has been categorised as one of the five elementary constituents of the universe and a metaphysical term founded on reason.

Western savants have ascertained that a quantity of matter representing a total mass of 1 grain and possessing the normal velocity of the ether particles, that of a wave of light, encloses a state of energy representing by upwards of 7,000 millions of foot tons. That is to say, that the mass of one single grain contains an energy not less than that possessed by a mass of 70,000 tons moving at the speed of a cannon-ball, which is supposed to move at the rate of 1,200 feet per second. Hence the quantity of matter representing a mass of one grain endowed with the velocity of ether particles encloses an amount of energy which if it were entirely utilised would be competent to project a weight 100 tons to the height of $1\frac{9}{10}$ miles.

The current along our nerves is sent by etheric flow and not by electric, or magnetic flow. Richenback calls this etheric "Oil" and Lytton calls it "Vrill" which latter is infinitely larger in velocity and tenuity.

Energy of *Sabda* sound as stated above is closely related to our psychology. Science has yet to indicate the relation between mind and matter.

But there are sounds and sounds, sounds which really convey the intentions of the innermost heart and sounds which emanate from the blabbering of the lips caused by motives diplomatic, for diplomacy is the art of getting somewhere, when you appear to be going nowhere. The stupendous power of sound as an agency which shapes the affairs of the million may produce baneful physical events. Speeches of the street corners are generally of this type, inflammatory, and such sound no doubt is a waste form of energy or conservation of energy towards perversion. They should be classed under those which were delivered to Yudhisthira at the instance of Duryodhana by master Kapalika designated, *Charvaka*, i. e., pleasant speaker.

P. C. GHOSHA, B. A.

LARTHON OF INIS-HUNA.

A TALE OF THE GREEN CHILDREN.

THOSE isles of Seilly, basking by the shore
Where Cornish mariners drag deep their nets,
Are orphan isles. Their elder isles lie hid
In graves, sea-water'd ; lost to sight for aye,
Till new and strange disruption of this earth,
Heralded, haply, by the thunder's clash,
Shall bid them heave once more their crested brows
Above the flash and glimmer of the waves,
To drink new sunlight and to breathe new air,
And feel the stirrings in the heart of hills
And hear the battle-music of wild boughs ;
Bursting, as ambush'd hosts from covert burst
To clash of cymbals at the rouse of dawn
With crested brows above the glimmering spears :
Or, stealing silent from the parted deep,
Green-visaged they shall rise—or seem to rise—
With stealth-like motion gracious as the flow
Of slow-retreating waves that leave them lorn
To start the upper world with looks of light,
Like those Wood-Children who upon a morn
Of spring, green-budded, stole as in a trance
Out of the wolf-pits with a voice like bells
In the "green isle" of Larthon on the sea,

---

* Unless some discordant notes may be inferred from the following curious item, appended to an old inventroy of the Church "Evidences,' among those deeds of which, in Edward IV's time, they could give no certain explanation :—"Item I Evydens undyr ye Dene ys sele as for a stryfe ymade yn ye Churche, yat ye Churche schulde not stonde suspendyd." We also find in the list of payments (Henry VI.) that a bill was "made to ye Byshope a genst ye prior of ye Kalendars and his brethryn." Whatever these disputes may have been, they existed between the proctors of the Church and the prior of the Calendars, not between the brethren themselves.

Fair Inis-Huna, laurelled Inis-Huna,
The once fair isle of Larthon green by waves,
The green lost isle of Larthon on the sea.
In the rude days of conqnest's thirst and rage
When Roman sickle clash'd with Celtic scythe,
Dwelt Larthon on the Cassi's laurell'd isle
"Green" Inis-Huna, emerald of the sea :
That famed Silura which of old time drew
Hither the purple-robed Phœnician,
When native eyes, far looking from wild heights,
Saw first in fear and wondering wilderment
The track of that great trader's keel, as slow
It plough'd the ridgy pathway to these shores
Rich with the metall'd splendours of the mine.
The fierce war-spirit of the Bolga race
Swept through the blood of Larthon ; but the pulse
Of Mercy beat there, too. And so it fell
That, when his blood was hot with battle's rage,
Two Roman children falling to his sword,
He hid them, living. from his soldier's eyes
Deep in a wolf-pit ; and there cover'd them
With boughs of waving laurel, and there fed
Their lips with berries green, their souls with love,
Till the great shock of battle died with night.
But at the break of dawn, when to the pit
The conquering Larthon drew, the pit was fill'd
Fill'd high with arms and corses. Glut of war
Had humed the babes even in their first sweet sleep,
And'gainst the open door of life had raised
A piled-up tomb of the cold marble dead.
And Larthon wept a conqueror's tears—such tears
Are bitter waters unto good men's eyes ;—
Wept o'er that fall of blossoms, snatch'd in haste
In slaughter's hour to perish in the hour
Of peace new-planted on the Cassi's shore.
But tears avail'd not them ; but only him
who shed them. Mercy, true as tears, came back.
After long time, like bread on waters cast,
To Larthon. Say it was a dream, no more ;

Yet dreams are fruitful, beautifully true
In some sweet sense, though men's weak eyes be dark
To read their truth aright.

Days rolled on days
Larthon had won that fight. But, vaster grown
Years after with new legions drawn from Rome,
The strong defying power press'd Larthon hard.
He stood a conquer'd chief on Huna's isle,
A man without a land.

Upon a morn
Of spring—as legends tell—when Roman power
Had pinn'd the British war-dogs to the earth
With Roman spears, at rest upon a mound
Of Inis-Huna, Larthon lay at length :
When, from the wild-dog pits, before his face,
Ascending, hand in hand, grown by degrees
Visible,—first by crown, then shoulder, limb,
And mounting foot—two children met his sight.
Fair were the two, but with a woodland shade,
A hue of green that o'er their features play'd,
Like the dank humid marsh-growth that has moss'd
Fair marble forms in weed-rank gardens lying
Prone mid the damps, down-broken from their plinths.
Each outward hand, not clasped in other, bore
A lakrel bough, that, bendful waved and wide,
Fanning still air to movement. So they rose,
And—standing some way off, yet near to sound,—
Mingling sweet voices in harmonious breath,
Speaking as one, yet with a twofold love,
Hush'd down the silence into Larthon's soul.
"From the green Underland," they said, "we come
Once more to Larthon. Spears nor pierce us now,
Nor hands the death-grip tightening, crush our brows,
Nor writhing corses struggling'neath the press
Of piled-up daughter smother our weak sighs.
Our happy days in the green Underland
We pass—forest land of leaf-delights,
Thanks, thanks to Larthon !"

And the welkin rang
With "Thanks to Larthon !"
"Thanks to him who strew'd
Green boughs above our sepulchre, ere we knew
It was our sepulchre ; strew'd the laurel green,
Never unleaf'd ; the bough that Mercy wears
For crown, and men to mock the conqueror twines
For coronal of battle. List, O Larthon !
Pityful Larthon, tenderest to babes,
Tender to women, needing tenderness,
Ruthful in battle, fierce but when assail'd
And full of tears in conquest ! List, O Larthon !
Seek thou yon Island of the West. To Rome,
Rome and her legions, leave this isle of beauty :
Leave it to spoiler.s rage and victor's greed.
Soon shall the waters of the Cornish main
Know it no more ; soon shall its laurel-boughs
Wave, a sea-forest, till the seas grow green
With the leaf-kissing,—green to the margin lips,
Like sea-maids prone on a weed-tangled crest
Of billows where the shore-waves suck the beach.
Go ! bear these green boughs to Iverna's Isle
And set them on a crown of hills, where soars
The black stork tarnward; and so, year by year,
Renew in leaf-slips over all the isle
These boughs of Inis Huna, green by sea.
And bear the wine-tree with the wine-tree corn"—
For—strange ! the phantoms, though of Roman race,
And Rome's by birth-right, spoke the Celtic tongue,
And lipp'd the Cymbrian phrases to the life !
"And bear the wine-tree and the wine-tree corn,—
Grain beautiful to sight and sweet to taste,
Press'd in its fulness as the year grows full,
Sweet as the fruit of Avallonia's vale, *
Where rolls the aval from the aval-tree—
Till all the West shall smile as one bright gem
Like this of Huna, green upon the marge

---

* Avallonia—the "Apple Orchard": Glastonbury.

Of waters. So shall Memory hold through time
Fruitful for ever to the minds of men,
Fresh as the dew upon the laurel-bough,
The deed of mercy, Larthon, wrought by thee !"
Faded the music down ; faded the forms,
Airy as mists on the young brow of morn :
Voices, and words, and tremulous sweet records,
And tender whispers, grateful even to sighs,
Melted and faded from the soul-rapt sense.
Only remain'd the fadeless, verdant boughs—
Only the green boughs, greener for his tears :—
For once more Larthon wept for each fair child
Hidden by stealth in battle's brunt far down
Within the wolf-pit's mouth that swallow'd more
That battle-day long past than would have fill'd
Full fifty graves of dead men laid apart :—
But these no more were waving on the breeze,
But lay at Larthon's feet, fresh as when first
He strew'd them o'er the white of fear-white brows
Which sweet betraying beauty mark'd for spoil,
Safe now from slavery housed in a green grave
Below the wild-dog's pit.
And Larthon took
The heaven-sent gifts ; and oar'd a ship, and sail'd
With the scant remnant of his conquer'd band,
Even to that blank Island of the West.
And in the land of his directed choice
Came happy days to Larthon ; rule and power
And leadership that well his soul had loved,
Used to good ends—such as rude times allow'd.
And there he planted of the laurel-boughs
A waving grove—nay, myriad groves on groves,
For well they throve on Erin's virgin soil,
Barren and wasteland all save where o'er-rid
By "wanderers" fleeing from his warlike race.
That Isle has many names ; but each records
Alike the Gaul—even thine, sweet "Inis-Fail !"
And though with Cairbar and with Cathmore died
The last of Larthon's race, through history's page

In Artho's name the name of Larthon lives ;
And, shrined amid the seas, where waving boughs
Crown children with the laurel light of love,
Erin's "Green Isle" keeps Larthon's memory
green.

ELEANORA L. HERVEY.

NECESSARY STEPS TO PROMOTE THE BEST INTEREST OF INDIA.

Without attempting to confine the operation of several causes which have brought about India's awakening to a single source, whether it is due to the benevolent rule of India, the infusion of new life and spirit into the discussion of questions affecting India's vital interests or to the greatest of all innovations—Time—it is as clear as noon-day light that a new era of social, religious economic and political has dawned upon India. The success of social reforms depends upon the observance of certain rules or principles of action. The well belng of society being the principal end to be attained by social reforms, only such reforms are salutary as tend to promote that end. In other words, interference with existing customs is only justifiable when it clearly appears that these are obnoxous and that adherence to them tends to do harm to society. Reform to be salutary should be brought about in a spirit of earnestness having regard to the actual necessity of the situation and not in that of mere innovations Incompatibility with the existing circustances and conditions of the society is a good ground for interference.

Reforms should, as far as practicable, proceed from within and not from without. The dissemination of enlightened views as a consequence of liberal education, and not any legislative enactment —an imperative demand in the interests and as the outcome of sound education and not any extraneous influence– is the normal condition of genuine social reform. The movement for the revival of Hinduism can only succeed if it is conducted in the spirit of the teachings of the Vedas, the Vedanta Philosophy, the Upanishads and the Geeta, adopting what is morally good and conducive to human happiness and eschewing what is morally bad and productive of human misery. If, on the contrary, the promoters of the movement, attempt to revive Hinduism with all its superstitions, and pernicious practices and rites prevalent in a by-gone and backward age which are not only not adapted to the present altered condition of Hindu Society, but conflict, on essential points, with the religion taught in the above-mentioned original scriptures of the Hindus, their mission is bound to fail.

The industrial revival inaugurated by the Swadeshi movement, has been a step in the right direction. It has succeeded so far through good report and evil report and in spite of arbitrary obstacles put in the way of its progress. The Government has declared its intention in favour of 'honest Swadeshism, but have no love lost for the boycott of British goods. As Swadeshism and boycott, are, so to speak, twin sisters, one fails to see any marked distinction between them. They have sprung up from the same motive force, and are intended to attain the same end in the preference of indigenous to foreign goods. At the same time the violent and vindictive element in the boycott movement which is a coercive process akin to that which we so loudly complain of in some of the unpopular measures of Government, should be discreetly eleminated from the movement.

As to the political improvement of the country, it mainly depends upon a popular representative system of Government for the system of administration in which the people have no effective voice. It is an acknowledged principle of good government that the main and sole object of the rulers should be to secure the happiness and contentment of the people entrusted to their charge. If there is one thing which at the present moment and since sometime past has created serious anxiety to the Government and the existence of which is admitted on all hands, it is the general prevailing want of the people. Government instead of proving it and ascertaining its true cause, took a leap in the dark and applied a quick remedy with a view to put it down with a high hand. But has it succeeded in doing so? The scientific and the most potent remedy is to liberalise and broaden the Government. And this is a crying want considering the unfamiliarity of an alien Government with the real wants and wishes of a heterogeneous people like those of India.

The attempt to crush the newly awakened idea of political freedom is as idle and vain an effort as to prevent the onrushing of the swelling tide by an imperial feat. For instance, the Swadeshi movement has taken a firm and deep root in the soil. It is destined to succeed if it has not succeeded already, and is bound to march onward to the path of progress in spite of any amount of obstacles placed in its way. The Government should therefore make a virtue of necessity by helping forward a movement which it is powerless to retard or stop in violation of the time-honored principles of liberalism and constitutionalism.

Moreover it is the bounden duty of Government to afford protection to the local industries of India in their nascent condition. The late drastic measures to stop the further progress of the Swadeshism boycott movement under the cloak of restoring peace and order in the land, are inconsistent with the principles of political economy as well as those of even-handed justice which is the principal feature of the Queen's Proclamation. But if Government desires to encourage honest Swadeshism as it professes to do, and its past repressive measure are really meant to curb a contemptuous and defiant attitude of a certain section of the educated community towards the powers that are manifested in their alleged seditious writings and speeches, then all that can be said is that the game is not worth the candle. Government should be tolerant enough to the tempestuous outburst of wounded feelings which loudly cry more for mercy than vengeance. Experience has confirmed the truth of the proposition that neither the repressive measure of the Government nor a violent and vindicative attitude of a subject people towards their all powerful rulers will be of any use towards the settlement of the unrest or removal of the discontent in the country whichhas now happily abated by putting in operation the Reform scheme leavening the constitution of the Legislative Councils with a large Indian element. Principle and not fear—fair play and not fury—is the most important factor in the Indian administration. The people of India in this present stage of civilisation and educational progress are quite fit to enjoy autonomy in the empire. But they should put their home in order to enable them to retain their power permanently and enjoy their rights and privileges without any civil commotion. The best training ground for learning the art of self-government is the actual exercise of its rights and responsibilities. But if any time is wanted for the necessary preliminary preparation and organisation, we believe a quarter of a century will quite suffice for the purpose. The question of time will depend upon the co-operation and support of the Government to fit the people for the enjoyment of the privilege which affects alike the stability of the Empiry and the welfare of the people. Such stabilition can be best secured when it is bound upon the affection of the people. Instead of calling into question such affection and trying to root out imaginary or real disaffection by out stretching the long aım of the law of sedition, Government shall remove the matter and the causes of such disaffection by multiplying the resource of the people, utilising their intellectual and moral qualities combined with a personal knowledge of their real wants and wishes by establishing an autonomy in the empire.

Lord Crew's pronouncement in the House of Lords that India will never be fit for self-government is highly impolitic and uncalled for. It gives a rude shock to the sentiments of the people of India who cherish the fond belief that our benign Government is always for encouraging and not for thwarting their legitimate aspirations. Perhaps the declaration was dictated by expdiency deterring the people from attempting to introduce Home Rule in India and relieving the Government from the trouble, it has been put to in connection with the Irish Home Rule. The necessity of establishing representative Governmont in India imposes certain duties alike upon the Government and the people. The former should not be wedded to a time-worn system under which the ruled are treated as children fit enly to be led by leading strings; the latter should not presume too much upon their ability and importance. should devote themselves to the constructive work of nationalism rather than to a mere destructive work of criticism of Government and its measures. The upbuilding of a nation chiefly consists in the social and moral, economic and political improvement. These factors are inter-dependent and mutuelly co-operative. A people must attain to definite standard of civilisation in order to deserve the enjoyment of the full measure of the rights and privileges of citizenship. They must be materially rich and morally and socially advanced for the purpose of effective self-government. Again the people must have a potential voice in the administratiion of their country in order to improve their social status and promote their material and moral improvement. The Swadeshi movement is a perfectly legitimate and necessary step to afford that protection to the nascent local industries of India, which it is the bouuden duty of Government to do. The economic improvement of the country is well calculated to be effective in a great measure by this patriotic enterprise. It is necessary that the rich and substantial Indians should invest their capital not so much in the purchase of landed property which is a source of endless litigation or in buying Government and other securities as in bringing out the potential wealth of the country by providing means for carrying on agricultural and industrial operations on modern improved methods. Similarly certain pernicious social practices and beliefs must be removed to enable the people to reach the full height of their physical and moral status.

They cannot be robust and strong unless the practice of early marriage is done away with. The disintigrating influence of unnecessary and invidious caste distinctions stands in the way of national unity on the broad principle of the universal brotherhood of mankind. The interdiction against sea-voyage according to a misinterpretation of the Hindu Shastras though happily it is not now seriously insisted upon is still felt to be a stumbling block in the path of educated Hindus for obtaining valuable scientific knowledge and making researches by residence in foreign civilized countries. A blind path in fatility tends to clog the springs of action and produce *inertia* and sloths. If thus by means of improvement in the several directions indicated above—methods of self-help and self-dependence requiring no Government help—the Indian become as physically and morally improved as can be desired; if they are materially rich as they are unquestionably intellectually great their political ascendency will follow as a matter of course and without the necessity of either begging or blustering. Such ascendancy can only be durabled and placed on a sound basis when the people enjoying it have acted upon the cautions and prudent principle = first deserve and then desire. There can be no doubt that the Indians are in a position to enjoy self-government under British protection but the idea taking off the control of Government entirely by the people must be held under present condition to be utopian and chemical.

K. C. KUNJILAL, B. L.

ON AGRICULTURE.

The " Agricultural Society of India " as it was originally called, was established in Calcutta on the 4th September, 1820, by the Rev. Doctor William Carey, the famous Serampore Missionary. The prospectus from the pen of the venerable founder appeared in the first volume of the *Transactions* of the Society fully details its object, as, " being the general amelioration of the agricultural condition of India."

In 1847 Peary Chand Mittra was elected a member of the Society. We find his name in the Standing Committee of Fruit and Kitchen Garden for 1848, and from that year he was elected a member of the several Standing Committees.

He was also appointed almost every year one of the Judges of the Horti-Floricultural Exhibitions held annually under the auspices of the Society.

The rules of the Society were subsequently amended and a Council was formed. At a Special Meeting held on 27th April, 1850, the first election of members of the Council look place. Peary Chand was elected one of the members. He was all along elected member of the Council up to 1883 except in those years he was elected Vice-President.

The Society started a garden school in 1847. A Committee consisting of Rev. J. Long, Doctor T. Thomson, Peary Chand Mittra and the Secretary was appointed to inspect the school and suggest means for the training up of a body of practical gardeners. The Committee submitted a Report which was read at the meeting held on 18th March, 1857 (Hurkaru 26th March, 1857).

At a meeting held on 14th January, 1857, Peary Chand was elected a Vice-President of the Society for 1857. He was subsequently elected a Vice-President on 15th January, 1858, Vice-President for 1858, on 11th January, 1860, for 1860, on 16th January, 1861, for 1861, on 18th January, 1864, for 1864, on 18th January, 1865, for 1865, on 20th January, 1869, for 1869, on 20th January, 1870, for 1870, on 26th February, 1880, for 1880, and on 13th January, 1881, for 1881.

In 1849 Ram Gopaul Ghose wrote his famous pamphlet, the defence for the Black Acts. At the Annual General Meeting of the Society held on 10th January, 1850, both Ram Gopaul and Raja Satya Churn Ghosal when they retired, were not re-elected Vice-Presidents of the Society, but Roma Nath Tagore and Raja Protap Chunder Sing were elected in their stead, Ram Gopaul was however elected a member of the several Standing Committees. The Hon'ble J. E. Drinkwater Bethune, Cecil Beadon, C S., C. Allen, C.S., and some Indians wrote letters to the Society declining to co-operate with them as the non-election of Ram Gopaul had something to do with his publishing the Black Acts pamphlet. Even Raja Protap Chunder Sing, one the Vice-Presidents elected, protested against the election. At a meeting held on 14th February, 1850, the following Resolution was proposed by Dr. Falconer and seconded by Peary Chand Mittra:—

"That there is no evidence on the record of the proceedings to countenance the belief that political motives influenced the Society in the election of the Vice-Presidents at the late Anniversary Meeting and that this meeting repudiates the imputation *in toto.*"

All the above gentlemen withdrew their letters which were submitted at the next monthly meeting.

At a monthly meeting of the Society held on 14th February, 1850, Ram Gopaul Ghose and Peary Chand Mittra's names were added to the Special Committee regarding the contributions of Indian productions to the Exhibition of Arts and Manufactures held in London in 1851.

At a meeting of the Society held on 14th March, 1850, Peary Chand moved that the Proceedings and all publications of the Society be printed in the vernacular language. A Special Committee consisting of Raja Pertap Chunder Singh, Ram Gopaul Ghose, Radha Nath Sikdar and Peary Chand Mittra was appointed for taking steps to publish them in the Bengali language.

In compliance with the recommendation of the Special Committee a Standing Translation Committee was appointed on 10th August, 1850, of which Peary Chand was a member.

At a meeting of the Society held on 15th March, 1852, Peary Chand moved a resolution for translation of books in the Bengali (Hurkaru 22nd April, 1852).

At a meeting of the Society held on 14th January, 1854, a letter from Rev. J. Long was read. The letter states that "the books (Indian Agricultural Miscellany, Parts I and II) have been received very favorably, and the style has been found suited to the capacity of the middle classes among the Natives."

From the Reports of the Society we find, that it published one volume of the Indian Agricultural Miscellany (ভারতবর্ষীয় কৃষিবিষয়ক বিবিধ সংগ্রহ) the first and second parts, in 1853, third and the fourth parts in 1854, the fifth part in 1855 and the sixth in 1856. In the Report of the Society for 1856 we find the following:—"Nearly all the papers in the first five numbers are translations from the *Transactions* and *Journals* but those in this number (No. 6) are original articles. The Council conceive that the best acknowledgments of the Society are due to the Translation Committee generally for selecting the papers for the volume in question but more specially, to Babu Peary Chand Mittra who was kindly performed the office of Editor and to Babu Shib Chunder Deb to whom the Society are indebted for the long and useful list of plants extending over seventy pages which forms the appendix to this volume."

The books contained articles on subjects interesting to the rural community and the language they were written was simple and adapted to the comprehension of the class to whom they were intended. It was the language which the author afterwards adapted in the *Masik Patrika* and in his subsequent Bengali works.

At a meeting of the Society held on 8th July, 1854, Peary Chand presented, "a paper on the Indian Agricultural Miscellany to be published in the next number of the Calcutta Review." The article appeared in the Calcutta Review Vol. XXII, No. 44, April, 1854, as the *Agricultural Society of India.*

From the *Friend of India* of 23rd July, 1874, we understand that Doctor George Smith in the article, *First Twenty Years of the Calcutta Review*, enumerated this article as one contributed by Sir Richard Temple, but the *Friend* assured the reader that the article was from the pen of Peary Chand.

At a meeting of the Society held on 12th November, 1853, Mr. A. H. Blychenden took leave and went to England and Mr. S. H. Robinson was elected Secretary. At a meeting held on 11th March, 1854, Mr. Robinson having reported his intention of proceeding to England, Peary Chand was elected to act as Secretary during Mr. Robinson's absence.

At a meeting of the Society held on 14th October, 1854, a Committee was appointed to offer premia for agricultural essays. Peary Chand was a member of this Committee.

Outside the Society Peary Chand used to contribute articles to the newspapers concerning agriculture and trade in general. These were much appreciated by the public. We quote one appeared in Hindu Patriot of 11th September, 1856, not because that it will interest the reader after so many decades but to show the prices then prevailing as compared to the present rates. Our Rice trade—The export of rice from this port is annually showing a large increase. We subjoin a tabular statement for the last three years,—

1853-1854	... ...	4,380,903	Maunds.
1854-1855	... ...	5,273,068	„
1855-1856	... ...	9,186,259	„

It is stated the export of the last year is unprecedently high and as the causes inducing extensive shipments of rice from Calcutta are not in operation, there must be a sensible falling off in the export. What the export of rice for the present year will be remains to be seen, but there can be no doubt that the consumption of it in the English market was in former years greater when there was a failure of wheat or potato crops. It is either mixed with the flour or used as substitute for bread. It is now required for other purposes also, and the demand for it on the Continent for conversion into *arrack* will continue whether the causes influencing the high prices of breadstuff exist or not. We find too that Mauritius and Bourbon require from us more rice than they used to do. It also appears that the requirements of China are increasing. The export of rice to that country in 1854-55 was 1,07,293 mds., and in 1855-56 it went up to 729,857 mds. From May to August 1856 the quantity exported is 1,37,480 mds. There are no less than six shipments now loading for China which will take at least 1,20,000 to 1.30,000 mds, and we hear of several vessels capable of carrying 1 ,30,000 mds. having been fixed for that port since the arrival of the China steamer bringing news up to 13th ultimo. The intelligences recei ved is that in the northern and southern parts of China the first crop of rice has failed, owing to an inundation, and the second crop is expected to be a short one. The price of rice there has advanced to 2·70 dollars per *pecul*, and we fully expect that before the present month expires tonnage will have been engaged for some 100,000 maunds or more. We thus see a fresh outlet for the Bengal rice, and it is very much to be doubted whether in the face of so much demand, the prices of *ballam* and *moogly* rice will be lower. The former hss advanced in price to the extent of about four annas per maund. The latter is now laid down here at a higher figure, and the rice which five years ago sold at Rs. 1-3, now sells at Rs. 1-11 per maund. Table rice is also selling at a higher figure. To what extent the increase in the export benefits the Bengal cultivators is an interesting and useful enquiry.

The Bengal Harkaru quoted the article on 14th September and passed some remarks on this "very good article" on 16th, September 1856.

At a meeting of the Society held on 11th July, 1861, a letter from Peary Chand was laid on the table respecting a little work on agriculture in the *Bengali* language which he was passing through the press, consisting of papers from the Agricultural Miscellany and of original articles.

Resolved on the recommendation of the Council that the cost of printing this little work be defrayed by the Society.

We quote the preface of the book here for the perusal of the reader :—

The *Krishi path* or the Agricultural Readings, printed on account of the agricultural and Horticultural Society of India, consist of the following papers reprinted from the Agricultural Miscellany, with a few alterations and also of original articles.

(1) On teak, translation of Dr. Roxburgh's paper. *Transactions* of the Society, Vol. II.

(2) On shafflower, translation of Mr. French's paper. Society's *Journal*, VII.

(3) On sugarcane, written by the compiler for the Miscellany.

(4) On the cultivation of flax, do. do.

(5) On silk and paper from the mulberry bark, do. do.

(6) On arrowroot, translation of Mr. C. K. Robinson's paper. *Transactions*, Vol. II.

(7) On topioca, translation of Mr. J. Bell's paper. *Transactions*, Vol. II.

(8) On muddar plant, written by the compiler for the Miscellany.

(9) On tobacco, translation of Mr. Rehling's paper. *Journal,* Vol. V.

(10) On the cultivation of cotton, written specially for this work.

(11) On date tree (from Mr. S. H. Robinson's Prize essay) and

(12) On guinea grass, translation of Mr. J. Bell's Directions. *Transactions,* Vol. III.

The object of this little compilation is to draw the attention of the zemindars, planters and specially of the rural community to the several important subjects of agricultural interest mentioned above, and if this attempt be attended with the promotion of enquiry and interest, the compiler will consider himself amply repaid. The compiler is indebted to Mr. A. H. Blechynden, Secretary of the Society, for the assistance he has received from that gentleman.

At a meeting of the Society held on 11th September, 1861, the Secretary placed a few copies of *Krishipath* on the table.

In the report of the Society for 1861 the following is mentioned : The Society has also recently published an useful little work in Bengali entitled *Krishipath* (agricultural readings) compiled by Peary Chand Mittra, one of the Vice Pesidents.

In 1862-63 Sir Cecil Beadon, the then Lieutenant Governor of Bengal. matured a scheme for holding a public agricultural exhibition on the ground adjoining the Belvedere with a view to promote an improved system of agriculture throughout the country and more specially to enlist the interests of the zemindars in it. Its immediate object was to bring together from all parts of the country for the purposes of show of competition and eventual sale of cattle and other live stock, agricultural implements, machineries and all kinds of produce. The Bengal Agricultural Exhibition was opened on the 18th January, 1864 by Sir John Lawrence, it being his first public appearance as Viceroy. He spoke of the backwardness of Indian agriculture and of the desirability of encouraging it by such means as exhibitions. The articles exhibited were arranged in three great classes, viz., (1) live stock, (2) machineries and implements and (3) produce. Peary Chand was appointed as one of the Judges of the Exhibition relating to class No. (3) sections I, II and III (Hurkaru 15th January 1864). Among the other Indians who were connected with the Exhibition we find the names of Raja Protap Chander Singh, Prosonno Coomar Tagore, Debendro Mullick and Ram Gopaul Ghose. In the report dated 21st May, published in the Calcutta Gazette of 6th July, 1864, we find the following remarks of Peary Chand Mittra, "I have signed, but I regret I cannot agree in the tenor of paragraph I, under the head of *general remarks.* I am of opinion that the arrangement of the specimens in these three sections was not such as could be wished. In future exhibitions, no specimens, not actually received, should be catalogued, no bag or basket without label or number be kept, and that all specimens be classified and and numbered consecutively, so that each collection or department may be in one place. It would greatly facilitate the adjudication if numberings were made also with reference to the districts whence the specimens have been received. I offer these suggestions in no depreciatory spirit, as every allowance ought to be made for this first attempt towards getting up an exhibition cn such a large scale."

On 2nd March, 1867, Mr. J. Stalkartt submitted to the Government of Bengal proposing a plan for the spread of agricultural knowledge iu this country. The Government of Bengal forwarded a copy of the letter to the Agricultural Society requesting them to favour the Lieutenant-Governor with a report from the Society on the subject. On receipt of these communications the Council appointed a Special Committee consisting of S. H. Robinson, Joykissen Mookerjee, Romanath Tagore, Hurro Chunder Ghose, Peary Chand Mittra and John Stalkartt, " to consider and report on the feasibility of this project in its present or modified form." The report of the Special Committee was was read at a meeting of the Society held on on 18th September, 1867.

In 1868 Mr. A. Grote, the President of the Society, retired. At a meeting of the Society held on 21st January, 1868, the following resolution was moved by Dr. T. Anderson and seconded by Peary Chand Mittra :—

"That this meeting desires to place on record its sense of the very valuable services rendered to the Society by Mr. A. Grote who now vacates the Presidential chair and that this meeting cordially approves of the suggestion of the Council to present him a suitable address and to elect him an Honorary Member."

At the suggestion of Mr. H. Rivett Carnac, the Cotton Commissioner, a Conference of the British Indian Association was held on the 4th April 1870, Raja SuttyanundGhosal Bahadur, Vice-President, in the chair. Mr. Rivett Carnac having opened the Conference, Rajendralala Mitra delivered a discourse, After him Peary Chand Mittra stated that the remarks of Rajendralala Mittra as to the *Sundarbans* not being fit for the cultivation of cotton are not correct. The *Sundarbans* are under the influence of the sea breeze and the soil is of a saliva nature, which help the cultivation of cotton. This is not a pure theory. Experiments have been made in different parts of the *Sundarbans* and the result is very satisfactory. Samples of different kinds have been sent to Manchester and the valuations for good New Orleans are 15d and for Sea Island and Egyptian 2sh. to 4sh. par pound. Babu Peary Chand said that the Reverend Olien Smith, who has been very successful in the cultivation of cotton in his lot in *Sundarbans* and who has received a prize from the Paris Exhibition for the cotton sent there, is now passing through the press a pamphlet containing valuable informations as to the resources of *Sundarbans,* and he recommended the statistics as to the cost of the different important articles that can be grown in the *Sundarbans* to the careful consideration of the members of the Association. Cotton can not only be grown in the *Sundarbans,* but if carefully grown it would pay. He begged further to state that cotton has been grown by the Port Canning Company and that the samples shown by the Local Agent met with the approval of Mr. Carnac. Babu Peary Chand will therefore submit to the meeting that hitherto the business of this Association has been the consideration of Bills. all important questions connected with the internal administration of the country and presenting petitions to the authorities, a business certainly of the greatest importance to the welfare of the people, but the utility of the Association will be considerably enhanced, if the zemindar members conduct experiment, in the growth of staple articles in their zemindaries on a limited scale and give the benefit of practical knowledge so gained to their royts that they may be enabled to better their condition by taking to more remunerative crops than they now raise and thus add to the aggregate wealth of the zemindary. It is possible that such experiments may not at once be successful, but the errors or disturbances of the first year may be corrected or averted on the second, and there is very little doubt that persistent prosecution of the trial must be attended with success. Babu Peary Chand Mittra begged therefore to suggest that the Association shall receive cotton seeds and distribute them to the zemindar members and if necessary he will again prepare a paper containing directions as to the cultivation of cotton. For which he begged to refer the members to one contained in the *Krishipath* he has compiled, for the Agricultural Society some time ago. This suggestion met with the approval of Mr. Rivett Carnac and of the meeting.

Kissory Chand Mittra said that he is fully convinced of the importance of solving the problem of producing cotton in Bengal. He for one believes that the soil of the richest and most fertile province is adopted in the growth of cotton and that very legitimate encouragement shall be afforded to the ryots. In fact as soon as they can be persuaded that cotton is a necessary article, they will take to it. He (Kissory Chand Mittra) do not however agree with the last speaker that the British Indian Association shall take action in this matter. The object and aim of the Association is not the cultivation of cotton, but the polical elevation of the country. There is another body whose avowed mission is the practical improvement of the agriculture of India, (He alluded to the Agri—Horticultural Society). But instead of fulfilling that mission, the Society he regrets to find degenerated into a *Seed Distributing Society.* He can assure Mr. Rivett Carnac that several members of the British Indian Association have done and would always be glad to do anything in their power to encourage the culture of cotton. They have on several occasions at the request of the Government issued to Moffusil Zemindars different kinds of seeds and directions for the cultivation of the same. But he must deprecate the idea of the Association as such engaging in the cultivation of cotton, which, however, good does not and can not mean the moral or the political or the social improvement and elevation of the country.

Babu Peary Chand Mittra observed that the remarks of the last speaker with reference to the Agri-Horticultural Society are not quite correct. The Society with which he (Babu P. C. M.) have been connected as a member for many years have collected a mass of valuable information and had always acted as a pioneer in the growth and improvement of important staple articles in this country. Any one who will quietly go through the *Transactions, Journals* and proceedings of the Society and examine its museum cannot but be convinced that it has been instrumental in doing much good to the country, and that if influential native gentlemen will join the

Society, and work with the European members, it will, no doubt, prove more useful.

In the Calcutta Review Vol. LIII. No. 105, July, 1871, appeared Peary Chand's article, Department of Commerce and Agriculture.

The Hindu Patriot of 24th July, 1871, wrote as follows :—

We have received the last number of the Calcutta Review (July, 1871) which fully maintained its reputation. We will take an early opportunity to review its contents. The first article on the Department of Agriculture has deservedly received the widest notice from the press. We believe that we may mention without breach of confidence that Babu Peary Chand Mittra, the able Secretary of the Calcutta Public Library, is the author of this article.

The Hindu Patriot of 16th October, 1871 reviewed the article as follows :

Within the last three months two remarkable papers have been published in Calcuttta on agriculture and commerce by two native gentlemen of good knowledge and experience. The one appeared in the Calcutta Review, and the other in the form of a pamphlet* issued from this press. The *Reviewer's* article though it professes to be a criticism of the new Department of Agriculture, Revenue and Commerce, gives a history of Indian agriculture, and commerce from the *Vedic* days. By far the most interesting portion of his essay is that in which he traces the rise and development of new Indian staples. The Crimean War revolutionised Indian trade and gave it an impetus, the momentum of which is still felt. Two articles viz., linseed and jute have since become chief articles of our export. The *Reviewer* says that in 1835 or 1836 Mr. Hodgkinson made the first shipment of linseed to England as an experiment.

The Crimean War commences in 1854. The following comparative statistics of the exports of seeds and jute, before and during the War will show the increase :—

1853-54.		Mds.		Value Rs.
Linseed	...	982,394	...	1,964,916
Mustard seed	...	202,024	...	405,203
Teelseed	...	5,544	...	11,087
Jute	...	660,551	...	1,537,158

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* By Kissen Mohan Mullick.

1854-55.		Mds.		Value Rs.
Linseed	...	2,435,421	...	4,870,885
Mustard seed	...	516,550	...	1,030,905
Teel seed	...	23,223	...	46,447
Jute	...	900,006	...	2,277,233

Mr. Joseph Willis was the first who shipped in 1808, sixty bales of jute to England under the name of *koshta*, the native name in the Eastern Districts. There is no other country in the world where jute is grown. In America an attempt is being made to grow it, and time will show how far it will succeed. The average prices of the seeds *before* and *during* the war, and their present prices, are as follows :

		Before War.								
Linseed	...	Rs.	2	6	0	@	2	11	0	per md.
Mustard seed	...	„	2	0	0	@	2	5	0	
Rape seed	...	„	2	0	0	@	2	6	0	
Poppy seed	...	„	2	6	0	@	2	8	0	

	During War.								Present price.						
Linseed	Rs.	2	10	0	to	3	15	0	4	1	0	to	4	5	0
Mustard seed	„	2	6	0	to	3	0	0	3	8	0	to	3	14	0
Rape seed ...	„	3	1	0	to	3	7	0	3	12	0	to	4	8	0
Poppy seed ...	„	2	8	0	to	3	5	0	4	3	0	to	4	4	0

In 1870 the report of all kinds of seeds was larger than in any of the nine previous years. The price of jute before the Crimean War was Rs. 1·8 to Rs. 2-4 and the present prices are Rs. 4-8 to Rs. 6-8 per maund. What the Crimean War of 1856 did for linseed and jute the American War of 1861-62 did for cotton. As the *Reviewer* says, before the American War we had scarcely any quotation for Bengal cotton in the London market. Indian cotton was chiefly exported to China. In December, 1861, the English prices were for Surat 5⅞*d.* and for Bengal about 4*d.* to 4½*d.* The average price of Bengal cotton for the half years which preceded the War may be taken at 3*d.* to 3½*d.* per lb. 1863, it rose to 20¼*d.* In 1864, after the conclusion of the War, it came down to 8*d.* and in 1865 to 5*d.* From that year to 1869, the market has been subject to constant fluctuations, the highest point being 13½*d.* and the lowest 5*d.* The prices of Bengal cotton here before the War were Rs. 11 to 13 per maund. They fluctuated during the War between Rs. 16 to Rs. 45 per maund. The cotton excitement has now subsided ;

the rage of speculation is on the wane and the report from India will again depend on the supply from America, which is fast recovering its lost position; still, on the whole, the agricultural population of this country have undoubtedly benifitted by the extended cultivation of cotton, and prices even now are higher than they were before the War—Bengals being worth Rs. 15 per maund. We wish the *Reviewer* had discussed the more practical question of the best means of improving the productive capacity of the soil of Bengal, of alternating the crops, and, in short, of increasing the agricultural wealth of the country. He barely calls attention to those important points in his hints to the new Agricultural Department. Thus he says; "What we now require is, that the Deparment should enquire into the present state of all staple article,—the means of improving their qualities, the discovery of cheaper substitutes, and the utilization of refuse and waste products which the commercial history of many countries shows, has largely added to the national wealth. If the labours of the Department be judiciously directed by collecting and disseminating accurate information, properly classified, by holding out encouragement to articles requiring from their present position special support, and by offering premia for new staples of industry, the department will not be complained of an incubus on the revenue, as it can not but be instrumental in its augmentation."

We are of opinion that if the Agricultural Society is worth its salt, it ought to be able to discharge these functions. We do not require an expensive state machinery for the collection of agricultural statistics or for chemical experiments in practical agriculture.

At a meeting of the Society held on 23rd March, 1871. Peary Chand was elected on Honorary Member of Society—being the first Indian gentleman to hold this post. Persons eminent for their knowledge of agriculture or horticulture or for services rendered to the Society are elected Honorary Members of the Society. The retiring Presidents were often elected Honorary Members.

Being a Vice-President and a senior Member of the Council. he often presided at the Monthly and Annual General Meetings of the Society.

At a meeting of Society held on 22nd February, 1872, a resolution was proposed by Peary Chand expressing regret of the death of H. E, the Viceroy in the hand of an assasin at Port Blair on 8th instant, Raja Satyananda Ghosal seconded this resolution.

In the Calcutta Review volume LVI, No. 112, January, 1873, appeared Peary Chand's article, Indian Wheat.

In 1874 Mr. Crawford, the President, retired. At a meeting of the Society held on 15th April, the following resolution was proposed by Mr. W. Stalkartt and seconded by Peary Chand :—

That this meeting desires to place on record its sense of very valuable services rendered to the Society by Mr. J. A. Crawford, and that this meeting cordially approves of the address now submitted and the recommendation of the Council to elect him an Honorary Member.

At a meeting of the Society held on 30th January 1878, Peary Chand submitted a paper on Bengal Rice for the *Journal.* This appeared in the Part IV of Vol. V of the *Journal* published in 1878.

At a meeting of the Society held on 26th February, 1880, Peary Chand made some remarks on "Shah Possum" creepers.

At a meeting of the Society held on 23rd September, 1880. Peary Chand read a note on "cotton seed oil." At the subsequent meeting held on 25th November, he intimated that he had addressed to the North Western Provinces Government on the subject of cotton and oil.

At a meeting of the Society held on 20th May, 1880, Peary Chand in proposing the cordial confirmation of the resolution, expressing regret for the resignation of Mr. Justice Louis Jackson, C.I.E., the President to the Association, said :—You are well aware, gentlemen, that we are deeply indebted to Mr. Justice Jackson, our President, for the warm interest he has taken in the affairs of our Society for the sound judgment he has brought to bear on the important questions which had come before the Council and the Society for consideration, and for his powerful advocacy and influential aid in improving the financial position of the Society. For these valuable services, Mr. Justice Jackson is certainly entitled to our gratitude and it is with much regret we now part. In bidding him farewell let us hope that in returning to his native land, Mr. Justice Jackson may, by the blessing of God, be restored to the enjoyment of health and strength.

We publish a letter from Raja Rajendralala, Mitra, L.L D., addressed to Peary Chand Mittra dated 21st August, 1881, written on on the subject of agriculture.

My Dear Babu Peary Chand,

The only mention of tobacco in a Sanskrit work occurs in the *Kularnava Tantra.* The word used is তাম্রকুট but the work is of questionable authenticity, and there is nothing to show that the verse is correct or reliable. There is no old or complete manscript of the work available.

The name *Haladhara* is usually derived from Hala or plough which the God used as his armour of offence.

There is a distinct treatise on agriculture in Sanskrit and several long passages in the *Smritis* and the *Tantras* containing rules for agriculture.

Yours sincerely,
Rajendralala Mitra.

In 1881, Peary Chand wrote a book, Agriculture in Bengal, containing various informations regarding the agriculture of the country and of the Society.

The Friend of India of 5th December, 1881, wrote as follows :— Babu Peary Chand Mittra's Agriculture in Bengal, a pamphlet of about 28 pages, is in effect an outline record of the work of what is now the Agri-Horticultural Society, from its formation by Doctor Carey in 1820 to the present day. The subject is one well-known to the writer, and the details he gives respecting former Presidents and Secretaries are very interesting. The Society has published eight volumes of *Transactions*, fourteen of the *Journals* besides various journals and papers in Bengali intended chiefly "for the Bengal zemindars and ryots who do not know English." Reference is made in the pamphlet to these journals as to various papers and experiments and great interest which have appeared from time to time in the pages of the Society's *Transactions.* We are persuaded that much of the matter contained in these *Journals* is worth abridgment and reproduction. Apart altogether from its historic value much of the matter is in existence in no other publication, and is quite unknown unless to the few who possess complete files of the Society's publications. We believe that it was at one time contemplated to reproduce the most interesting and valuable papers of the Society, but the project fell through for want of Government aid. Perhaps the resuscitated Department of Agriculture and Commerce might see its way to aid such an undertaking. The present Secretary, Mr. A. H. Blechynden, who has been in connection with the Society since 1836, would, we are sure, be glad to undertake the task, for which his long connection with the Society, and his own wide knowledge renders him peculiarly fitted. The Society itself will, we fear, never be able to undertake a reprint of this sort on its own resources, and it might fairly look to Government to aid it. We should be pleased to learn that the Society was again agitating the matter of providing some of its most valuable works, in a more attainable form than that of its own *Transactions.* Copies of Agriculture in Bengal, which is very well got up, may be had from Mr. Thos. S. Smith of the City Press, Bentinck Street.

We have noticed the latest production of our energetic townsman, Babu Peary Chand Mittra, namely, his pamphlet entitled Agriculture in Bengal. Knowing the practical bent of the author's genius, we expected some valuable hints from him for the improvement of our modes of agriculture. We were disappointed in this The author has given us a succinct sketch of agriculture in Bengal, going back to the Rig Veda for his earlier allusions. We trust he will follow it up by some thing practical, in the way of pointing out what the ryots ought to do in order to improve their methods of cultivation. Meantime, let us see what we have provided for us in this present little history. Matters have changed very much since the days spoken of in the Rig Veda. We read 'the cattle not only received the care of the *Vyasas,* but were treated with every kindness by all the classes." It is evident there were no hackneywallas in those days. Again, our author quotes "Raja Birat of *Matsya* was the owner of an innumerable herd of cattle, and the milkmen who were kept to take care of the cows, knew not only to take care of them and to improve their breed; but also to cure their diseases." The successors of these men only know how to secure the largest possible quantity of milk from the smallest modicum of food, and eke over their stimulating efforts by having recourse to the phooka and other interesting methods of developing the resources. We have never been able to ascertain the time when *tobacco* was introduced into India, and are disappointed at not being told here. All the author vouchafes is that "tobacco, although mentioned in some sanskrit works as *Tamrakut* is not an indigenous article, and it must have been introduced before 1794 from America." We are told that the Agricultural Society of India was formed on 14th September 1820, and should have liked some more informations as to the early struggles of this useful institution, which has never been so powerful for good as it is at present, under the experienced care of Mr. A. H. Blechynden. The first address was delivered by Doctor Carey, (who was the first Secretary) to an audience of one!—but this does not seem to have daunted the stout heart of the good Doctor, who persevered with his good work. Mr. Blechynden has been Deputy Secretary and Secretary of the Society since 1836—a period of 45 years. As a second edition of this useful little sketch is pretty sure to be called for, we would draw the author's attention to two mistakes which ought to be put right. On page three he says:—several European gentlemen combined to write on the different branches of husbandry and commerce of Bengal, which were printed for private circulation the word "treatises" ought clearly to come after the word "write" here. Again, a little lower down on the same page we find, "the produce (of Bengal) was estimated at 34, 28, 57, 140 millions of maunds." There is a slight mistake here we should say. The multitude of facts brought together in this pamphlet must have cost the author a vast amount of work for which he deserves our thanks.

The Amrita Bazar Patrika of November 1881 wrote as follows:—We have much pleasure in acknowledging with thanks the receipt of a copy of a pamphlet on "Agriculture in Bengal" by our learned friend Babu Peary Chand Mittra. The pamphlet has brought huge mass of valuable informations to bear upon his work which we have no hesitation in saying will prove interesting both to general readers as well as to those who have made agriculture their special subject of study.

The Hindu Patriot of 21st November, 1881, wrote as follows:—We thank Babu Peary Chand Mittra for a copy of his paper on Agriculture in Bengal. It is an interesting and useful contribution to the study of agriculture in this country. It is accompanied with a note from Babu Joykissen Mookerjee. Both the text and the note contain some valuable hints for the Agri-Horticultural Society of India.

ESEM.

RE-SHAKUNTALA'S PORTRAIT: WHO PAINTED IT.

(See page 412.)

The article "Humanism in Hindu Art" by Professor Benoy Kumar Sarkar, M.A., wherein it is stated that in Kalidasa's play "Shakuntala" Chaturika, a Court-lady, is asked by King Dusyanta to paint a picture of Shakuntala, appeared in the "Modern Review" for May 1919 and not 1909 as published in the September issue of this Magazine. The reader will subs titue "Scene ii" for "section ii" in line 4 of page 412.

At the above page 412, after the clause "and the King's gazing at, and expressing admiration for, the picture, may lend support to the writer's supposition that it was the handi-work of Chaturika herself," there followed the interrogatory. "But is there any evidence that Chaturika has drawn the picture ?" to which my answar was in the *negative*. Unfortunately this interrogatory was omitted through oversight. The reader will supply this omission and delete the word "however" in line 31 of page 412.

The text of the play of Shakuntala as current in Bengal is known among Sanskritists as "Gauriya recension." The Gauriya recension was first published in Bengali Characters, without notes, in 1838 by Mahamahopadhyay Prem Chunder Tarkabagish, the celebrated Professor of Rhetoric in Sanskrit College of Calcutta from 1830 to 1864. The second edition with notes was published in Debnagri characters in 1860 with the following preface by E. B. Cowell, the then Principal, Sanskrit College, Calcutta, and a pupil of the learned pundit:—"The present edition of Shakuntala has been prepared by Pundit Prem Chundra Tarkabagish, the learned professor of Rhetoric in the Government Sanskrit College of Calcutta.....................as it was thought that an edition of the Ganriya recension, prepared by an eminent pundit, might be acceptable in Europe where this recension has been hitherto known only by Chezy's very imperfect work."

The reader will substitute 1838 for 1800 and "Mahamohopadhya" for "Mohopadhyay" in line 20 of page 413.

At page 415 line 28 read "Sir W. Jones" for "W. Jones."

In line 29 of the same page read "not only arbitrary but also faulty" in place of the words "not only free but faulty."

At page 416 line 14 for " দীর্ঘা পাদ " read " দীর্ঘাপাঙ্গ " ।

In line 18 of the same page read "Bengal recension" for "Bengali Edition."

In the above page in line 23 the reader should substitute "It ought to be said" for the words "It may be said."

At page 419, line 23 after the words "instead of doing it himself?" insert the following :—

The fact of the matter is, the poet's making the king paint the picture of his separated beloved, Shakuntala, is only an illustration of the 2nd of the propositions (ততশ্চিত্রং কর্ম্ম) stated by writers on Sanskrit Rhetoric in the following lines :—

বিয়োগে চা যোগে প্রিয়জন সদৃক্ষানুভবনম্
ততশ্চিত্রং কর্ম্ম স্বপন সময়ে দর্শনমপি ।
তদঙ্গস্পৃষ্টানামুপগতবতাং স্পর্শনমপি
প্রতীকারঃ কামব্যথিতমনসাং কোঽপি নিগদিতঃ ॥

"When lovers are separated or not united, the following expedients are said to be the means of diversion of their heart, suffering as they do from the pangs of love : these are (1) the perceiving of objects similar in aspect to their beloved, (2) the drawing of pictures of their beloved, (3) seeing their beloved in dreams, and (4) touching eagerly the objects which present themselves after having previously touched the limbs of their beloved." The king's drawing the picture of Shakuntala is an illustration of (2).

As illustrating (3) may be quoted the king's exclamation :—

প্রজাগরাৎ খিলীভূতস্তস্যাঃ স্বপ্নে সমাগমঃ ।
বাষ্পস্তু ন দদাত্যেনাং দ্রষ্টুং চিত্রগতামপি ॥

SHKUNTALA, ACT VI, SCENE ii.

" A meeting with her in dreams has been obstructed by reason of wakefulness. And tears on the other hand, do not allow me to see her even in a picture."

SRIKRISHNA CHATTERJEE.

WHAT JAINS SAY ABOUT WOMEN.

(EXTRACT FROM THE ETHNOGRAPHIC SURVEY RECORDS.)

Woman as a mother.—“ Support your mother and father, thus you will win this world; it is a duty in this world to protect one's mother.

Woman as a temptation.—“ If you fall in love with every woman you see, you will be without hold like the *Hath* plant (an aquatic *Pistis Stratistes, Picta Striata ?)* driven before the wind (because its roots have no hold on the *terra firma*). As it is not safe for mice to live near the dwelling of a cat, so a chaste (monk) cannot stay in a house inhabited by women. A *Sramana* engaged in penance should not allow himself to watch the shape, beauty, coquetry, laughter, prattle, gestures, and glances of women, nor retain recollection of them in his mind. Not to look at, nor long for, nor to praise womankind. This is becoming the meditation of noble ones, and it is always wholesome to those who delight in chastity. Though those who possess the three *Guptis* (controllers of thought, speech, and body) cannot be disturbed even by well adorned goddesses, still it is recommended to monks to live by themselves, as this is wholesome in every way. To a man who longs for liberation, who is afraid of the *Samsāra,* and lives according to Law, nothing in the world offers so many difficulties even as to those who have crossed the great Ocean, no river, though big like the Ganges (will offer any difficulty). Just as an impassioned elephant who is inflamed by carnal desires is turned from his way by a female elephant (employed in the Khedahs) is captured and at last killed in battle, thus the objects of the sense and of the mind (including woman) cause pain in passionate men. One should not mind the entreaties of women, but abstain from their friendship and company. These pleasures which are derived therefrom are called ‘causes of blamable action.’ Restraining his senses from women, a sage should wander about free from all worldly ties. The *Vaitarni* river (of hell) is difficult to pass, so in this world women are to the unwise (a temptation) difficult to overcome. “ The greatest temptation in this world is woman. This has been declared by the sage. While a mendicant lives together with house-holders, the house-holder's wives, daughters, daughters-in-law, nurses, slave girls or servant girls might say : " The reverend *Shramana* it behoves them not to indulge in sexual intercourse ; whatever woman indulges with them in sexual intercourse will have a strong, powerful, illustrious, glorious, victorious son of heavenly beauty. Hearing and perceiving such talk one of them might induce (tempt) the mendicant ascotie to indulge in sexual intercourse—hence he should not use a lodging occupied by the house-holder.

Woman a temptation to Monks[6] ' A monk should take up a detached lodging, free from and not frequented by women, to preserve his chastity. A chaste monk should avoid talking with women, which delights the mind and foments love and passion. A chaste monk should always avoid the company of, and frequent conversation with, women. A chaste monk should avoid observing the body limbs, and figure of women, their pleasant prattle and oglings. A chaste monk should avoid listening to the screeching, screaming, singing, laughing, giggling, and crying of women. A chaste monk should never recall to his mind how he had laughed and played with with women, and what tricks he played to frighten them. A chaste monk should always avoid well dressed food and drink which will soon raise his sensuality. A chest monk should always eat his food, collected according to the rules for the sustenance of life, in the quality, and at the right time ; concentrated in his thoughts he should not eat to excess. A chaste monk should abstain from ornaments ; he should not adorn his body after the fashion of amorous people. He should always abstain from the five orders of pleasant things : sounds, colours, smells, tastes, and feelings of touch, a lodging frequented by women, their pleasant talk, their company, and looking at their charms ; their screeching, screaming, singing, and laughing, eating and sleeping together with them ; well dressed food and drink, or partaking of them to excess ; and ornaments and finery ; these pleasant things, which are hard to leave, are like the poison *Kālakuta,* for a man who seeks after the true self. A monk who has left his mother and father and all worldly ties, (determines) to walk about alone and wise, to abstain from sexual pleasures, and to ask for a secluded place where to lodge. With clever pretences women make up to him, however foolish they be ; they know how to contrive that some monks will become intimate with them. They will often sit down at his side; they always put on fine clothes, they will show him lower part of their body, and the armp it, when lifting up their arms, so that he will follow them about, and occasionally a woman will tempt him to a comfortable couch or bed. But he should know these things to be as many traps under various disguises. He should not look at them, nor should he consent to anything inconsiderate, nor walk tegether with them; thus he will well guard himself. Inviting a monk and winning his confidence, they offer themselves to him. But he should know, and fly from these temptations in their various forms. Meekly, politely, they approach him with their manifold arts to win his heart; and talking sweetly in confidential conversation they make him do (what they like). As (men by baiting) with a piece of flesh a fearless single lion get him into a trap, so women may capture an ascetic though he be careful; and then they make him do what they like. even as a wheel-wright gradually turns the wheel. As an antelope caught in a snare, so he does not get out of it however he struggles. Afterwards he will feel remorse like one who has drunk milk mixed with poison; considering the consequences, a worthy monk should have no intercourse with women. Therefore he should avoid women, knowing them to be like a poisoned thorn. He is no *Nirgrantha* who without companion (goes into) houses, being a slave (to passion) and preaches (his religion). Those who are attached to this sinful (intercourse) must be reckoned among the wicked. Even a monk who practises severe austerities should avoid the company of women. A monk should have no intercourse which his daughters and daughters-in-law, with nurses or female slaves, or with grown-up girls. When the relations and friends (see the intimacy of a monk with a girl), they become angry (saying): all creatures love pleasures; you are a man, protect and support her.” “ But some become angry even when they see an innocent *Sramana*, and suspect the fidelity of their wives because of the dishes they serve up. Those who are in intercourse with (women) have already ceased to practise meditation oh! *Sramanas* therefore for the benefit of their souls, do not go to the apartments (of women). Though many leave the house, some (of them) arrive but at a middling position (between house-holder and monk); they merely talk of the path to perfection. The power of a sinner lies in talking. In the assembly he pronounces holy (words) yet secretly he commits sins; but the wise know him to be a deceiver and great rogue. The sinner does not confess his wrong, but rather boasts of it when reprimanded. Though he is admonished not to act as most men do, he becomes weak again and again. Some men of great intelligence who perform their duties as suppoters of women, get into their power, though they be well acquainted with the *Striveda.* (The adulterers') hands and feet are cut off, their skin and flesh are torn off, they are roasted alive, and acid is poured into their wounds. Their earse and noses are cut off, and their throats cut; (all the more) they will suffer, but though suffering for their sins they will not promise not to do the same again. All this some have learned. and it has been well demonstrated in the *Striveda.* Though (people) know it, they do wrong (impelled) by Karman Women have one man in their heart, another their words, and another still in their actions. Therefore a monk should not trust women, knowing that they are full of deceit. A young woman, putting on fine ornaments and clothes will say to a *Sramana*: "I shall give up (my former way of life) and practise the rough (*viz.*, control). Reverend sir teach me the Law!" Or by professing herself a lay-disciple and co-religionist of the *Sramanas,* (she will try to make a friend of him) As a pot filled with lac (will melt) near the fire, se even a wise (monk) will fall through intercourse with women. A pot filled with lac thrown into the fire melts quickly and is destroyed; so monks are lost through intercourse with women. Some commit sins (with a girl), but when questioned about it, they say: I have done no sin; she only slept in my lap (like my daughter). This is a second folly of the sinner that he obstinately denies what he has done. He commits a twofold sin, since, for the sake of his reputation, he falls again. (Some women) will say, by way of invitation, to a good-looking, self-knowing monk: "Holy man, accept a robe, an alms bowl, food or drink (at our house)!" He should regard their words like wild rice, and should not desire to call at (their house for a fool who is bound in the fetters of sensuality will be subject to delusion again and again. A monk, living single, should not fall in love; if he loves pleasures, he should again become indifferent. Now hear the pleasures of *Sramanas,* which some monks enjoy. When a monk breaks the law, dotes (on a woman) and is absorbed by that passion, she afterwards scoolds him, lifts her foot and tramples on his head.

Woman's position.—"The solicitations of passion, the absence of female society, etc., are to be patiently borne. The touch of women is prohibited to ascetics.

Woman in a passion.—[57] A woman who in a passion has left (her husband and house) remembers her kind relations when hurt with a stick, or a fist, or 'fruit' (*sic*).

Woman as a trouble.—[62] In this world men have a natural liking for women; he who knows (and renounces) them will easily perform his duties as a *Sramana.* [63] A wise man who knows that women are a slough, will get no harm from them but will wander about searching for the Self. [64] The world is greatly troubled by women, but men forsooth say that these are the vessels of happiness, but this leads them to pain, to delusion, to death, to hell, to birth as hell-beings or brute-beasts.

Woman as a wife.—[64] When a son, the reward of their life is born (the moiher bids the father) to hold the baby, or to givo it her. Thus some supporters of their sons have to carry burdens like eamels. Getting up at night they lull the baby asleep, like nurses; and though they are ashamed of themselves, they wash the clothes like washer-men. This has been done by many men who for the sake of pleasures have stooped so low; they become the equals of slaves, animals, servants, beasts of burden—mere nobodies.

Pregnant woman.—[64] Pregnant women order their husbands about like slaves to fulfil their cravings.

Married life.—[68] A faithful man shonld practise the rules of conduct for house-holders; when he lives piously even as a house-holder he will, on quitting flesh and bones, share the world of the *Yakshas.*

Woman as a ministering angel.—[84] Oh Great King, my loving and faithful wife moistened my breast with the tears of her eyes. The poor lady did not eat, nor drink, nor bathe, nor use perfumes, wreaths, and an ointment, with my knowledge or without it. Oh Great King, she did not leave my side even for a moment, but she could not rid me of my pains. (An indirect recital of the duties of a wife during her husband's illness.)

Women as a Queen-dowager.—[68] Oh King, other men, glad and pleased, and well attired, will enjoy the riches the deceased king had amassed, and will dally with the wives he had so well guarded.

Chastity.—[64] To abstain from unchastity after one has tasted sensual pleasures, and to keep the severe vow of chastity, this is a difficult duty.

Desire for a woman.—"[3] Overbearing in acts and words, desirous for wealth are wemen, the fool accumulates sins by acts and thoughts just as a young snake gathers dust (both on and in its body). Then he suffers ill and is attacked by disease, and he is in dread of the next world when he reflects on his deeds. Do not desire (women), those femals demons on whose breasts grow two lumps of flesh, who continually change their mind, who entice men and then make a sport of them as of slaves. A monk should not desire women, he should turn away from females. Give up (Oh monk) your wealth and your wife : you have entered the state of the houseless ; do not, ar it were, return to your vomit.

A woman as an ascetic.—"[4] It is prohibited to any male or female ascetic to be without a couch to sleep on. If not frequently wiped and kept clean it will be difficult to keep from killing insects and so violating the duties of humanity. It is prohibited during the fast to use any angry or provoking language. He or she who does so is not to be allowed to remain in the community. If a quarrel arise, mutual forgiveness is to be asked and granted, the elder disciple is to ask forgiveness of the younger, and the younger of the elder.

Emancipation of women.—" And a small portion of females (not more than twenty at a time) obtain perfection, the perfect consisting chiefly of males (of which one hundred and eight may be emancipated at once)

Woman the cause of quarrel.—" Woman is the cause of quarrels.

B. A. GUPTE.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

Bureau of Education India Progress of Education in India 1912-1917 Seventh Quinquennial Review Vols. 1 and II. H. Sharp, C.S.I., C.I.E., Pricc Rs. 3-10 or 5s. 6d. and Rs. 2 or 3s. Calcutta Superintendent Government Printing, India 1919.

Bureau of Education India. Indian Education in 1917-18. Calcutta Superintendent Government Printing India 1919 Price As. 12 or 1s.

Volume II of 200 pages is divided into 3 parts. I—General Tables. II—Appendices. III—Supplemental Tables. Volum I is bulkier with 216 pages report consisting of 22 Chapters besides Contents 1 page, Introduction 2 pages, Index 4 pages and Illustratiens 46 pages, neither the pages nor the illustrations being numbered. They are photographs done at the Thomason College, Roorke. They may be counted as 77 and are introduced with the remark. Most of the buildings shown in these Illustrations were erected during the quinquennium 1912-1917. They represent a small part of the building activity which took place in that period.

The report refers to the Directors' Despatch of 1854, the Education Commission of 1882, the Indian Universities Commission of 1902, the Resolutions of 1904 and of 1913, and the War—the Great War for Civilization. "The influence of the war has not been wholly adverse, ' It has excited interest,' says the Bombay report, ' among people of all ranks and of all ages in great world issues, enhanced their historical and geographical knowledge, broadened their outlook, awakened their sympathy for those adversely affected by it and united them in common endeavour of all parts of the empire to contribute toward its successful prosecution.' "

Regarding secondary schools in the Punjab—the resolution on the Director's report says that their rocord is one of which they will be proud and proves that the younger generation has inherited to the full the loyal and martial traditions of their forefathers. Then, a notable development has been the creation of a war news association in the Government College, Lahore. The work of translation and dissemination is done by the students, who also tour at their own expense during the vacation and have assisted in enlisting a considerable number of recruits. Speaking of masters and students, Mr. Covernton of Bombay says—the spread of war news and war literature, have enlarged their hitherto limited and cramped mental horizon; the celebration of the Belgiam Children's Day, war relief and war loan meetings, and the observance of Durbar Day, Trafalgar Day (as at Belgaum), and the war anniversary have broadened and given a practical direction to their sympathies; thus consciously or unconsciously, they are being led to a realization of the unity of the British Empire and of the greatness of our imperial ideals which would have been quite impossible and even inconceivable in times before the war.

Mr. Sharp gives, in the Introduction, prominence to the announcement, during the war, of the 20th August. He remarks—it (the report) deals with a subject the interest in which has been stimulated by the war in this as in other countries, and which has here assumed a peculiar significance owing to the announcement made on the 20th August 1917, by His Majesty's Secretary of State for India. In a country where little more than three per cent. of the population is undergoing instruction, the promise of responsible government as a goal and of a substantial instalment thereof as an early step, at once raises education into the position of a factor of more than ordinary importance.

It is hoped that education of the proper kind will now make rapid strides in British India.

From the Report of 1917-18, it appears that in the four years of war there was an increase in educational expenditure amounting to 180 lakhs a year. The number of schools increased by 4,164 to 196,919. Public institutions increased by 4,558 to 159,510, while private institutions decreased by 394 to 37,409. Pupils increased by 96,122 to 7,948,068. The increase in the public institutions was 104,434. The private institutions had 636,320 with a decrease of 8,312. The private schools continue slowly to decrease. In 1917-18, the percentage was 1·3.

It was reported from Bengal that a number of school boys were arrested for complicity in political offences. The Home Rule agitation, it is said, necessitated the tightening up of the restrictions regarding the attendance of pupils and students at political meetings. This led to trouble in Nagpur and other few places, and institutions had to be temporarily closed.

The cry for compulsory elementary education is being heard and taken up. The movement was a feature of the year 1917-1918. Bombay has since passed a private Bill to that effect.

Report on the Administration of India for the year 1916-17 Prepared for presentation to Parliament in accordance with the requirements of the 26th Section of the Government of India Act (5 and 6, Geo. V., Chap. 61). Delhi Superintendent Government Printing, India 1918. Price As. 6-6 or 7d.

The Prefatory Note reads :—

This Report appears for the first time in the present form. It has been and will in future be prepared by the Government of India.

The law referred to is—

26.– (1) The Secretary of State in Council shall, within the first twenty-eight days during which Parliament is sitting next after the first day of May in every year, lay before both Houses of Parliament—

(*a*) an account, for the financial year preceding that last completed, of the annual produce of the revenues of India, distinguishing the same under the respective heads thereof, in each of the several provinces; and of all the annual receipts and disbursements at home and abroad for the purposes of the Government of India, distinguishing the same under the respective heads thereof;

(*b*) the latest estimate of the same for the financial year last completed;

(*c*) accounts of all stocks, loans, debts and liabilities chargeable on the revenues of India, at home and abroad, at the commencement and close of the financial year preceding that last completed, the loans, debts and liabilities raised or incurred within that year, the amounts paid off or discharged during that year, the rates of interest borne by these loans, debts and liabilities respectively, and the annual amount of that interest;

(*d*) (repealed.)

(*e*) a list of the establishment of the Secretary of State in Council, and the salaries and allowances payable in respect thereof.

(2) If any new or increased salary or pension, of fifty pounds a year or upwards has been granted or created within any year in

respect of the said establishment, the particulars thereof shall be specially stated and explained at the foot of the account for that year.

(3) The account shall be accompanied by a statement, prepared from detailed reports from each province, in such form as best exhibits the moral and material progress and condition of India.

The Report is divided into 18 Chapters of 86 pages. The first, Introductory, begins with—

The record of the moral and material progress of India must be sought in the history of the administration and development of individual provinces. The problems of Government, social, economic and administrative, vary widely in different areas, nor is the rate of advance by any means uniform in all. It is accordingly difficult to take a comprehensive survey of Indian progress within the narrow limits of a single year, and we have thought it best to set forth the great part of the year's report in the provincial chapters which follow, and to confine the introductory to a few general remarks, together with a brief account of those branches of the administration, as for instance military matters, for which the central Government of India is solely responsible. A separate chapter deals with Imperial as distinct from provincial finance, and another contains a list of the laws and ordinances passed during the year.

With these exceptions, the Report is left to the Provincial Governments and Administrations, indicating a change of the law, if not amending the Government of India Acts, 1915 and 1916. Here may be discerned a division between the Central and Provincial Governments, to begin the working of the announcement of the 20th August 1917. Indeed, the advocacy of constitutional reform is made the chief of moral progress in India in 1916-17. It is remarked—The question of constructive constitutional reform with the object of enabling Indians to take a larger and ever increasing share in the government of their country, had occupied for some few years past, the attention of officials no less than of politicians. If there were any doubts that the time was not yet ripe for a considerable advance in this direction, such doubts must have been set at rest by the events of the war in which the loyalty and worth of India, as a whole, have been so spontaneously and efficiently displayed.

Unprepared India rose to the height of the occasion. What a prepared India may not do!

Report on Sanitation in Bengal for the year 1917, being the fiftieth annual Report of the Sanitary Commissioner, by Dr. Charles A. Bentley, M.B., D.P.H., D.T.M. & H., F.S.S., Sanitary Commissioner, The twenty-seventh Annual Report of the Sanitary Board, and the fifth annual report of the Sanitary Engineer, Bengal, Calcutta: The Bengal Secretariat Book Depot, 1918. Price—Indian, Re. 1-10 ; English 2s. 6d.

The triune report as issued to the Press is quadrupled by the addition of the Bengal Government Resolution, No. 479 San. dated Calcutta, the 22nd July, 1918., Municipal Department, Sanitation Branch.

Meteorology, European Army, Native Army and Jails are now kept out of the Provincial Sanitary Reports. "As however, there is a very close relation between normal rainfall and the general health conditions of this Province, and agriculture depends almost entirely upon it", the doctor gives a short account of the former which he thinks may be found useful in considering the Report. The monsoon this year appeared over the province on 1st June, or about two weeks before the usual date and held almost uninterruptedly up to 8th October, when rainfall ceased almost entirely, recurring only towards the end of the month. December, as usual, was practically rainless. The heavy falls, specially during June and October, by flushing out dirty tanks and ditches and renewing the water supply generally benefited health which was as compared with the preceding year better in most of the districts. The Resolution opens with—The year 1917 was remarkably healthy. The number of recorded births exceeded the number of deaths by 440,364, representing an addition of approximately 1 per cent. to the population recorded at the last census. The increase was more than double that returned last year, which was the largest recorded since 1912.

The birth-rate rose from 31·89 per mille to 35·91, exceeding by 2·59 the mean of the previous quinquennium. And the death rate fell from 27·37 to 26·19, the actual mortality being nearly 200,000 less than the average of the previous quinquennium. Excepting the Chittagong Hill Tracts to which registration of vital statistics has yet to be extended, the population of Bengal is 45, 329, 247. The birth rate in December was the highest or 3·9. January and November were the next best months with 3·7 and 3·5 respectively. The lowest rate, 2·05 was recorded in

August. The death-rates were December 3·56, January 2·75, November 2·69, October 2·31 and June 1·54. In mortality, thus, June was the lowest with 70, 210, and December the highest with 161, 593 deaths. It is remarked in the Resolution—Eastern Bengal, a region blessed with an abundant rainfall and great rivers, which as they spread over the land in flood, not only fertilize the soil but create conditions adverse to malaria, has, as usual, a comparatively low death-rate. Northern Bengal, a land of dead and dying rivers, in which the drainage system is deranged, is the most malarious part of the Presidency. Four districts in the Rajshahi Division, namely, Dinajpur, Rajshahi, Jalpaiguri and Rangpur head the list, the first with 33·27 deaths per 1,000 and the fourth with 27·06. The least malarious districts shown are Dacca (13·74), Tippera, 24-Parganas and Howrah (9·41).

The period of comparative health is from June to September, the wettest months. This is so for the greater part of Bengal. In the Darjeeling district and the other more elevated and better drained areas, mortality is highest during the rainy season.

An anti-malarial campaign was the use of quinine with free distribution of quinine treatments. The Sanitary Commissioner observes :

"The quantity of quinine sold through post offices and other authorized vendors does not as yet amount on the average to 2 grains per head of the population per aunum. And it is probable that the amount spent on fever specifics and patent medicines for the cure of malaria, most of which owe any value they possess to the quinine that they contain, exceeds that spent on Government quinine a hundred times over. In many cases people willingly pay Re. 1-4 to Re. 1-12 for some 'quack' remedy containing an amount of quinine which may be purchased at the post office for annas 4. Although most fever nostrums contain quinine their advertisements without exception, one and all, decry the use of quinine and warn people against taking it. Unfortunately no adequate steps are taken to educate the public in regard to the truth. It is probable that measures similar to those adopted by the Italian Government would soon convince the general public of extraordinary value of quinine in the treatment and prevention of malaria."

Ten years ago, the Duars was known as 'the white man's grave,' The use of a small daily dose of quinine as a prophylactic has almost banished the black-water fever traced to malaria, and the Duars is now 'a fairly healthy district.' Is it the obstinacy of the Asiatic not to follow this recipe that makes him suffer and die?

Resolution reviewing the Reports on the working of the District Boards in Bihar and Orissa during the year 1917-18. Patna Superintendent Government Printing, Bihar and Orissa, 1919. Rs. 1 annas 8. English 2d.

A general observation is that the year was inevitably one of small progress. The difficulty that met the Boards was the difficulty in carrying out new works owing to shortage of essential materials and the restrictions on railway traffic, which is expected to continue for some time. Unprecedented floods in the Patna and Gaya districts in August caused enormous hardship and damage estimated at Rs. 3½ lakhs. The District Engineer is commended for repairing the damage and restoring communications, where possible.

Owing to shortrge and high price of salt, the Boards were called upon to undertake the novel work of arranging for its import and retail sale. Their work was generally successful. There was a regular supply, at a much reduced price aud great relief to the poorer classes. Eleven Vice-Chairmen of District Boards are reported as particularly deserving of mention. This probably covers the commendation for the novel work successfully done in the matter of salt.

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THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF POONA.

The Poona Chāndraseniya Kāyasth Prabhu Historical Society of which Rai Bahadur B. A. Gupta is the foundation member and President, came into existence in 1901 when the Honourable Mr. Enthoven asked the late Mr. T. V. Gupta to prepare a draft monograph giving the ethnographic description of the caste. He and Mr. Karnik worked together under the supervision of the Rai Bahadur and started a collection of records and publications required for the puopose which ultimately developed itself in the said Society As the founder Mr. T. V. Gupte unexpectedly died of influenza a few months ago, and all the members of his community deemed it necessary to perpetuate his memory by putting his oil painting in the library he created. Finding that the president of their society has been elected as a President of the Central India Conference held at Indore, the residents of Poona took hold of the opportunity to ask him to unveil the portrait. He was invited and all the residents of that city belonging to his caste met together under the presidency of Sir M. Chaubal and presented him with an address before asking him to unveil the oilpainting. In response to the many eulogistic speeches made there, Mr. Gupte replied :—

Sir Madhavrao and gentlemen, you, on inviting me to this historical city, have given me this address placed in a silver casket, so earnestly that I treat it as a social *sanad*, and express my sincere thanks. This grand preparation and appreciation reminds of the day on which Lord Reay thanked me for classifying and arranging the numerous exhibits received for display at the Poona

Exhibition of 1833. That was the happiest day of my life. Many gentlemen present at the opening ceremony congratulated me, and my name was in the lips of almost every body present. His Highness Maharaja Gāikwār held a small Darbār to express his satisfaction at the work done. His Highness Maharaja Shivajirao Holkar gave me Rs. 5,000 and took me under his protection by asking me to resign British service. On the other hand, Lord Reay, synchronously appointed me to a high place in the Educational Department or Rs. 350 a month. Such was the shower of favours bestowed on me that I shall never forget that day. Such is your city of Poona the lucky spot in my destinies. I am exceedingly obliged to you, residents of Poona, for the honour you have just been doing to me. Truly I am here reminded of the tradition or folklore that the spot where Raja Bhoja's throne was buried, turned so megical that whenever any body stood on that mystic spot his mind changed, and he was inclined to distribute favours to every body around him. This is what scientists call sympathetic magic ! Poona, the spot on which Shivaji rose to the position of of the founder of the Maratha empire, does possess, I feel that identical mystic power and that is why I am being raised in your estimation and praised so liberally in your presence. It is this sacred spot thar creates heroes. I feel sure. And yet Echo says there is another instance in which I experienced the benevolence producing power of Poona. Five years after the first stroke of fortune, I came to Poona with His Highness the Maharaja and he distributed through the Committee I formed under the presidency of my *guru*, Mr. T. B. Kirkham Rs. 25,000 among charitable and educational institutions, when my name was again in the lips of every body especially of the literate class. Our Poona Brahmans will never forget that *ramna* or distribution of cash among them—that Bhoj-Raja-like munificence of my patron the late Maharaja Holkar. Such is the luck-giving virtue of Poona. This is my experience.

But we are drifting. What have you been doing where you invited me to perform a specific duty, we all owe, to our departed friend ? You have come here to do honour to the founder of the Historical Society of our community. He who labouriously collected more than three hundred publications containing ethnographic and historical materials concerning our caste. His untimely death has thrown a gloom over the whole tribe. I have been able to do some historical work for the caste, it is true, but I am not alone in that field. Rao Bahadur Vinayakrao Deshmuhh labouriously collected at my request the original entries of ancestors from the ancient worm-eaten registers of the priests of Nasik. I merely published the collection. He therefore deserves credit for unearthing valuable old documents written by the ancestors of the whole caste. I am therefore unable to accept the whole credit. Then there are the descendants of *Sardārs,* Potnis, Chitnis, Ambigāvkar, Khāsgivālē and others who furnished me with the accounts of their own families and added to them copies of the *sanad* and documents in their posssssion. They all deserve credit for the monthly magazine I started at the suggestion of my old chief Sir James Campbell. I alone therefore cannot claim the whole credit—a mere compiler and publisher that was in that case. That we collected materials is all very true, but like littles schoolboy of the infant class we read the publications and spoiled, or destroyed, or mislaid them ! Allow me to confess that out of the dozens of publications I issued, I have no copies of more than three fourths of them? This gross neglect was destined to undo the whole work but by the grace of God there rose Mr. T. V. Gupte alias Tātiāsaheb who collected and preserved them all. Leaving therefore aside the subject of heaping collective thanks on my head, let us all turn to that all important work of the day.

In this sacred city, in this *Lanka* of Marathi literature, in this historical centre, my beloved friend Mr. Tātiāsaheb Gupta did us great service. We must not forget it. A history more important than the one we all compiled together, known as Ethnology of the Caste was prepared by him. It is our duty to keep his memory alive by raising a memorial, however small. We have gathered together here with the determination of carrying out that resolution. It is my painful duty to unveil the portrait of that esteemed friend of mine. I am afraid I have lived too long. God has picked up younger and lovelier flowers before my turn comes ! Let us therefore stand to do honour to his memory by looking at his portrait so cleverly painted by Mr. Muzumdār.

Yes ! This is that Tātiāsaheb Gupte. But alas, a picture is but a reflection a reproduction of the features on a dead canvas.

The Poona Chāndraseniya Kāyasth Prabhu Historical Society is his real memorial. Let us therefore resolve to establish an Institute in his own house and open a free libray in which books and documents can be read or inspected *on the spot* as is done at the Imperial Library at Calcutta. Books lent, are often carelessly lost by readers. They should be preserved in one place and made available on the spot.

So amiable, so loveable, so resolute, and so tenancious a worker was granted us by God, but Death took him away. Such was his enthusiasm, that when he heard of my appointment as University Lecturer on Ancient History and Ethnology, he wrote to me that he had made up his mind to run up to Calcutta with the sole object of sitting in my class to hear my lecture on the subject. Bravo! Tātiāsaheb! It is very rare to find so enthusiastic a listener as to travel over 1000 miles to hear at least one lecture especially, when we know that hundreds of youngmen can be shown who do not care to attend scientific lectures. His was a life worth imitating, his was a deed worth stereotyping. The goddess of History, the image of Saraswati he created in the shape of the valuable historical collection will not look graceful without the *tilak* or forehead-mark I unveil. Let us therefore take this portrait to his library and instal it as a slight mark of the deep respect we feel for his memory.

B. A. GUPTE.

ADRIANA. (VI.)

CHAPTER XV.

Adriana had determined not to see Mr. Braddick again, and found it easy to carry out the determination. Mrs. Braddick, willing to do anything for a person who had so strangely drawn her out of her own impassiveness, made no objection to Miss Linden's desire to be allowed to remain in the schoolroom.

Pearl and Charley was her constant companions : Charley had declared that Linna should not go, he would not let her go out of the house ; he and Pearl would lock the door and hide the key where it could not be found. So the two children set themselves to watch Adriana's movements.

"Why do you want to go ?" asked he. " Pearl and I love you, and want to keep you. Don't go, don't go,—you shan't you shan't ! " and he threw his little arms round her. " See how tight I can hold you, you could not get away."

There was but one night more for her at Etheredge Court ; she was to leave early the following morning in order to catch the early train ; but this had been kept a profound secret from the children. When they said " good night," they little knew it was for the last time, so they went cheerfully to rest ; and a few hours afterwards when Adriana went to look at them in their little cots, she found them slumbering peacefully. There was no fear of awakening the little sleepers. so she stayed watching by them for a long time. " Happy little sleepers, to whom the sorrowful knowledge of life has not yet come. May they be kept from my experience of it," sighed Adriana. And the remembrance of her childhood, when she, too had no regret for the yesterday that was past recalling, no fear for the morrow's dawning, filled her with a wild yearning that the years that filled up the space between then and now might be for ever effaced from her memory. Would that the waters of Lethe might roll over the past. Yet wherefore ? Is not the past the introductory lesson that helps us to master the present,and prepare for the deeper study of the future? No past, and the world would be in its youth again, and man a child spelling out his lesson of life with sobs and tears, divested of the kindly hand of ripe old Time to point to explanations.

The tears stole down Adriana's cheeks as she looked at the children. She did not care for children, generally, but these had found their way to her heart; perhaps, too, their open-hearted innocence, their freedom from concealment of any kind, had been a tacit reproach to her own somewhat treacherous line of conduct, and had made her feel as if she were a deceiver. At last she turned away.

It was getting late, people were moving about as if retiring. Adriana listened; door after door shut. then all was quite. Still she waited, she must be quite sure. The hall lamp was out, and the only light burning was a night-lamp on the first landing. She might venture now; she must take one more look at that picture taken of Charles Cunningham years ago.

So she tock up her candle, and went noiselessly down-stairs. The swing door creaked slightly as she pushed against it, but the noise it made was heard apparently only by herself, for she paused to see if anyone had been disturbed. There was no sign that anyone had, so she went on cautiously, and reached the library. Her candle gave but little light in the spacious room; too little to allow her a good view of the picture she had come to look at. She glanced round, and her eye fell on a lamp, which she lighted, and placed so that its rays fell full upon the face in the painting. She threw herself into a chair opposite, and, resting her face on her hands, gazed fixedly at the portrait.

Etheredge Court faded away from her mind; the years that had intervened since her parting with Charles Cunningham vanished, and she seemed to stand face to face with him as she had done long ago.

"And yet I am beginning to hate you, Charles Cunningham," she murmured. "Why, why did you destroy my life? why did you make these seven weary years so heavy a burden to me? It was not generous, when you knew your power, to use it as you did. Yet perhaps I ought to hold you blameless, since you spoke no actual word whereby I could account you guilty. But this night I forgive, forgive you for all the sorrow you have caused me. In my condemnation of myself has light sprung up, and I have seen how easy it is to be led on to act against one's own convictions. I have sinned against others even though I am sinned against myself. We all need forgiveness."

She had risen from the chair during her soliloquy, and was standing with clasped hands before the picture.

As she finished her last sentence, a subdued voice said :—

" Amen."

Did the voice come from the picture ? She could almost believe that it did, for the eyes seemed to return her gaze with a life-like expression. She gazed as if fascinated, afraid to look and yet unable to turn away her eyes.

She tried to say, " How foolish I am" but though her lips moved no sound came forth. She would make an effort, she would not look, and she covered her face with her hands. The spell was broken, she would not look again in that direction, she moved towards the table to turn down the lamp, when, to her extreme terror, she saw a figure, the counterpart of the one in the picture, with mournful eyes gazing upon her.

Adriana was not naturally superstitious, but her nerves were unstrung, and her agitation was uncontrollable. She uttered a faint cry, and sank on a sofa, covering her face so as to hide the apparition from her. She dared not move, she dared not look up.

But it was no apparition. Mr. Braddick had been reading late by the dining-room fire,and hearing a door open had closed his book, and determined upon looking through the rooms and passages to see that all was safe.

He was, as it were, spell-bound on entering the library. He would have retired, but the attitude of the fiigure so intently looking at his portrait fascinated him to stay yet a moment, and the half-unconsciously spoken words were heard by him even before he felt aware that he should not have listened to them, and the "Amen," escaped his lips without his knowing that it had been audible.

The look of fear that Adriana cast towards him showed him that he had placed himself in an awkward position. To retreat now seemed impossible. He could not leave her in her present state of alarm. Yet what to do was perplexing.

He advanced.

" Miss Linden ! "

Adriana shuddered and clasped her hands more tightly over her face.

" I am afraid I have greatly alarmed you, Miss Linden. I was reading in the dining-room, and hearing a door creak, I made a voyage of discovery, thinking that possibly I might capture a thief upon the premises. "

Adriana sprang up, all her chimerical fears were quieted ; the wild absurdities that she had been willing to believe in vanished, and she stood face to face alone, for the first time since she had been at Etheredge Court, with Charles Cunningham.

It was difficult to say which experienced the greater embarrassment: for the memory of the past came clearly and keenly to both of them. To both the secret of their lives, though unspoken, was fully known.

They had loved.

They had been parted.

For it was passive. Not a voluntary act, but the result of circumstances. Each understood, each read the past aright.

Adriana was the first to speak, she turned towards the door.

" Good night, Mr. Braddick."

She did hot hold out her hand, but merely bowed.

" One moment, stay, Miss Linden, Adriana !"

She was still moving away, but at the last word she turned, it was so long since she had heard it.

" Adriana, there is much I should like to say, but I know not where to begin."

The colour came into Adriana's face as she replied almost haughtily :

" Leave it unsaid, Mr. Braddick ; every word now would be an insult to your wife and to myself."

Mr. Braddick was surprised at the sudden change, yet it was just like old times the quick transition from one mood to another that had had so great a charm for him. The haughtiness of her reply did not annoy him.

" You are right," he returned ; " but I did not so mean it. May we not at least part as friends, Miss Linden ?"

" Why not ?"

The question was not easy to answer, so Mr. Bruddick did not attempt to answer it. He might have reminded Adriana of her soliloquy but he forebore.

"May I thank you for all that you have done for my children and——" he continued, half hesitating, "and for my wife ?"

"I have done my duty where it was not my duty to do it," replied she, somewhat bitterly.

"You have done more," answered Mr. Braddick ; "you ——"

"Say no more, Mr. Braddick," interrupted Adriana ; "good-night, good-by." This time she held out her hand.

"As friends ?" inquired Mr. Braddick.

"Of course,—why not ?"

The sentence came half sarcastically. Mr. Braddick did not like the tone of it, but then, even in the days of his fervent adoration, he had not always understood Adriana. He felt deeply the injury he had inflicted, and would have given anything to repair it. But it was a case in which silence was the only course to pursue and time the only healer.

"Fancy little Katy having such an interview," thought Adriana, when she regained her own room. "My good Cousin Davis would be aghast. I am not sorry, and I am not glad. I am glad I am going away, and yet in spite of everything I do not wish that I had never come. I have been wrong, and I know it. I am unhappy, miserable, yet I feel a sort of peace. I cannot understand myself, I do not understand myself," said she aloud: "I'm still drifting with the stream ; the waters have raged and swelled, but they're calming down again, and I must go back to the quiet fold."

As Mr. Braddick was leaving the library, he was joined by a figure from the far end of the room.

"Forgive me, Charles, for having been an unintentional eavesdropper. I fell asleep over the smouldering fire, and woke up at the sound of your voices."

"Not before ?"

"No."

"Then miss Linden's soliloquy did not reach your ears ?"

"Not a word of it. Charles, I half wonder that——"

"What ?"

"There's something very honest about Miss Linden ; she's impulsively wrong sometimes in the letter, but there is the truthful element so strong in the spirit that I would trust her through anything."

"Hem! you seem to have been studying Miss Linden very closely, Richard."

"I have. It's very hard to find a woman who won't deceive you, but I think she wouldn't."

"Are you quite sure that you're not in love, Dick?"

"No I'm not sure of anything of the kind. A flash of light burst upon me the morning she told me she was going away, and I've been getting accustomed to it ever since. I have hitherto roughly classed women under two heads, clever and fools; the former annoy, the latter, weary me. The latter, of course, predominate, and I am not sure but that they are the less objectionable, as one cannot expect women to be always sensible. I don't say that the others attain the wisdom they profess, for in their efforts at superiority they are continually swallowing camels, and reducing themselves to a level with their weaker sisters. But here is a woman who belongs to neither class, with a fair share of intellect, that she is content not to bring too forward; sensible and not sensible; in fact, a mixture of opposites, that makes her just what I think a woman ought to be. Sense enough to know her superiority, and yet to feel her inferiority."

"Rather an enigmatical sentence, that last, Richard."

"Well, you must make the best of it; I don't deny women full justice, but as to the equality of the masculine and feminine mind, I don't believe in it."

"Miss Linden might differ."

"If she belonged to my first class she would, if to my second she might; but as she is an exception to both, I think she would be inclined to take a sensible view of the case." He paused. "It is strange," he resumed, "that having been for some months in the house with Miss Linden, that——"

"That you never found out what you have half confessed to-night?" asked Mr. Braddick, interrupting him.

"Partly. The only woman I ever thought worth caring about is slipping through my fingers."

"Do you think that her 'fair share of intellect' has enabled her to grasp the fact?"

"Certainly not. Pooh ! what absurdities I am talking about.

It is the witching hour of night,
When churchyards yawn and graves give up their dead.

And from the dungeons of my mind wild fancies are escaping that will fade away in the daylight. Good night !"

"Good-night!"

JEAN BONCŒUR.

CREED OF LOVE.

Agony of your absence teaches me dear,
To suffer pain and sorrow ;
To feel with tears to heart to smear
The universal woe.

Your love to me gives me a lesson
Oh ! Beloved mine !
To renounce self—the creed of love
In silence so I pine.

LILA DEVI.

GATHA.

Gatha is said to be a dialect between Sanskrit and Prakrita. It generally consists of verses or songs religious derived from sources other than the Vedas. European scholars consider the Zend hymns of the Zoroastrians as Gatha.

But in the Mahabharata we frequently meet with songs and verses, pithy morals, intended to be repeated in common conversation. Many Gathas appear in the Mahabharata such as those ascribed to King Yayati, son of Nahusa of the lunar race. By his excesses he soon became senile and incapable. But thirst for enjoyment not being satisfied, he wanted to exchange his senility with the juvenility of any of his sons. Puru alone consented to exchange his youth with his father's decrepitude. Yayati began to enjoy. But when found that his appetite was insatiable by enjoyment, he came to his senses and sang Gatha. He restored the juvenility to his son Puru and devoted the rest of life to meditation and prayer.

In the commentary of the *Rik* hymn সং মা তপন্ত্যভিতঃ সপত্নীরিব পর্শবঃ etc. we find ব্রহ্মেতি মিত্রমৃঙ্ মিত্রং গাথা মিত্রং ভবতি and further on ঋগ্বদ্ধো গাথা (Gathas incorporated in Rik). In another place we meet with such passages as সাম্নৈব স্তোত্রং ইতি স্তোত্রসাধনং গীতাত্মকং সামৈব গাথেত্যুচ্যতে। (Sama hymns that are in the nature of Songs are Gathas).

Sama is prayer and therefore Gatha is a prayer sung. In the Aitareya Brahmana we meet with ইন্দ্রগাথাভিবৈর্দেবা অসুরানভিগায় gods applied Indragathas to demons.

Gatha being derived from the root গৈ (to sing) is used in the sense of adoration. Because the gods are adored therefore the prayer is Gatha.

গায়তীত্যসৌ দেবতাঃ গায়ন্তি তাং ইতি বা গাথা।

The celebrated Yayati Gatha as given in the Mahabharata runs thus.—

তত্র গাথা মহারাজ শৃণু গীতা যযাতিনা।
যাভিঃ প্রত্যাহরেৎ কামান্ সর্ব্বশোহঙ্গানি কূর্মবৎ।

Oh prince, listen to the Gatha on this subject sung by Yayati by which one should withdraw all his desires as the tortoise withdraws its limbs inside its shell ন জাতু কামঃ কামানাং উপভোগেন সাম্যতি। হবিষা কৃষ্ণবর্ত্মেব ভূয় এবাভিবর্দ্ধতে ॥ Desire is never satiated by enjoyment.

Rather it is inflamed like unto the fire by libation of butter.

যৎ পৃথিব্যা ব্রীহিযবং হিরণ্যং পশবঃ স্ত্রিয়ঃ
নালমেকস্য তৎসর্ব্বং ইতি স্মত্বা ন মুহ্যতি।

All the grains, gold, cattle and women of the world are not sufficient for enjoyment of a single individual. Thinking this the wise is never befooled (by desire).

জীর্য্যন্তি জীর্য্যতঃ কেশাঃ দন্তা জীর্য্যন্তি জীর্য্যতঃ
ধনাশা জীবিতাশাচ জীর্য্যতোঽপি ন জীর্য্যতি।

Hairs become gray and fall off, teeth also wear off but desire for wealth and desire for longevity never wear out. He concludes by adding,

তৃষ্ণাক্ষয়সুখস্যৈতৎ নার্হতি ষোড়শী কলাং।

All these are not equivalent to a sixteenth digit of the happiness due to freedom from desires.

Morals also preserved in Gatha are such as the following.

কুমিত্রঞ্চ কুদেশঞ্চ কুরাজানং কুসৌহৃদং।
কুপুত্রঞ্চ কুভার্য্যাঞ্চ দূরতঃ পরিবর্জ্জয়েৎ॥
কুমিত্রে সৌহৃত্বং নাস্তি কুভার্য্যায়াং কুতোরতিঃ।
কুতঃ পিণ্ডং কুপুত্রে তু নাস্তি সত্যং কুরাজনি ॥
কুসৌহৃদে ক্ব বিশ্বাসঃ কুদেশে নৈব জীব্যতে।
ন বিশ্বসেৎ অবিশ্বস্তে বিশ্বস্তে নাতি বিশ্বসেৎ।
বিশ্বাসাৎ ভয়মুৎপন্নং মূলান্যপি নিকৃন্ততি ॥
অদ্রোহং সময়ং কৃত্বা মুনীনামগ্রতো হরিঃ।
জঘান নমুচিং পশ্চাৎ অপাং ফেনেন পার্থিব ॥
শত্রুশেষমৃণাচ্ছেষং শেষমগ্নেশ্চ ভূমিপ।
পুনর্বর্ধেত সম্ভূয় তস্মাৎ শেষং নিঃশেষয়েৎ ॥

But there are Gathas which extol the brave and nothing could be better than the few quoted below.

সুখং সাংগ্রামিকং মৃত্যুঃ ক্ষত্রধর্ম্মেন যুধ্যতঃ ।
মৃতো দুঃখং ন জানীতে প্রেত্য চানন্ত্যমশ্নুতে ॥

Pleasant is death in the battle-field whilst fighting like a Kshatriya. Dying one feels not death-pangs and thereafter enjoys eternal bliss.

The spirit of such sentiment is understood by the British and the French who observe the funeral of the unknown dead. What greater honour could be to the dead soldier whose name even is not known but for whom emperors and rulers mourn.

শৃণুধ্বং ক্ষত্রিয়াঃ সর্ব্বে যাবন্তঃ স্ম সমাগতাঃ
যদা শূরঞ্চ ভীরুঞ্চ মারয়ত্যন্তকঃ সমং ।
কোন্নু মূঢ়ো ন যুধ্যেত.........

Harken ye Kshatriyas, Death spares neither the bold nor the coward. Who is then so stupid as to evade the battle-field ? The term Kshatriya is drived from *kshata*, wound, ক্ষতাৎ কিল ত্রায়ন ইত্যু etc. A Kshatriya is one who relieves the weak from harm.

ন যুদ্ধধর্ম্মাৎ শ্রেয়ান্ হি পন্থা স্বর্গস্থ কৌরব ।
সুচিরেণার্জিতান্ লোকান্ সদ্যো যোধঃ সমশ্নুতে ॥

Oh Kaurava, there is no better road to heaven than to fall in a fair fight.

গৃহে যৎ ক্ষত্রিয়স্থাপি নিধনং তদ্বিগর্হিতম্ ।

It is deplorable for a Kshatriya to die at home for it is (অধর্ম্মঃ সুমহানেব যৎ শয্যামরণং গৃহে) sinful for a Kshatriya to die on his bed in his domicile surrounded by a host of weeping relations.

অরণ্যে যো বিমুঞ্চেত সংগ্রামে বা তনুং নরঃ ।
ক্রতুনাহৃত্য মহতো মহিমানং স গচ্ছতি ॥

He who gives up his body in forest (in Yoga meditation shunning the world) or a battle-field attains the benefits of several sacrifices.

ন তস্থ বীজং রোহতি রোহকালে ete. He is never re-born.

Then it is said,

সতীর্থাশ্রমবাসহোমনিয়মৈশ্চান্দ্রায়ণাদ্যৈঃ কৃতৈঃ ।
পুংভিস্তৎ ফলমাহবে বিনিহতৈঃ সংপ্রাপ্যতে তৎক্ষণাৎ ॥

Males easily attain more advantages by dying in a combat than by pilgrimages, sacrifice and penances.

শস্ত্রাবভৃতপূতানাং ধ্রুবং বাসস্ত্রিবিষ্টপে ।
শূরাণামার্য্যবৃত্তানাং সংগ্রামেষ্বনিবর্ত্তিনাম্ ॥
ধীমতাং সত্যসন্ধানাং সর্ব্বেষাং ক্রতুযাজিনাম্ ।
উত্তমাস্ত্রবিদাঃ শরা যথোক্ত ক্রতুযাজিনঃ
ত্যক্ত্বা প্রাণান্ যথা ন্যায়মিন্দ্রসদ্মস্বধিষ্ঠিতাঃ ।

They rise to the abode of Indra who never show their backs in battle-field.

দ্বাবিমৌ পুরুষৌ লোকে সূর্য্যমণ্ডলভেদিনৌ ।
পরিব্রাট্ যোঽভিযুক্তশ্চ রণে যোঽভিমুখো ভবেৎ ।

Two persons only penetrating the solar system reach heavens : They are the asetic and he who has never shown his back in a battle-field.

ললাটদেশে রুধিরং পরিস্রুতং, শূরস্য যস্য প্রবিশোক বক্ত্রং gore from the wounds of his forehead if enters the mouth of that hero তৎ সোমপানেন সমং ভবেচ্চ it is equivalent to the drinking of *soma* juice সংগ্রামযজ্ঞে বিধিবৎ প্রবিষ্টঃ to him who has been duly invited in warfare.

The anecdote of Yayati as given in the Mahabharata, etc., is no poetical imagery nor hallucination. Rejuvenating old men and animals as has of late been proved by the brilliant achievements of Dr. Vardnoff's skin grafting had long been practised in India with success. Bones, muscles and other tissues have been successfully grafted. The vanished vigour and vitality of youth have been restored to sentient individuals. Dr. McCorkle has proved success in transplanting glands of youth. Why then should we wonder when Yayati is said to have exchanged his senility with the juvenility of his son and agreed to return the same as a thing borrowed ? Similar results have been secured by the ligatures of special ducts and by specific application of rays.

Dr. Steinach has been revivifying animals by operating glands as well as by exchanging primary sex organs. Transplanting of the germ gland from one young animal upon an aged one, Dr. Lichtenstern experimented on the rejuvenation of human beings. The old man thus operated and looked fresher.

PRATAPA CHANDRA GHOSHA.

HIS EVIL STAR—(III).

By

ALEXANDER.

CHAPTER V.

Jane Mackpherson was unhappy. She carried concealed in her bosom vague fears and suspicions, which she dared not analyse. Nor had she the courage to expose these to the view of any other person. She felt she was face to face with a danger which she must fight alone. She did not know what shape this danger would take. But she felt it everywhere. It seemed to be like a shadow following her about, The thing seemed to be getting on her nerves. Once she felt very much tempted to speak to James all about it. The next moment she argued with herself that her suspicions may be all imaginary. James would probably laugh it away and ascribe it to her nerves. It is true she had gone through two accidents, either of which might have proved fatal. But she did not feel any the worse for them. Only these vague, shadowy fears! These lurking suspicions! She was glad she did not spoil James' mind. She had buckled herself up the last time she saw him in hospital and had begun so awkwardly to open her mind to him that he had totally misunderstood her. He thought that she was growing sickly sentimental. That afforded her an opportunity to cut short her painful speech and beat a hasty retreat. He must have considered her abrupt. He might even ascribe her conduct to the influx of amorous feelings. But could he judge the real truth, could he ascertain how she felt about this horrible matter, she wondered how he would take it. She sometimes felt that she needed his protecting arms. But then, had she the right to drag him into misery-perchance, danger. Yes, that is a thing she had not considered so far. Supposing the danger threatened him rather than her. Supposing it was he who was sought after. Why, that was perhaps more likely than not. She had been going about alone for over a month while he had been lying ill at the hospital. If any harm were to come to her there was nothing to prevent it.

Such were some of the thoughts that passed through Miss Macpherson's brain as she lay awake upon her bed wondering what answer to give James regarding their prospective marriage. Once or twice the thought came to her mind that she would break off the engagement without any explanation, but she felt that that would be cruel and utterly unjustifiable. She beat her brains for nothing. While turning over in her mind the possible lines of conduct open to her, she suddenly remembered how while out boating with him, she had requested him to take the destinies of their lives into his hands and how he had inquired eagerly whether she could repose implicit faith in him. At the recollection of those words she uttered loudly to herself as she jumped out of bed. "Yes, I must go and tell him all ...all...and let him settle."

This decision relieved the tension of her mind and she fell asleep not long after she got into bed again.

* * * * * *

Janes came out of the hospital and resumed his duties at the mill, where he was Chief Engineer. He soon discovered that his efficiency suffered on account of the loss of his right arm. He knew he would have to resign his work. But being young and well-read, he also knew he could train himself to write with his left hand and bocome a journalist. Besides, the few years he had put in at the mill being fat years, he had received quite a lot in the shape of bonuses, all of which he had not only saved but employed in the speculation of shares. Luck had favoured him, so there were no fears of his ever being reduced to penury, unless he led a fast life. But the thing that troubled him was whether Miss Macpherson would care to marry him in his changed circumstances. He made up his mind to make a clean breast of every thing to her.

* * * * * *

The next meeting of the lovers was quite a serious affair. Each of them had so much to confide to the other. James first explained to Miss Macpherson what his outlook was. He told her that although the mill agents were willing to retain his services in spite of his handicap he did not think he could consistently with his conscience continue in a position where work was chiefly of a manual nature, knowing full well that he could not discharge his duties efficiently. He had, therefore, made up his mind to resign and try his hand at journalism. He related to her how he was situated financially. He gave her to understand that although he had sufficient to keep the pot boiling it would be foolish of them to expect any luxuries, unless he could supplement his income by his work as a journalist. Miss Macpherson listened to him patiently and kept quiet for a long time after James had actually ceased to speak. Mr. Mackinnon began to think that after all she was a heartless adventuress. He felt that his worst fears were about to be realised. He lighted a cigarette and began to puff at it fiercely. Jane looked at him furtively two or three times but said nothing. Exasperated by her prolonged silence James cried out, "Good God! I am prepared for it, come out with it...Oh, Jane, how you torment me...alas! My ship is wrecked...Good God! ... alas! He placed his elbow upon the table and leaning forward rested his chin upon his palm.

Jane stood up at the mention of the words "ship wrecked." She came forward and placing her hand upon James' shoulder tweaked his ear, " Yes must not mind it James but I think we must break off."

James brushed her hand aside and walked away from her to a window which over-looked the river.

" Alas! my ship...my ship of love...alas!" he muttered to himself " There's nothing for me to live for now."

Jane followed him to the window " James, you must let me speak."

" Leave me alone, please. I think I could bear it better if you refrain from showing your pity for me. (Aside to himself) Alas! such is woman...such is her cup-board love...She marries with an eye to comfort not to happiness!"

" James, James, you refuse to listen to me. Then I'm going, your own troubles blind you to the sufferings of other people. You think I am free from care: that there is nothing in the world to worry me."

Miss Macpherson moved away from him step by step as she said these words.

James slowly turned round and approached her, " You, you really have things to trouble your mind. Well, I confess I never thought of that. I am sorry indeed that I jumped to conclusions without listening to you...Tell me what it is that ails you." As the last words escaped his lips he felt amused at the recollection that he had repeated almost verbatim the words spoken by nurse Hall

"I thought...it would be better for us both not to marry. I feel there is...there is a...danger which threatens our lives. I did not venture to tell you about it earlier thinking you would ridicule me."

James moved towards a chair and motioning Jane to another remarked good humouredly, "You don't mean a financial crisis—do you ?"

"There James, you begin to pull my leg no sooner I start opening myself up to you ! I had strapped my chest...but, I shan't say anything more." She got up from the chair and walked towards the table.

James put his foot upon his chair and leaning his elbow upon his knee, he placed his forefinger upon his lips and said, "Go ahead darling, I shall be chup."

Jane came back and resuming her seat gravely remarked looking at his comical face, "I' ve seen...seen that man."

"So there's a man in it after all not money—eh", queried James. "Cherchezl' homme."

Jane continued as if James had not spoken, "I have always felt as if some one was following me about but I...I saw him...once and his face had such an awful look...I ran..."

"What ? you mean that horrid fellow who attempted to strangle you...He has been shadowing you about...eh ?"

"Yes, that is what I mean and you don't know how changed he is."

James took two or three measured strides and then facing Jane said, "But I don't see why we need break off our engagement...unless...unless of course, you want to marry him.'

"If you talk like that...if you persist in misunderstanding me ...I think, I will end by marrying that man," cried Jane as she left her seat, pouting her lips.

"I beg your pardon, Miss," replied James submissively. "Then what do you propose to do ?"

"I have finished with my proposal I am now making statements of bare facts," retorted Jane loftily.

"Then you mean to break off the engagement...I thought you committed the destinies of our lives to my care...you might remember it."

"Nay, it was because of this rememberance that I have come to-day for your counsel," said Jane.

James took a few more steps. "So it is my advice you have come to seek. But you talk as if you had come to dictate terms to me...very well then to cut a long business start, I must ask you two questions and you must answer them honestly. By honestly I mean without fear of wounding me. Number one is, " Do you love me ?." Number two is " Are you afraid of poverty ?."

Jane replied shortly, " My answers are, Yes and no."

" Then I have no hesitation in saying that my advice is we must marry." James gathered her to his breast with the only arm left to him in a most touching way. Jane buried her face in his capacious chest and left a couple of tears fall unknown to him.

CHAPTER VI.

Everything was ready for the wedding. The weather was wet. But the bridegroom and bride had arrived punctually to time. The church was full of guests. There was an anxious look an everyone's face because it was whispered that the priest had not arrived. He was a very punctual man, so no one could account for his delay. A conveyance was sent to fetch him as it was thought that he might have been kept back on account of the inclemency of the weather. Those who went to bring him returned with the news that the old man had dropped dead while dressing to come to the church. Some said they had better look for another clergyman. Others remarked that the marriage had better be postponed. The circumstances were so painful that no one knew how to act. While people were thus engaged in discussing what should be done two loud reports of revolver broke upon their subdued whisperings in quick succession. These were followed by a third one. All eyes turned upon the man who fired the shot. He was dripping wet with the rain that was pouring heavily outside. The two victims were the bride and bridegroom. The white wedding dress of the bride was dyed scarlet with warm red blood. The bridegroom lay gasping by her side. The assassin tottered and fell a few feet away from them. Their last breath ebbed away before any help could be rendered them.

NOTES ON THE CALCUTTA ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

In the course of a visit which I paid to the Calcutta Zoological Gardens on the undermentioned animals appeared to me to be new to the collection :—

In one of the compartments of the Ruminantia Paddock which is situated to the west of the Sonebursa Enclosure (No. 9 of the official *Guide-book* of 1910) is a pair of the Kashmir stag (*Cervus cashmirianus*). These animals have been presented to the Gardens by H. H. the Maharaja of Kashmir. This magnificent stag is found, during the summer, in the Kashmir Valley throughout the pine-forests situated at an altitude of from 9,000 to 12,000 feet. But, during the winter months, these animals frequent the pine-forests at lower altitudes. They are not found either in the eastern or northern parts of Kashmir.

The size of this stag is large. In male specimens, the hair on the ridge of the neck is long, black and bushy ; while that on the lower neck is long and shaggy. Its muffle is small. "Horns with brow, bez and tres or royal tines ; and usually in adults each horn with five points, sometimes with more. The tines, with rare exceptions, are undivided. The bez or second tine, as a rule, considerably exceeds the brow or first tine in length."

The Kashmir stag is of a brown or brownish ash or dark-liver color. There is a whitish caudal disk which surrounds its tail and which contrasts strongly with the dark color that merges into the color of the body. Its sides and limbs are of a paler complexion. Its lips and chin are white in coloration ; while its ears are whitish. During the summer months, the pelage of this stag is brighter and more rufous ; its lower parts are albescent ; while the belly in the male specimens assumes a dark-brown color. The naturalist Adams says that the young fawns of the Kashmir stag are spotted and retain the spots till they attain the third or fourth year.

During the summer months, the Kashmir stags roam about either singly or in small herds. The males generally remain alone. During the winter, however, they collect together in larger flocks

The naturalist Adams, who has made an excellent field-study of the habits of this fine deer, states that this stag never remains in one locality, but roams about from forest to forest. But they prefer to graze in grassy glades overshadowed by densely-growing forest-trees and provided with a plentiful supply of water for drinking purposes. The females of the Kashmir stag are stated to go about with young for about a period of six months and give birth to fawns in or about the month of April. The males of this species generally shed their horns in March and develop new ones which become perfect in or about October.

The rutting season of the Kashmir stag is stated by Adams to commence in March, when the male stags loudly bellow, their callnotes being heard all over the mountains.

Then leaving the Ruminantia Paddocks, we proceed to the lawn on the north of the Sarnamayi House (No. 18 of the official *Guide-Book*). In the Serpentine Lake which flows past this lawn, is at present, exhibited a young specimen of the Sea-Lion (*Otaria hookeri*) which inhabits the Auckland Islands to the south of New Zealand. This specimen has been obtained by exchange from the Zoological Society of Scotland. At the time of our visit, we found that this Sea-Lion was continually swimming from one end of that portion of the lake which had been fenced off with bamboos for its accommodation, to the other end thereof. Then it was returning to its starting point, and so on continually. When one swimming trip was finished, it would turn upside down. Its coloration seemed to be chocolate. But Rai Bahadur B. K. Basu, C. M. G. S. Z., Superintendent of the Calcutta Zoological Gardens says :—

"The general habits of this species seem to be very similar to those of other Sea lions. Their daily occupation seems divided between sleeping and eating. They lie huddled together in a drowsy condition during the greater part of their time. In capturing their prey, they swallow it above water. As a rule, they do not drink water."

The Sea-Lions, as also the Sea-Bears, belong to a markedly distinct group of marine carnivorous mammals, which goes by the name of the Eared Seals. The Sea-Lions can be readily distinguished from the true Seals by the former's possession of a small external ear.

The Zoological Society of London obtained in 1866, the first living specimen of this remarkable marine mammal. Since then it has obtained various specimens of these animals. In 1895, specimens of the Patagonian Sea-Lion *(Otaria jubata)* and of the Cape Sea-Lion (*Otaria pusilla*) were exhibited in the London Zoological Gardens. The Patagonian Sea-Lion is found of the Falk land Islands and the adjacent coasts of South America; while the Cape Sea-Lion inhabits the islands lying off the southernmost extremity of the African continent.

Although the generality of the Indian public is not well up in Natural History, still the remarkable swimming habits of the Sea-Lion are attracting a goodly number of visitors to the Calcutta Zoological Gardens. In the London Zoological gardens also, "the singular gait of the Sea lions on land, their extraordinary evolutions in the water, and their extreme docility render them general favourites with the public; and the feeding of these animals always altracts a large assemblage of spectators."

Then leaving the Sea Lion, we proceed to the Antelope House (No. 23 of the official *Guide book*) which is situated at the back of the Reptile House. In this house are, at present, exhibited the two undermentioned African species of Antelopes and Gazelles :—

(*a*) Duiker Antelope (*Cephalophus grimmi*).

Its habitat extends from the Cape to the Zambesi and Nyassal land; and, on the west coast, it ranges as far north as Angola.

The specimen of the Duiker Antelope which is now on view at the Calcutta Zoo, has been kept there on deposit.

(*b*) Thomson's Gazelle (*Gazella thomsoni*)

This rare gazelle is found in Masailand on the east coast to the north of Zanzibar.

The specimen of the Thomson's Gazelle now on view at the Calcutta Zoo has also been kept there on deposit.

In March 1881, a specimen of the Grant's Gazelle (*Gazella granti*) from East Africa was exhibited in these gardens.

Thence we proceed to the Bird of Prey House (No. 27 of the official *Guide-book*) which is situated in the north-western corner of the Garden.

In the northern compartment of this House are exhibited two specimens of the Hooded Crow (*Corvus capellanus*) which has its habitat round the Persian Gulf and in Mesopotamia. The most characteristic feature of these fine corvine birds is their coloration which is black mottled with large patches of white.

The Superintendent has written to me to say : "I regret the specimens you saw died sometime ago."

Then leaving the Bird of Prey House and proceeding along the northern bank of the Big Lake we arrive at the Tapir Enclosure (No. 32 of the official *Guide-book*).

In this Enclosure is at present, exhibited a young specimen of the African Two-Horned Rhinoceros *(Rhinoceros bicornis)* which has been kept there on deposit. This species is otherwise known as the African Black Rhinoceros as distinguished from the African White Rhinoceros *(Rhinoceros simus)* which is of a paler color, has a very long and slender horn and a square short-lipped mouth, The Black Rhinoceros is stated to be really not black but to be flesh-colored and to have its upper lip projected and slightly prehsnsile. The White Rhinoceros lives in the more open country and feeds upon grass. But the Black Rhinoceros feeds upon shrubs and small branches of trees and has its habitat in the forest tracts.

A Synoptical List of the Mammals and Birds described in this paper ;—

Class Mammalia.
Order Carnivora.
Family Otaridæ.
Genus Otaria.

1. *Otaria hookeri.* The Sea Lion.

Hab. Auckland Islands to the south of New Zealand.

Order Ungulata.
Sub-Order Artiodactyla.
Ruminantia
Family Bovidæ.
Sub-family Cephalophinæ.
Genus Cephalophus.

2. *Cephalophus grimmi.* The Duiker Antelope.
Hab. From the Cape to the Zambesi and the Nyassaland.

Sub-family Antilopinæ.
Genus Gazella.

3. *Gazella thomsoni.* Thomson's Gazelle.

Hab. Masailand to the north of Zanzibar.

Family Cervidæ.
Genus Cervus.

4. *Cervus cashmirianus.* The Kashmir Stag,
Hab. Kashmir.

Sub-Order Perissodactyla
Family Rhinocerotidæ.
Genus Rhinoceros,

5. *Rhinoceros bicornis.* The African Two-horned Rhinoceros.
Hab. Africa.

Class Aves.
Family Corvidæ.
Genus Corvus.

6. *Corvus capellanus.* The Hooded Crow.
Hab. Round the Persian Gulf and Mesopotamia.

SARAT CHANDRA MITRA, M.A., B.L.

PEARY CHAND MITTRA—(IV).

At the provisional meeting for the establishment of the Calcutta Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals held on 4th October, 1861, Peary Chand moved the following resolution :—

" That Mr. C. Grant be requested to accept the appointment of Provisional Secretary to the Society."

Peary Chand was the only Indian member of the Provisional Committee (Bengal Hurkaru 28th October, 1861). He was connected with this institution from its start throughout his life and after the death of Mr. Grant (31st May. 1880) was its elected Honorary Secretary. He always considered the Society as a soberminded and much-needed association, formed for the purpose of checking in a very practical manner a most real and undoubted, and, at the same time, a very hateful evil,—the abuse by man of his power over the weaker and subject portion of the brute creation, who cannot protect themselves against the assaults of his impatience, his anger, his callousness or his cruelty. According to his ideas the Society was not an unnecessary institution, nor the outcome of a sentimental and spurious humanity, nor the hobby of an over-sensitive refinement, which cannot behold the ordinary roughness of an ordinary world without a shock to its highly pitched and hysterical sensibility. The religious education of the Hindus teaches them the value of animal life, and he was ever senseful of the subscriptions and donations in aid of its objects. He used to wait on Bengali and Marwari gentlemen personally to collect subscriptions. After his death Mr. Robert Turnbull in an address spoke thus.—"Even thoughtful of others, he was not unmindful of the comforts of dumb animals and the many water-troughs which have been erected in the principal thoroughfares of Calcutta are standing monuments to his name." According to Peary Chand no one can be a true psychologist without having compassion for and feeling himself bound to protect the inferior creation, which, according to his ideas, have souls just as we have, though not so developed. At a meeting of the Committee of the Calcutta Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals held on 30th November 1866, the subject of overloading of carts and carriages occupied the attention of the Committee when it was agreed to ask a Member of the Lieutenant-Governor's Council to bring in a Bill on this and other subjects connected with cruelty to animals, the Bill to be an Act for the whole of Bengal. To carry out this a Sub-Committee consisting of the following persons was appointed :—

A Grote.
Col. Turnbull.
W. Parry Davis.
Peary Chand Mittra
Indian Daily News, 5th Dec., 1866,

At a meeting of the Bengal Legislative Council held on 18th April. 1868, Peary Chand Mittra moved for leave to bring in a Bill for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. In doing so, he said the "existing law on the subject of cruelty to animals is contained in Act IV of 1866 passed by this Council, for the regulation of the Police of the town of Calcutta, and the only provision that law made on the subject is this" :—

Whoever cruelly beats, ill-treats, abuses, or tortures, or causes or procures to be cruelly beaten, ill-treated, abused or tortured, any animal, shall, for every such offence, be liable, on summary conviction before a magistrate, to a fine not exceeding one hundred Rupees and in default thereof, to imprisonment, with or without hard labour, for any term not exceeding three months.

And Act II of 1866, for the regulation of the Police of the suburbs of Calcutta, Section 40, Clause 16, rendered liable to a fine not exceeding fifty Rupees, any person who—

" Will cruelly beat, ill-treat, abuse, or torture, or will cause or procure to be cruelly beaten, ill-treated, abused, or tortured any animal."

In the Penal Code also there was a clause which provided that—

" Whoever commits mischief by killing, poisoning, maiming, or rendering useless, any elephant, camel, horse, mule, buffalo, bull, cow, or ox, whatever may be the value thereof, or any other animal of the value of fifty Rupees or upwards, shall be punished with imprisonment of either description for a term which may extend to five years, or with fine or with both."

The ommission in the existing legislation was that there was no provision as regards the overloading of carts. He held in his hand a statement which had been very carefully prepared, showing the convictions for the ill-treatment of bullocks and horses from the year 1862—63 to the year 1867—68. Of bullocks in 1862—63 the convictions amounted to 400 and of horses 106; in 1863—64, of bullocks 547, of horses 208; in 1864—65 of bullocks 650, of horses 266; in 1865—66 of bullocks 432, of horses 390; in 1866—67, of bullocks 594, of horses 455; in 1867—68 up to 24th March 1868, of bullocks 314 and of horses 191; showing a total of 2397 bullocks against 1616 horses. The returns of the Registrar of Carts showed that the number of carts plying in the town and suburbs of Calcutta amounted to about 5800, out of which the convictions had been as stated above; the average yearly number of prosecutions in the case of bullocks was, therefore, about one twentieth of the entire number of carts. This shows that in spite of the vigilance of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals care had not been taken to avoid overloading and overworking.

The subject of the condition of cattle had occasionally engaged the attention of the Government here. In 1835, Lord William Bentinck drew attention to the subject. That led to some correspondence, but it did not appear to have led to any tangible results. We had, in 1863, an Agricultural Exhibition, and at that Exhibition cattle of different descriptions were exhibited; but its efforts were of a sensational nature, because the efforts as to improving the state of the cattle had not been subsequently sustained; and he (P. C. M.) did not think that there had been any amelioration in the condition of cattle and certainly not in the draught cattle of Bengal. Several years ago we had shows held here by the Agricultural Society, at which cattle were exhibited, but those shows were discontinued, because the number of competitors was very limited. In 1864 (after the Agricultural Exhibition) the Government of Bengal made some enquiries as to the degeneracy of draught and other cattle, and the question was referred to the Agricultural Society, which appointed a Special Committee for the consideration of the subject and that Committee after patient and due enquiry, made a report, from which, with the permission of the Council he would read a portion :—

" In respect to the second head, various causes, your Committee are of opinion, may be assigned for this degeneracy, the chief of which are (1) the poorness of food and inadequacy of even the kinds supplied; (2) the want of proper pasturage ground; (3) overwork and being worked at too early an age; (4) being allowed to breed too young; (5) the scarcity of good bulls; (6) stinting of calves of milk "

Overwork, and being worked at too early an age, were there stated to be some of the principal causes of the degenaracy of cattle; and he thought those, who had seen cattle in the United Provinces, would have noticed that the cattle there dragged carts with a great deal of ease; whereas here scarcely a cart passed without the driver pulling the bullocks by the tail and beating them continually. There was no doubt that overloading and overworking were the chief causes of the present wretched condition of cattle here, and of their having frequently galled necks. The load which was put on a cart here varied from 12 to 30 maunds; and it was not every pair of bullocks that could draw such a weight. From enquiries he found that at Bombay, where the cattle were of a better and much stronger kind, the load for a cart was from 42 to 50 Bombay maunds, which was equal to from 12½ to 15 Calcutta maunds. The subject of the weight to be drawn by bullocks, although not made the subject of penal enactment here, had, however, not been lost sight of by the Government in its different departments. In the Stage Coach Act XVI of 1861, which provided for the registering and licensing of stage carriages, this principle was recognised, as Section 3 provided for the largest number of passengers, and the greatest quantity of luggage to be carried in each carriage, as well as for the number of horses by which it was to be drawn. Then, by the Rules of the Board of Revenue for the supply of carriage for troops, there was a provision of a similar nature, which stated that:—

"A District Officer, when making over carriage to the Commanding Officer, is to be careful to deliver to him, in writing, a full statement of the rates of hire, back hire, demurrage, and the like, and of the weight to be carried by each cart, boat or beast."

And in the general regulations for the army sanctioned by the Government of India the average weight for an elephant or camel was 2½ maunds, for a two bullock hackery 10 maunds, for three bullocks 20 maunds, four bullocks 30 maunds, and 6 bullocks 60 maunds.

As the Government had recognised the necessity of a proper weight being put on carts used for the service of Government, the absence of any provision of the kind in the Acts for the regulation of the Police in the town and suburbs of Calcutta could not but appear to be an omission. With the view of supplying that omission, the present Bill was submitted to the Council. It was his original intention to have introduced a provision to the effect that the Registrar of Carts should, after due inspection of the strength and carrying capacity of the bullocks belonging to each cart certify, in the license granted by him halfyearly, the weight which should be carried on the cart; but he (Peary chand Mittra) had since had the honor of submitting the Bill to the learned Advocate-General, Mr, T. H. Cowie, and in consultation with him, he was induced to substitute a provision of a general nature, leaving the whole question of weight to the good sense of the judicial officers; and if the Bill should be referred to a Select Committee, it would be for them to consider whether there should be a general provision, or whether power should be given to some officer to regulate the weight to be put on carts.

The other provisions of the Bill referred to the prevention of several barbarous acts practised towards different descriptions of animals, such as; tying together the legs of poultry, kids and calves in a painful manner, and exposing them for sale in that state for hours in the sun without food and water.

Tying the forelegs of donkeys painfully tight, and leaving them to graze during the whole day.

Working wounded and diseased ponies at night. Letting loose glandered or otherwise diseased horses and leaving them to die and thus endangering also the lives of sound animals in the neighbourhood.

Also for putting a stop to ram-fighting, the fighting of cocks with iron spurs tied to their legs; and, generally to provide for the punishment of such acts of cruelty and the prevention of the cruel treatment to animals, on the grounds of humanity and justice.

The bill was only intended to apply, in the first instance, to Calcutta and the suburbs; but there was given to the Lieutenant Governor a power to extend its provisions to any part of the province under his control.

With these observations he begged to move for leave to bring in the Bill.

S. Hogg (the Commissioner of Police) asked if it was competent for him at this stage to address the Council; it was his intention to oppose the introduction of the Bill.

The President said, the Hon'ble Member might address the Council if he intended to oppose the Bill,

Mr. Hogg said, in his judgment, it was altogether unnecessary to resort to legislation for the particular purpose for which the Bill appeared to be introduced. If the Council would bear in mind that the description of carts and also the animals drawing them, varied in different parts of the country—one carrying easily 30 or 40 maunds, and another, from the inferiority of the animals used and the inferior construction of the cart, being barely able to draw 10 maunds—it would be apparent that the attempt to define overloading by legislation would, under existing circumstances, be absolutely impossible. The Hon'ble Member had drawn a comparison between the usage in Calcutta and in the Muffosil, and he had stated that, in the Muffosil cattle were not subject to the same kind of ill usage as in Calcutta. He (Mr. Hogg) thought that was an erroneous impression. He believed the practice in the Muffosil was for carters always to be paid according to the number of maunds they carried, and therefore it was the direct interest of the carter to overload his cart, and his experience was that it was the practice in the Muffosil to overload carts. But in Calcutta that was not the practice, as here carters were not paid by the maund, but by the trip; and a carter always objected even to putting a legitimate load on his cart, urging that the necks of his cattle would be galled, and he would be taken up by the Police. The practice, therefore, here was for the hirer to endeavour to overload, and the carter to object. He thought therefore, that legislation was entirely unnecessary, and that it would only open a door to corruption and bribery. Even under the present system, the subordinate Agents of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals were sometimes found extorting; and the proposed legislation as to overloading would only lead to further extortion, although that objection, he was aware, might be taken to almost every law.

He would ask the attention of the Council to section 67 of the Police Act, which ran thus:—

" Whoever, cruelly beats, ill-treats, abuses, or tortures, or causes or procures to be cruelty beaten, ill-treated, abused or tortured, any animal, shall, for every such offence,be liable, on summary conviction before a Magistrate, to a fine not exceeding one hundred Rupees, and in default thereof, to imprisonment with or without hard labour for any term not exceeding three months."

If carters twisted the tails of their bullocks or if the owners of donkeys tied their feet too tight, they could be punished under the existing law, and that the other abuses referred to by the Hon'ble Member (P. C. M.) also came within the scope of the Section 67 the Police Act. He therefore thought that the Section in the Police Act was comprehensive enough and that the Council ought not to attempt to legislate what loads the carts were to be allowed to carry and he should very much regret if leave were given to introduce the Bill.

The Advocate-General said, as he had been referred to by the Hon'ble Member who moved for leave to bring in the Bill, he just wished to say a few words on the principle of the Bill. What had fallen from the Hon'ble Member opposite (Mr. Hogg) seemed more to apply to questions of detail, as to the application or possible application of the proposod Bill than to any real objection to the general principle involved, and that was what had to be considered now. The only matter to which his (the Advocate-General's) attention had been drawn—for he was now rightly acquainted with the proposed acts of cruelty to be specified, and he was very much inclined to agree with Mr. Hogg as to the absolute necessity of there being no such specification in the Bill—was the question as to the propriety of introducing some more specific enactment with regard to overloading; and, subject to further consideration, he confessed that his impression was that it was desirable to provide more specifically by enactment for the case of overloading, notwithstanding the use of the term "abuse" in the present Act. That was why he would support the motion for leave to bring in the Bill.

The President said, he must say that, in his opinion, the Hon'ble Member, who opposed the introduction of the Bill, had not advanced reasons which he (the President) thought would justify the Council to refuse leave to bring in the Bill. The Hon'ble Member's principal reason amounted to a denial of the evil which the Hon'ble mover of the Bill asserted to exist. Surely that was a point into which it was reasonable that the Council should inquire at a later stage, and not refuse leave to bring in the Bill on the mere *ipse dixit* of another member.

Mr. Hogg explained that his chief objection was that legislation already existed.

Peary Chand Mittra said, if he had thought that the existing legislation was sufficient he would not have ventured to submit the Bill to the Council, "overloading" was not "torturing,' it might perhaps be so in a general sense ; but he thought it reasonable that it should be distinctly provided for. And as to the fear of oppression, there was equal danger in the enforcement of any law in the hands of the Executive Police. He did not deny that they did abuse their power ; but did think that that evil was small in comparison to the evil which this Bill was intended to prevent ; and if the Police vexatiously interfered, they would be punished and then they would not continue to abuse their powers. The effect of the measure would be that people would cease to overload cattle and would provide better cattle and we would not, as now, constantly see cattle groaning under overloaded burdens. With that desire he had ventured to submit the Bill to the Council, and he hoped that the Council would fairly consider whether there existed any necessity for the Bill. The motion was then agreed to.

At a meeting of the Legislative Council held on 2nd May, 1868, Peary Chand Mittra in moving that the Bill be read in the Council made the following remarks :—

Among the papers printed and circulated, there was a statement of convictions at the instance of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. He thought it necessary to observe that those convictions had been effected by the limited instrumentality of the Society here and the statement was therefore not a full representation of the magnitude of the evil which existed. But during the last 41 years (1824-1865) the Convictions in London had been upwards of 10,000 whilst in Calcutta, during 5 years and 3 months, convictions had amounted to 5,115. So imperfect as that statement of convictions here might be with reference to the limited agency of the Society, the convictions in Calcutta were much larger than the convictions in London. As to the course of legislation on this subject which had engaged the attention of Parliament from time to time, it appeared that in 1822 an Act to prevent the cruel and improper treatment of cattle was passed. In 1835, the

Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals obtained an amendment of Mr. Martin's Act whereby more extensive legislative powers were granted, and in 1839 it succeeded in procuring the insertion of a Clause in the New Metropolitan Police Act, by means of which the cruel and dangerous practice of using dogs to draw carts and other vehicles was prohibited within 15 miles of London; in 1845 an amendment of the law for regulating knackers' yards was made; in 1850 a new and much improved Act for the more effectual prevention of cruelty to animals was passed; and in 1859 an Act prohibiting the use of dogs as beasts of draught, of burden throughout England was enacted. So there has been progressive lagislation by the Parliament for the prevention of cruelty to animals. There had been from time to time general legislation; but when the Parliament thought that general legislation did not meet particular cases, fresh legislation was resorted to, to meet the evil in its different aspects. Therefore the argument used that whenever there was general legislation, there ought not to be special legislation, did not exactly hold good in the present case; because the English Act, which he held in his hand viz., 12 and 13 Vic; 92 and which was passed in 1850, was both general and special; that is to say, it was specific as regards particular cases. Taking that as a model, the Bill had been drawn up which was now submitted to the Council.

The first Section defined what an animal was for the purposes of the Act: it was declared to mean any domestic or tamed quadruped or any domestic or tamed bird.

The second Section was simply a recapitulation of the existing law, which it was proposed to repeal by the 9th Section of the Bill. The only addition was the word "overdrive" which was taken from section 30 of Act V of 1866 (B.C.) because whatever held good in the case of horses ought to hold good in the case of bullocks.

The third Section of the Bill provided a penalty for overloading. That had been specially introduced, because the existing law did not reach the root of the evil. There might be cases of overloading which might not assume one or other of the forms of cruelty provided for in the existing law; and Magistrates do and would differ in their opinion as to its construction. He (Peary Chand Mittra) declared that if he sat on the Police Bench, and a case of simple overloading was brought before him, it would be his duty to dismiss such a case under the existing law. He begged to assure the

Hon'ble Members that overloading was the real cause of the evil. It passed with impunity, because it was thought not to fall within the cognizance of the law, and its effects on cattle were of a serious character. It was continued overloading that manifested itself in galled necks and other diseases, the prolonged suffering from a cruel load was calculated to perpetrate the degenerate condition of cattle ; and in such a warm weather it was doubted whether the hide of a rhinoceros could stand such continued overloading. He had ascertained that there were two classes of *garwans* ; the first consisted of those who drove their own carts, the other of those who employed others for the purpose The former was a limited class. During the last twenty years, the traffic in Calcutta had so much increased, and the demand for carts was so great, that those who were in the service of the principal *garwans* were tempted to take more on carts than they ought to do. Overloading therefore went on and the carters escaped punishment because there was not a single case of overloading brought up yet; the Executive Police entertaining doubts whether any such case would be entertained by the Magistrate. On the last occasion he had adverted to the Stage Coach Act, which limited the weight to be put on stage coaches, and so late as 1866, in the Act for regulating hackney carriages the same principle was recognised, viz, that the license should state the *amount of luggage put on every carriage.* But from the general nature of the English and Indian Acts, and also considering that the evil was increasing, and could not be appreciably checked unless some specific provision was made, this clause has been introduced.

The fourth Section was taken from the English Act, and provided a penalty for neglecting, which there could hardly be a doubt was necessary to feed impounded animals. The fifth Section provided a penalty on persons baiting animals or inciting them to fight. The principle of this clause was adopted in several Indian Acts. but they related more to the checking of gambling. The clause was inserted here with a view to prevent the improper and cruel treatment of animals. It was in accordance with a Section of the latest English Act and was needed here.

The sixth Section provided for the punishment of persons improperly carrying animals, and was also taken from the English Act. There were some who thought that it was perfectly immaterial how animals were carried; they were brought for sale and would soon be butchered. The question had engaged the attention of medical men in England. Dr. Grainger said :—

"It may be proper, as there are some members of the legislature present, that the real facts of the case should be known. It has been said that these animals do not suffer from being carried for twelve or eighteen, or four and twenty hours with their legs tied together and their heads hanging down out of a cart. Some people had disputed whether that does cause suffering or not. I therefore think that it is due to the Society to say that I had the honor of being consulted, in conjunction with Doctor Burrows of St. Bartholmew's Hospital, in order that we might settle the question whether the custom I have noticed is really a cause of suffering. In order to determine this point, we had some animals placed in the usual position in which they are carried to market, under the direction of some of the officers of this Society, and we then proceeded to ascertain what was the result. We found that calves in that position give all the indications so familiar to men of science, of intense suffering resulting from a gorged condition of the brain. We all know what the effect upon ourselves would be of hanging with the head downwards. It is a most painful and distressing feeling. But we ascertained, by direct observation, that these animals suffer intensely, that their head and face and throat become gorged and swollen, that there is a great increase of heat measured by the thermometer ; and that eventually there is a condition approaching to what is called inflammation, and then, after the animal is killed, if the brain be inspected, it is found, as might be expected, and as we ascertained by ocular demonstration, to be gorged with blood, and in a most unnatural condition. The conclusion at which my colleague and myself arrived, is that the animal sustains the most severe suffering ; and this, notwithstanding one of those beautiful provisions of nature expressly guarding animals of this class from the effects of particular positions and thus preserving the healthy condition of the brain."

The next Section (7) of the Bill was the prevention of the practice prevalent here of permitting diseased animals to go at large or die in the public streets. And the 8th Section provided a penalty for employing an animal unfit for work, the principle of which was recognised in Act XVI of 1861, Section 9, where it was applied to horses.

The 9th Section proposes to repeal the existing provisions in the Police Acts. The 10th Section provided the limits within which the Act was to take effect; and the 11th Section gave power to the Lieutenant-Governor to extend the Act to any other places which he might think fit.

The Bill no doubt was susceptible of improvement; but he believed that if a Bill of this kind was passed, it would materially reduce the suffering of animals, and produce a healthy, educational and moral effect on the community at large.

With these remarks he hoped that the Bill would meet with the support of the Council.

Mr. Hogg said, when permission was asked to bring in this Bill, he had stated the reasons which induced him to oppose its introduction. He had since then perused the papers on which the Hon'ble mover had based his motion, but he had seen no reason whatever to alter the opinion he had expressed at the last meeting. He thought the Bill, if introduced, would not only be unnecessary, but that its effects would be mischievous. It was true that progressive legislation had been going on in England, but the Hon'ble Member had omitted to state that by that legislation it had never been attempted to arrive at the object aimed at by this Bill, *viz.*, the enactment of a specific provision against overloading. It would, he (Mr. Hogg) thought, be absolutely impossible to define what was meant by overloading, and he submitted that it would not be wise to leave it to the discretion of each individual Magistrate to determine what constituted *overloading*. Doubtless, if any case of overloading amounted to positive cruelty or ill-treatment, it would fall within the provisions of Section 67 of the Police Act, which subjected a person to a fine of Rs. 100 for the offence. He therefore thought that when the advancing civilization of England had not attempted to define overloading, this Council should not attempt to do so. In the annexture to the Bill, the statement of objects and reasons said :—

The law at present in force for preventing cruelty to animals in Calcutta having hitherto failed to hinder the occurrence of numerous cases of very gross cruelty, it seems expedient to amend the law, so as more effectively to check such cases."

From this he (Mr. Hogg) gathered that the Hon'ble mover of the Bill intended to imply that section 67 of the Police Act had not been sufficient to cover all cases of cruelty. He (Mr. Hogg) did not wish flatly to deny the correctness of that statement; but he was not aware of a single case having ever been brought before the Magistrates which it was found could not be dealt with under the existing law. If he was wrong, he should be happy to be corrected. He thought also, from the statement of convictions which had been referred to, that the working of the law had been eminently satisfactory, and that the prosecutions under the Act had been by no means few in number. He would not further take up the time of the Council, but would content himself by voting against the motion.

The Advocate-General said, he wished to make a few observations on the Bill, as the Hon'ble mover had made reference on the previous occasion to his having communicated with him (the Advocate-General) on the subject.

As regards certain portions of the Bill, he thought it was desirable that the Bill should go into Committee, because, as to what, in his opinion, was the most important portion of the Bill, *viz.*, the provisions against overloading, he confessed he had doubts whether or not, practically, it could be said that the general provisions of the Police Act could be satisfactorily applied to such cases. But it appeared to him—in theory he quite concurred with the Hon'ble member opposite (Mr. Hogg)—that to make the Bill, as regards the prevention of the practice of overloading, of any practical use, it would be necessary to consider what limit or definition could be laid down as to what should constitute *overloading.*

Then he (the Advocate-General) also (although uncertain whether or not it was a Section the application of which would be of frequent occurrence) thought that the provision in the 4th Section for punishing persons neglecting to feed impounded animals, was applicable to cases which would not come under the general provision for ill treatment; and the same remark, he believed, would apply to the 5th Section regarding baiting animals, or inciting them to fight.

But he thought that supposing the Bill went into Committee, Sections 6, 7, and 8 would require consideration. It seemed extremely objectionable to provide penalties for particular species of ill-treatment and to impose special penalties, because no one having common sense would say that carrying animals in a way so as to cause them unnecessary pain or suffering, was not ill-treatment.

The 7th Section, besides, was specially improper, because the practice which it was there attempted to prohibit, of permitting diseased animals to go at large or die in public places, was provided for by the Penal Code. By the 269th Section of the Penal Code an unlawful or negligent act likely to spread infection of any disease dangerous to life was punishable with six months' imprisonment or fine. Or the offence might fall under the 289th Section, by which negligent omission to take order with respect to any animal, so as to guard against danger to human life, was also punishable with six months' imprisonment. He therefore thought it was not only unnecessary but improper to pass the 7th Section. With these observations he would briefly say that he would support the motion for the Bill being referred to a Select Committee.

Doctor Dampier said, it seemed to him that the main objection to the Bill was as to the provisions against overloading. Before the legislature was called on to extend the provisions of the existing law he should be glad to know whether it had been found to be insufficient. The Hon'ble mover of the Bill thought that there was considerable doubt whether cases of overloading would fall within the law: but he (Doctor Dampier) wished to know whether any palpable case of overloading had ever been brought before the Magistrates, and whether any want had been felt.

The Advocate-General said, what he meant to say was that he thought it desirable to make express provision, with regard to the practice of overloading; he thought it was desirable that there should be some further suitable legislative provision.

Peary Chand Mittra said, in answer to the question put, he might say that no attempt of the kind had been made simply because there was no specific provision on the subject in the Act, and because it was believed that such a case could not be entertained by the Magistrates.

The President said, in addition to other reasons which might induce the Council to allow the Bill to go to a Select Committee, it would have the effect of equalising the law in Calcutta and the suburbs, which at present, so far as he saw, was very unequal. Apparently, under the Suburban Law, a man could only be fined to the amount of Rs, 50, which in case of non-payment of the fine, would involve only simple imprisonment for two months; whereas in Calcutta he might be fined to the extend of Rs. 100, and in default of payment, to imprisonment with hard labour for three months.

Roma Nath Tagore said he had no objection to the Bill being referred to a Select Committee, because some of the provisions of the Bill were of a laudable character. He admitted, however, that in the details the Bill required much amendment. By the definition Section, the word " animal" was to be taken to mean any domestic or tamed quadruped or any domestic or tamed bird; and the 2nd Section provided that every person who would cruelly and wantonly beat. ill-treat, torture or overdrive, or cause to be beaten ill-treated, tortured, or overdriven any animal, should be liable to a fine which might extend to 100 Rupees. According to these Sections therefore, no one would be able to catch or purchase a a bird and imprison it for the purpose of domestication, for the Magistrate might consider the act to be " wanton" and fine the man who would contravene the law.

By the fourth Section it appeared that any person. who would impound or confine animals and neglect to provide them with sufficient food and water, might be fined. There was provision already in the Police Act which superseded the necessity of this Section and if any person under the authority of the Police Act sent animals to be impounded, he should not be called on to feed them, because he was acting under the authority of a law and it would be the duty of the Commissioner of Police to see that the animals were fed. The proposed Section was a work of supererogation. There were many other objections to the details, with which he would not, however, occupy the time of the Council. He thought that if the Bill went into Committee, it might be much improved and with that view he would support the motion before the Council.

The Council then divided—Ayes 10:—Kumar Suttyanand Ghosal H. H. Sutherland, Peary Chand Mittra, H. Knowles, Romanath Tagore, Kumar Harendra Krishna, A. R. Thompson, R. T. Trevor, T. H. Cowie (the Advocate-General) and the President. Noes 3:—T. Alcock, S. S. Hogg, and H. L. Dampier. The motion was therefore carried and the Bill read accordingly. Peary Chand Mittra moved that the above Bill be referred to a Select Committee, consisting of Mr. Trevor, Romanath Tagore, Mr. Knowles, Mr. Sutherland and the mover. The motion was agreed to.

At a meetieg of the Council held on 28th November, 1868, on the motion of Peary Chand, the names of Mr. Ashley Eden and Mr. T. Alcock were added to the Select Committee.

On the 9th January, 1869, the Report of the Select Committee was taken into consideration in the Council. Peary Chand Mittra moved that the Report of the Select Committee on the Bill for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals be taken into consideration, in order to the settlement of the clauses of the Bill, and that the clauses be considered for settlement in the form recommended by the Select Committee. In doing so, he said the Select Committee, in their Report, had proposed to omit the fourth Section of the original Bill, as the object with which that Section was introduced was already provided for by Section 5 of Act III of 1857, and it was also proposed to omit Section 6 of the original Bill, because it was embraced in the 2nd Section of the amended Bill. The existing for the punishment of cruelty to animals in Calcutta and its suburbs was not uniform : it was therefore proposed to repeal the provisions in that respect contained in the Calcutta and Suberban Police Act and to enact instead a more comprehensive law on the subject. The Select Committee had also made some verbal amendments in some of the Sections, and gave power to the Lieutenant-Governor to extend the provisions of the Bill to any district where His Honor might deem it necessary. Such a power appeared to be very much needed, as traffic was increasing in several districts and it might be found necessary to extend the Bill to such places. It might, at first sight, appear an omission in the Bill for not making any provision for the levy of fines, or the commutation of fines to imprisonment ; but Section 63 to 70 of the Indian Penal Code, and Section 61 of the Code of Criminal Procedure, as well as Section 4 of Act V of 1867 of this Council, bore on the subject and it had therefore been thought unnecessary to make any mention in the Bill as to the levy of fines or the commutations to fine of sentences of imprisonment. The motion was agreed to, Sections 1 and 2 were agreed to, Section 3 provided a penalty for overloading.

The Advocate-General moved the omission of the Section. He thought that, if in this Section overloading was intended to mean something which did come under the description of ill-treatment, the term " overloading " should be defined; but with every respect to the Hon'ble Member, he thought it impossible to lay down such a definition of *overloading* as would not fall under the terms *"illtreat, abuse, or torture,"* which were used in the preceding Section. If there was any determinate measure by which certain descriptions of animals, drawing certain descriptions of vehicles, or carrying certain loads, were not to be burdened beyond a certain weight, that should be defined; but he thought there would be extreme difficulty in framing such definitions, and, in addition to that, it should be observed that this Section would impose liability on a person overloading from, it might be, purely accidental causes, and without any cruel or disregardful feeling towards the animal. The Council must, therefore, say pretty specifically what overloading was or leave it to be dealt with as a particular form of ill-treatment and the Magistrate, in any case that came before him, would decide, on the evidence and at his discretion, whether the overloading alleged did or did not amount to cruelty.

Mr. Ashley Eden said he might mention that the objection taken by the learned Advocate-General was one which occurred to him in the Select Committee but he was asked to agree to the insertion of that section on the ground that in the streets of Calcutta cases occurred daily, in which it was impossible to say that the overloading was such as would bring it within the definition of wanton ill-treatment, but which ought, nevertheless, to be put a stop to and he was not sure that the case was exactly met by the provisions of Section 2, under which the ill-treatment must be cruel and wanton; still if it could be so included he should be very glad to accept the Advocate-General's amendment.

The Advocate-General said he thought the suggestion of the Hon'ble Member would be met by the insertion of the word " overload " in the 2nd Section. In that Section, the beating, ill-treating, abusing, torturing, etc. must be cruel and wanton. It was the cruelty which was the gist of the offence and not merely the fact of overloading. He would therefore move the omission of Section 3 and the insertion of the word " overload " in Section 2.

Peary Chand Mittra said, if the effect of the Advocate-General's motion would be the same as the intention of the present Section, he would have no objection to the amendment. But one great object of having a distinct Section was to draw public attention to the crying evil of overloading. The Advocate-General's motion was then agreed to.

Sections 4 and 5 were agreed to. Section 6 provided a penalty for employing an animal unfit for labour by reason of any disease infirmity, wounds, or sores. The Advocate-General would ask the Hon'ble Member in charge of the Bill what was the reason for making a distinction between abuse or ill-treatment, and the employment of an animal in work when it was unfit in consequence of disease and the like. Was it intended under Section 6 that a person employing such an animal, without knowing that it was diseased, was to be liable to a fine ? If the Section was meant to extend to the wilful and knowing employment of animals unfit to work, which was of course a case of abuse or ill-treatment, and which every person agreed was one of the worst kinds of ill-treatment, the person so offending would be liable under this Section to a fine of Rupees fifty only, and for ill-treatment generally the punishment under Section 2 was a fine of 100 Rupees. He did not know whether Section 6 was intended to apply to the case of the employment of an animal without the knowledge of its being unfit for labour.

Mr. Ashley Eden said, he imagined the Section was intended to meet cases which were perpetually occurring and being prosecuted in the Police Courts, namely, driving bullocks with sore necks, without any real intention of cruelty ; and in consequence of the great number of such cases, it was thought necessary to have a separate Section with a lighter punishment than was provided for *wanton* cruelty. Where the offence was not wantonly committed, the punishment should very properly be less severe than in other cases, as there were many instances in which such a use of bullocks arose from mere carelessness and negligence culpable and deserving punishment no doubt, but still met by a punishment sufficient to act as a warning.

The Advocate-General said, he did not at first understand the object of the Section, but with the explanation just offered, he would not move any amendment. The Section was then agreed to.

The Hon'ble Mr. Ashley Eden moved the following new Section after Section 6 :—

" All complaints of offence against the provisions of this Act, alleged to have been committed in the town of Calcutta, shall be heard and determined in a summary way by some Police Magistrate of Calcutta." The motion was agreed to.

Sections 7 to 9 and the Preamble and Title, were then agreed to.

At a meeting of the Council held on 23rd June, 1869, Peary Chand Mittra moved that the Bill for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals be passed. After an amendment proposed by the Advocate-General, regarding overloading the Bill as amended was passed as Act I of 1869. It received the approval of the Lieutenant-Governor on 28th January, 1869 and of the Governor-General on 1st March, 1869.

ESEM.

A CONFESSION.

To be deceived, if not to be deceiving,
'Is in the nature of all mortal love ;
You I deceived, though loved past all believing,
Listen, fair Emma, whilst my words I prove.

Rememb'rest still that balmy May-time morning,
When Nature laugh'd in every bird and flower,
When at thy knees I wept thy cruel scorning ?—
A vegetable essence caused that shower.

And hast thou still those sonnets to thy glory,
That tender verse I wrote one Christmas day ?
I said I wrote it,—but I told a story
Of an old bait oft cast for other prey.

You never can forget that act of daring,
Without which act your wrath had then exploded ;
I placed the pistol to my brow despairing,
You scream'd—fond Emma, it was never loaded.

That rout, too, where I was your rapt adorer,
The time, you said, so very quickly flew—
I worshipp'd you to gain the grace of Laura ;
She may love me, I thought, by hating you.

That summer eve I said my heart was dying
With jealous fears of love for other men :
The time I broke away without replying—
I went to meet Allegra in the glen.

When I at last return'd, my pale complexion
Sadden'd you ; this, I said, with many a sigh,
Is fruit of silent love, of deep affection—
Chloe be witness that I told no lie.

"Yet, wherefore, sir, this irony—this laughter ?
You were deceived, yet more than you deceived ;
Go—and be wiser in your love hereafter,
For know, your protests were all disbelieved."

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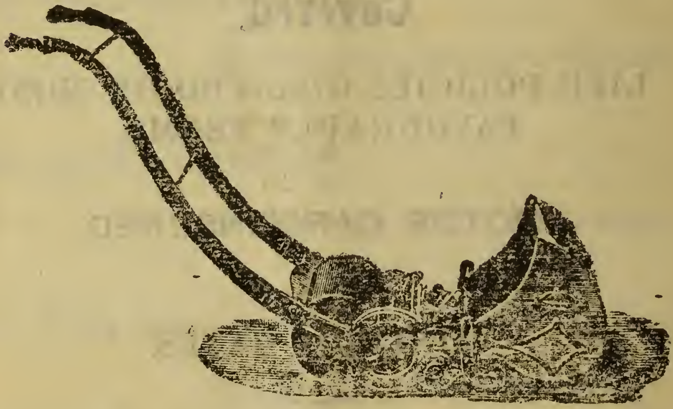

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THE

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necessarily have different points of view. Light-heartedness and enthusiasm are as natural to youth as judgment is to more mature years. But there are numbers of men and women who, neither old nor young but in the prime of life, sometimes feel they have not the zest and the capacity for work or enjoyment which they ought, normally, to experience. It is said, with a good deal of truth, that a man is as old as he feels and a woman as old as she looks. In each case it is largely a matter of health. Fortunately the majority do not as a rule suffer from exceptionally serious illness; yet minor ailments are distressingly common. Digestive disturbances, of one sort or another, occur from time to time with every one irrespective of age, sex or constitution. Nor is this very surprising. Even the healthiest individual now and then gets a little out of sorts. People of all ages therefore undoubtedly

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NEW SERIES.

No. 6—June, 1920.

A MONTH IN KILKENNY.

There is little to attract the attention of the traveller between Dublin and Kilkenny, except the fine range of mountains and the Curragh of Kildare. The Newmarket of Ireland is a vast unbroken, bleak plain, consisting of 4858 statute acres. It belongs to the Crown, and is appropriated to racing and coursing, the adjacent proprietors having the privilege of grazing sheep thereon. The ranger of the Curragh is appointed by the Government, and has the entire charge of this celebrated property. Of the race-meetings that take place on this spot it is needless to speak, as they are recorded in the newspapers of the day. Suffice it to say that the arrangements are well carried out, the prizes considerable, the number of horses that contend for them great, and the sport first-rate.

After changing trains at Kilkenny, I reached Parsonstown—one of the most wretched-looking, dilapidated towns I ever saw—where a carriage awaited me, to convey me to Woodstock, the hospitable seat of my brother-in law, the Right Hon. William Tighe, and my sister Lady Louisa Tighe.

Inistioge, anciently called Inis-teoc, is a charmingly-situated small town overlooking the Nore, which is crossed by a picturesque bridge of ten arches, ornamented on one side with Ionic pilasters. The town is built in the form of a square, which being planted with lime-trees, gives it the appearance of a foreign town. In the centre of the square is a small plain pillar, based on a pedestal of stone. This was the shaft of an ancient stone cross, and bears an inscription to the memory of David, Baron of Brownsfield, one of the Fitzgerald family, who died in 1621. The emerald green turf, and the foliage of the trees, in the square, give it a fresh appearance, and form an agreeable contrast to the surrounding stone buildings. Inistioge was once a loyal borough, and famed for its religious establishments. It also possessed a large Augustinian monastery. All that now remains of it consists of two towers: one of them is incorporated with the parish church; the other is square at the base and octagonal in the upper stages. Of Woodstock itself, I will merely say that the house contains a valuable library, some good paintings; the gardens can find no equal in the United Kingdom, and the grounds, laid out with every diversity that wood and water can bestow, are perfectly beautiful. At the back rises a wooded hill, to the height of 900 feet, the summit crowned with an ornamental tower; and as the demesne stretches for a considerable distance along the Nore, there are some magnificent views of

> The stubborne Neuvre, whose waters grey,
> By fair Kilkenny and Rosseponte bend:

which may be described in the words of the poet of the Thames—

> Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
> Strong without rage; without o'erflowing full.

One of our first excursions was to Kilkenny, on our way to which city we stopped at Bennet's Bridge, to witness the humours of a horse-fair. This small town is famed as having been the place where the Duke of Ormonde had a review in 1704, and which attracted such hosts of visitors that an inn-keeper is said to have made as much by his beds as paid his rent for seven years. I have attended many fairs in England, Scotland, Wales, France, Holland, Germany, and Canada, but never did I witness such an extraordinary sight as the one that presented itself at Bennet's Bridge. The hamlet itself, and its outskirts, were filled for more than a mile with horses, ponies, and vehicles, attended by a mass of people consisting of dealers, farmers, peasants, tramps, and beggars. There, might be seen some "artful dodger" trying to palm off to one less experienced than himself a spicy-looking thoroughbred nag, whose legs showed evident marks of many hard gallop, declaring that for speed the animal was unequalled and that there was not a stone wall in the whole county that could top him; there might be noticed a gallant colonel of hussars, attended by his "vet," selecting some clever three-years-old, with which to recruit the ranks of his Majesty's service. "Bedad, gineral," exclaims the vendor, "with such a regiment of horses you'd ride over the whole French cavalry, with Napoleon at the head of it." "A broth of a boy" may now be pointed out, charging a stone wall, with a rawboned brute that never attempts to rise at it, and who, turning the animal round, and backing him strongly, makes an aperture, at the same moment singing a snatch of an Irish song, most appropriate for the occasion—"Brave Oliver Cromwell, he did them so pommel, that he made a breach in her battlements." Next a ragged urchin without shoes and stockings, with what might be termed "the original shocking bad hat," and which—on the principle of exchange no robbery—I was credibly informed he had taken from a field set up to scare away the crows. Then there were the usual number of idlers and lookers-on, and an unusual amount of hallooing shouting, screaming, and bellowing.

After devoting an hour to the humours of the fair, we proceeded to view the remains of the Abbey of Jerpoint, which was founded in 1180, by Donough, King of Ossory, for Cisterean monks. The monks, on the arrival of the English, had interest sufficient with King John to get a confirmation of all the lands bestowed on them by the King of Ossory; and Edward III., in the thirty-fourth year of his reign, at the instance of Phillip, then abbot, granted him a confirmation of former charters. Oliver Grace, the last abbot, surrendered this abbey to Henry VIII. It then possessed about 1500 acres of arable and pasture land, three rectories, the alterages and tithes of thirteen other parishes; all these were granted in the reign of Philip and Mary to James, Earl of Ormonde, and his heirs male, to hold *in capite* at the yearly rent of £49. 3*s*. 9*d*. It is an interesting ruin, and well worthy the attention of the antiquarian. From Jerpoint we proceeded to Kilkenny Castle, the home of the Ormondes.

Richard Strongbow, by his marriage with Eva, daughter of Dermot, King of Leinster, came into possession of a great part of the province of Leinster. Henry II. confirmed his right, with the reservation of the maritime ports. On being appointed Lord Justice of Ireland in 1173, he laid the foundation of a castle in Kilkenny but it was scarcely finished when it was demolished by the insurgent Irish. However, William, Earl Marshal, descended from

Strongbow, and also Lord Justice, in 1195 began a noble pile on a more extensive scale, and on the ancient site. A great part of this fine castle has survived the convulsions of this distracted kingdom, and continues at this day a conspicuous ornament of the city of Kilkenny. A rising ground was chosen, which on one side has a steep and abrupt descent to the river Nore, which effectually protects it on that quarter by its rapid stream; the other sides were secured by ramparts, walls, and towers, and the entrance is through a lofty gate of marble of the Corinthian order. Hugh Le DeSpenser, who obtained the castle by marriage, in September, 1391, conveyed it and its dependencies to James, Earl of Ormonde. In later days, the castle has been much improved; the tapestry which adorns the walls of the entrance-hall and staircase exhibits the history of Decius; it is admirably executed, and the colours are fresh and lively. The ball-room, which is of great length, contains a fine collection of portraits, landscapes, and battle pieces.

From the castle we visited the cathedral church of St. Canice, which is the largest church in Ireland, with the exception of St. Patrick's, and Christ Church, Dublin. There are two lateral and a centre aisle. The roof of the nave is supported by five pillars, and a pilaster of black marble on each side, upon which are formed five arches. Each lateral aisle is lighted by four windows below, and the central aisle by five above; they are in the shape of quatrefoils. The origin of this beautiful structure is uncertain, but it is conjectured that it was begun in 1180, when a small church was erected near the round tower.

"Hugh Rufus laid the foundation of a noble edifice," say the old writers, "and Bishop Mapilton, in 1233, and St. Leger, who succeeded him, completed the fabric." In describing the church of St. Canice, I cannot refrain from alluding to the extreme politeness of Father Kavanagh, a Roman Catholic priest, who devoted his time to my party and myself in pointing out the beauties of this venerable pile.

The Black Abbey was founded by William, Earl Marshal, about 1225, for Dominican friars. The founder was interred here in 1231, and three years after his brother Richard, who was slain in a battle with the O'Mores and O'Conors on the Curragh of Kildare. Henry VIII. granted this monastery to the burgesses and commonalty of the city of Kilkenny. In the time of the elder James it served for a shirehouse, and in 1643 it was repaired, and a chapter of the order held in it. Its towers are light and elegant, and some of the windows are most artistically executed.

St. Mary's church contains some very interesting monuments, among them one in memory of Sir Richard Shee, dated 1608, with its ten sculptured figures at the base. There is one also to his brother, Elias Shee, of whom Holinshed wrote that he was "a pleasant-conceited companion, full of mirth without gall." On an unpretending tablet of black and white marble appears the following inscription ;—

FREDERICK GEORGE HOWARD,

Second son of the earl of Carlisle, Captain of the 90th Regiment. Died A.D. 1833, Æ. T. 28.

Within this hallowed aisle, 'mid grief sincere,
Friends, comrades, brothers laid young Howard's bier ;
Gentle and brave, his country's arms he bore
To Ganges' stream and Ava's hostile shore ;
His God through war and shipwreck was his shield,
But stretched him lifeless on the peaceful field.
Thine are the times and ways. all-ruling Lord !
Thy will be done, acknowledged, and adored !

The above lines are from the pen of the late Earl of Carlisle, who never went near Kilkenny without paying a visit to the tomb of his brother. Poor Howard was killed by leaping out of a curricle which was run away with between the barracks at Kilkenny and Newtownbarry, where his regiment was quartered. Another monument attracted my attention ; it bore an inscription to the memory of Major-General Sir Denis Pack, recording the military career of this distinguished soldier. The deceased officer was well known during the Belgian campaign, and a thousand recollections sprung up in my mind when I saw the bust, by Chantrey, of as brave a man as ever served in the British Army. But to return.

Although the salmon fishing in Ireland has in many rivers sadly degenerated within a few years, there is still excellent sport to be had in many of the rivers and lakes. The Nore, which flows through the county of Kilkenny, would be a first-rate river for salmon and trout, were it not for the number of weirs and the illegal destruction of the fish by cross-lines and nets. At Mount

Juliet, the romantic seat of Lord Carrick, and Narlands, the river is partially preserved ; and here, as at Dunmore, the property of Lord Ormonde, the angling is excellent. The general run of salmon flies suits the Nore ; they should be tied with dobbing of pig's wool, and a good deal of peacock in the wing. For trout, the ordinary run of fles will be found to answer well.

Among other fishing localities in Ireland may be mentioned Lough Ree, a fine sheet of water about twenty miles in extent, studded with numerous islands, around the shores of which, and on the shoals, trout abound. The Lake of Allua, about ten miles above Macroom, in the county of Cork, was once famous for trout and salmon, which have of late years diminished considerably, in consequence of the introduction of pike, the tyrant of the waters. The Lakes of Carvagh, in Kerry, of Inchiquin, of Currana (near Derrynane), Lough Kittane (four miles from Killarney). Lough Brin (in Kerry), Lough Atedaun, Lough Gill (in Sligo), and Lough Erne, are well supplied with trout and salmon ; while the far-famed Lakes of Killarney will furnish sport to those who seek pastime, in addition to the enjoyment of witnessing the most beautiful and romantic scenery that is to be found in the Emerald Isle. The rivers, too, abound in fish. Among the best are the Liffey, Laune, Tolka, Bann, Blackwater (in Cork) Suir, Annar, Nire (a mountain stream rising in the Waterford mountains), Shannon, Lee, and Killaloe (remarkable for its eels, as also for the gastronomic skill of the inhabitants in dressing them).

I must now turn from the "gentle crafte" to otter-hunting, a sport still carried on with spirit in Ould Ireland. The mephitic nature of the otter renders him an easy prey to his pursuers, and his scent is so strong that a good hound will at once challenge it. The lodging of this subtle plunderer is called his *kennel*, or *couch*, and his occasional lodgments and passages to and fro are called his *halts*. So clever is he as an architect, that he constructs his *couches* at different heights, so that, let the water rise or fall, he has a dry tenement. Spring is the best season for otter-hunting, but, it is carried on during the summer in the Emerald Isle; and a day with the amphibious tyrant of the finny tribe in the river Nore, which I enjoyed last September, may not be uninteresting.

At about eleven o'clock on a bright sunny day, with a refreshing breeze blowing on us from the south-east, we met at Coolmore the seat of Mr. P. Connellan. The harriers—belonging to my host, and consisting of about six couple of handsome, well-sized hounds, about seventeen inches high—met in a field close to the house, attended by a whipper-in, admirably mounted. The pack seemed to possess all the qualifications of good harriers—fine heads, ear-flaps thin, nostrils open, chests deep, embraced by shoulders broad but light, and well thrown back; the fore-legs straight, clean, bony, terminated by round, ball-like feet, the hindlegs being angular, and the thighs powerful. The beauty of the day had attracted a large party of both sexes from the neighbourhood, some of whom, and one young lady in particular, managed a cot so ably, that she drew forth the following compliment from one of the bold peasantry: "Bedad, miss, you'd do honor to Cleopatra's galley." The principal part of the sportsmen and sportswomen were on foot, although a few were mounted, and among the fair equestrians was a young lady whose seat and hand were perfect, and who evidently wished to emulate the prowess of the Thracian huntress. This modern Harpalyce, combining courage with feminine deportment, was prepared to fly like the wind across the country, had an occasion presented itself by the accidental discovery of a fleet hare. Arrived at the river's side, two Saxons with loaded guns kept a good lookout for the lurking prey, while the hounds swam across to a small island, where an otter had been tracked by his *seal.* Shortly a hound was heard to challenge, but on the approach of the pack the "goose-footed prowler," having been hunted before, left his couch, and diving under the water made head up the stream. Now every eye on shore is intent on watching his *ventings*; his muzzle appears above the surface for a second; again it disappears; and he can be tracked alone by the bubbles of air he throws out. The sport is now exciting. One of the police, armed with a primitive spear, which he had taken from a river poacher, consisting of a three-pronged fork fixed into the end of a long pole, is ready to hurl the weapon which has proved so fatal to many a salmon, should the otter appear in view, while the staunch hounds are close on the scent. "Have a care there," cries a keen sportsman, to the preserver of the peace. "Don't strike too quickly, or bedad you may transfix a hound instead of the marauding animal." But he is not doomed to die so inglorious a death as that caused by a rusty fork, for before the crude spear is hurled, the hounds have seized him, and, after a desperate struggle, in which many of the gallant pack were bitten, shake the life out of the captured prey. While enjoying the sport of the morning, my attention was attracted to a young lady on the opposite bank of the river, who, wishing to join our party, entered a small cot, and gallantly paddled herself across the fast flowing stream. So admirably did this "guardian Naiad of the strand" guide her fragile bark, that I could not fail to congratulate her upon her prowess. My compliments, however, fell very short of one uttered by a ragged boatman, who exclaimed:—

"Ay, and sure, miss, you must be one of the Queen's company. Bedad, miss, you are worthy of taking a cot into the Meditherranean."

While upon the clever sayings of the Irish, I must give an anecdote which was told me by Sir John Power, of Kilfane, than whom a finer sportsman or more hospitable man never existed. It seems that the complaints made against the vulpine race by owners of poultry are not confined to England, and upon one occasion a genuine Paddy, "Pat Driscoll by name," claimed compensation for damage done to a turkey and duck. This was awarded to him, when a week afterwards he waited upon the owner of Kilfane, and asked for compensation for "a beautiful cow killed by that nasty varmen, a fox." "A fox kill a cow!" said Sir John. "Impossible." "Fait and sure he did," continued Paddy. "I'll tell you how it was. My cow was feeding in the meadow close to my garden, and was eating a turnip, when up jumped a baste of a fox, and frightened her so much, that bedad the poor creature choked herself." The good-humoured baronet could not fail to be amused at Driscoll's ready wit, but declined paying for the loss of the animal, upon which Pat, not at all taken aback, remarked, 'Well, Sir John, it's rather hard upon me; but in future, instead of advertising your meets at Kilfane, or Thomas Town, perhaps you will name *Kilmacoy*" (pronounced "Kilmycow") "as more appropriate to my case."

Chapters could be filled with Irish sayings, but space prevents my giving more than one, which was told me by a friend in whose veracity I have perfect confidence. An English gentleman dining at the house of an Irish lady, was greatly surprised at hearing the butler ask, "Please, ma'am, will I strip?" "Yes," was the reply;

"all the company have arrived." Turning to a neighbour, he inquired the meaning of the expression, when he found it applied to taking the covers off the dishes, and was quite foreign to the usual acceptation of the word "strip."

WILLIAM P. LENNOX.

QUESTION OF IMPARTING ENGLISH EDUCATION TO INDIANS.

In the debate in the House of Commons dealing with the causes of the unrest in India, the Premier referring to the education of Indians in English universities said:—"It was putting new wine into old bottles. Those bottles burst and intoxication swept over the East. The story of India was the story of Japan and of China. It was inevitable when the chemicals of the East were mixed with those of the West sooner or later an explosion would be produced." The West borrowed chemicals from the East, but there was no explosion in the process of assimilation. Chemical is derived from the Arabic root *kimia* The insinuation of the Premier is based on race prejudice. It is highly reactionary and destructive of the noble policy of the Victorian era for the extension of English education and civilisation to the people of India irrespective of creed or colour. In the celebrated Despatch of 1854 a magnificent scheme was laid down for the diffusion of English education in India controlled and aided by the State. This led to the introduction of the Grant-in-aid system in India, under which numerous English and vernacular schools were established throughout the country, to which students were eligible without distinction of creed or caste. In 1857 the Calcutta University was established on the model of the London University to which numerous colleges were affiliated for imparting higher English education. The Calcutta Madrassa and Sanskrit College were established for teaching classical languages of the Mahomedans and Hindus on improved metheds. Glorious have been the results, the darkness which covered the country has been dispelled and there has been prosperity and happiness in all directions, Then again, Indian students are sent to Western countries for completing their education.

Signs of mighty awakening and progress in the path of Western education and civilisation are visible in all sides. Credit is due to Japan, that she showed the way. Japan was described by the renowned Bengalee poet, Hem Chunder Banerji, as an uncivilised country. It was in a state of isolation and stagnation covered in darkness where the light of education did not penetrate, But those days are gone. Since the Revolution of 1868 the new Government which was established in Japan pursued a policy for the introduction of Western education and civilisation into that country in order to remedy the defects under which the Empire had been labouring. A number a youngmen were sent to various parts of Europe and America for education. The results were satisfactory which led the Marquis Ito to exclaim, " We will continue to follow up the paths of European learning and enquiry." Japan has since been sending at the cost of the state increased number of students to Western countries for education, particularly to learn scientific agriculture, industries and arts. They comeback to their country with improved knowledge and open new industries as new avenues to employment and wealth. In a war with Russia Japan became victorious and advanced in rank and power. She is a powerful ally of the British. " Anglo-Japanese alliance," said Mr. Lloyd George at the Imperial Conference, " had been most valuable. Japan had been a faithful ally rendering us valuable assistance in critical need. The British Empire would not easily forget that Japanese warships had escorted the transports bringing Australian and New Zealand troops to England, when German cruisers were still in the Indian and Pacific Oceans." China is exactly doing what Japan has done. She is sending numerous students to Europe and America for education. The entire Mahomedan wolrd is awake to needs of the day and recognises the necessity of modern education. The Turks fully recognise the necessity of Western education for their country. Numerous Persian students come to Paris, London and other European educational centres to complete their education and they imbibe what is best in the culture of the West. Egyptian students are sent to European countries for obtaining a wider outlook of knowledge. Afghanistan has very recently sent her scions and heir-apparent to London for acquiring Western education. While other nations are advancing in modern education and civilisation, should India the mother of ancient civilisation lag behind in the race ? Oh no ! Some arrangements have been made for sending Indian students to foreign countries for literary, scientific and industrial education. Institutions such as the Association for the advancement of scientific and industrial education of Indians in foreign countries, the Foreign Education Fund of Bombay and the Madras Hindu Foreign Education Fund have come into existence and are doing admirable work in their own ways. The Government of India have also instituted scholarships for encouraging Indian students to proceed to Europe and America for completing their education. In spite of the present financial crisis two lakhs of rupees have been provided by the Government of India in the Budget for 1921-22 for the education of Indian students in foreign countries. It is of paramount importance that our students should proceed to Western countries for completing their education. All educatlonal institutions in the West are open to them. Western education will enable the Indians to hold their own in a world of intellectual upheaval and competiton. It would open to them wider field of employment requiriug European qualifications, raise them in the scale of civilised nations of the world, enable them to exercise constitutionally their civil rights as citizens of the British Indian Empire, and to unite among themselves although professing different creeds, more powerfully as one great Indian nation by common interests, ruled by one Sovereign, speaking His Majesty's English as a common language, equally amenable to laws and enjoying equality of rights and privileges and political freedom, blessings of civilisation and fruits of industry. It would also bind them in everlasting fellowship with the enlightened people of the West, enable them to have free exchange of ideas on literary and scientific subjects and entitle them to all academic privileges and distinctions of the West. The education of Indian students in Western countries has met with remarkable sncccss. They to a fault study and seldom play. They bear good moral character and scrupulously observe to discipline. Their attainments are of a high order, so as to enable them to hold their own in competition with the flowers of the English universities. The Premier has however raised a discordant note which calls for strong protect. It has been incidentally supplied by Sir Asutosh Mukerjee in his address welcoming on behalf of the Calcutta University, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. He said :—" It is indeed by a wise dispensation of Providence that the destinies of India have been united to those of a Western nation so progressive and enlightened as Great Britain; this has rendered it possible for us to maintain and develop our highly cherished national culture, intellectual and spiritual and at the same time to take full advantage of the immense opportunities of advancement afforded by all the knowledge, all the science, all the skill of the West."

"We fervently hope that no sullen clouds of coldness or estrangement may ever obscure our fair relations and that the action or inaction of men who meditate disunion may not succeed to mar the benevolent purpose of Providence and we venture respectfully to charge the future King of the British people with a cordial message of goodwill from us assuring them of our desire to strengthen the golden link which connects India with Great Britain and the Royal House."

Lord Curzon threw the apple of racial discord in India long ago. He said :—India should be exploited by Official Europeans in administration, and by non-Official Europeans in commerce and Industries.

The principles involved in the first item were explained by Lord Curzon in the following terms :—" The highest ranks of civil employment in India, those in the Imperial Civil Service, though open to such Indians as can proceed to England and pass the requisite tests, must nevertheless as a general rule be held by Englishmen for the reason, they possess partly by heredity, partly by up-bringing and partly by education the knowledge of the principles of Government, the habits of mind and the vigor of character which are essential for the task and that the rule of India a British rule and any other rule in the circumstances of the case impossible." These caustic remarks are uncalled for in the face of the fact that appointments are made to the Covenanted Civil Service by Competitive Examinations to which Britishers and Indians are eligible. Only a few Indians proceed to England to compete at the examinations which seems to be an eye-sore. Is it intended that Englishmen should be exempted from the competitive examinations for the Indian Civil Service ? Lord Salisbury when Secretary of State for India said :—" No system of Government would be permanently safe, where there was a feeling of inferiority or mortification affecting the relations between the governors and the governed. The East had made the West and it was the duty of the occidental and the oriental alike to soften the asperities and alleviate the friction of the compact. Sympathy was the key-note of successful administration in India." Lord Curzon's reactionary educational policy excluding the study of English from the four lower classes of schools and making vernacular education compulsory in those classes would, Mr. Edward, late Registrar of the Calcutta University observed," militate against the improvement and spread of knowledge of English in our educational institutions." The Englishman also said :—" We have repeatedly quoted evidence to show that the educational authorities in India are wasting money in pursuit of retrograde and unstatesman like policy of forcing on the people of India an education in their own vernacular when they arc clamouring to be taught in English. The vernacular can never he the medium of instruction in anything that leads towards national efficiency." " Officialism" said Sir Henry Cotton "is jealous of the progress that education has made. Decerning the root of evils in the work of Macaulay, introducing liberal education in India, Lord Curzon set himself to make education dearer so as to put it beyond the reach of the middle classes and the poor" But at home Lord Curzon assumes a differnt garb. In the Volume on Principles and Methods of University Reform he invites the Council of Oxford University to increase by every legitimate means facilities for the admission of poor men both of artisan and professional classes to university course.

In his Budget speech, when Governor General of India, Lord Curzon said :—" I lay down as an absolute and unassailable proposition that our educational systems in India are faulty in the extreme, and that unless they are reformed, posterity will reproach us for the lost opportunity for generation to come...My object throughout has been to carry the public with us in our reforms... But if every reform proposed is to be overwhelmed with abloquy and criticisms, because it touches some vested interests or affects some individual concern...then I must point out that the educated community will have forfeited the great chance ever presented to them of assisting the Government to place the future education of this country upon a better footing, and Government will be left to pursue its task alone."

Retrograde and repressive as some of the proposed reforms were, they evoked loud protests from the country. They were considered reactionary and improper by distinguished educationists. They made criticisms, with the best of motives and out of their honest convictions, and not from motives of aggrieved personal or vested interests. Lord Curzon should have done well to accept their independent, honest, and impartial opinions. But as His Excellency wanted men, who would only support but not criticise his educational policy, he could only get sycophants, who would combine together and carry the changes through ; he would even dispense with such a farce and pursue the task alone, as the head of an autocratic Government.

In every age and clime the superior culture and civilization of a conquering nation were acquired by the conquered people, who did not remain conquered for all the time, but on the establishment of a new regime obtained freedom and became its citizens. The Imperial policy of Rome was the introduction of Roman culture, civilization and citizenship to a conquered people. The policy pf Russia in Central Asia was that the inhabitants of the conquered territories became Russian subjects enjoying peace and civilization and possessing rights and privileges of the citizens of the Russian Empire. In French colonies the inhabitants enjoy the rights and privileges of the French Republic. The people of French India have the right of nominating their representatives to both Houses of French Parliament. In America the diverse nations with different religions and traditions are welded together as citizens of the greatest Republican Government with common interests, rights and privileges and using English as the common language. It was a wise and liberal policy which the British Indian Government pursued with marvellous success specially during the rule of Her Majesty Victoria the Good. During the tumults of the mutiny Lord Canning suggested to Lord Granville then the Prime Minister of England the expediency of checking the antagonism of dark skin and white skin (by which was meant stringent laws for natives and license for Europeans, exclusion of natives from places of trust and authority in some departments and restriction of appointments in other Departments, and general subordination of their interests to the interests of Europeans) This led te the issue of the Queen's Proclamation of 1858, which is regarded as the Magna Charta of the rights of the people of India. On receiving a deputation of Indian gentlemen in January 1884 Mr. Gladstone said :—"I tell you that we are faithful representatives of the Crown, when we assure youthat the Proclamation of 1858 to which we have referred and which has been the guide of our conduct has been the expression of the sentiments of the highest authority in this country from that time to this and may be looked upon, I trust, as offering a solemn guarantee of the future proceedings of England in her relations to India. We understand that we have no rivalry of interests to apprehend between England and India that we plead as our main title for our presence in India the good of India." Noble words were these. Sir William Wedderburn spoke of the Queen's Proclamation iu the following glowing terms ;—"As regards India he (His Majesty) has confirmed the Great Queen's Proclamation of 1858, which is the Magna Charta of the Indian people. I say that we as loyal subjects of the King-Emperor must call upon his servants in this country to maintain the spirit that is breathed in that Proclamation and if it fulfils the pledges not superficially but thoroughly as they were meant to be fulfilled, it would cease to be a foreign rule and will become a national Government. Because if it does that, the Government will be based upon the only true foundation, upon the prosperity, contentment, happiness and affection of the Indian people." Lord Curzon, has however found a loophole in the Royal Proclamation of 1858. He said, " that the late Queen's words contained a qualification not indeed modifying their generosity, but limiting their application by the necessary tests firstly of practical expedience and secondly of personal fitness." These are the memorable words of the Proclamation :—" It is our will that so far as may be our subjects of whatever race or creed be freely and impartially admitted to offices in our Service the duties of which they may be qualified by their education, ability and integrity duly to discharge." If the Queen's words constituting as they do a concession, are limited in their application by such qualification as practical expedience, their generosity must necessarily be modified. I do not find in the Proclamation any mention of practical expedience of which Lord Curzon spoke. Perhaps His Lordship thought that after the words "so far as may be " the phrase " practically expedient" should come in as an ellipsis. Such could not have been the intention of the noble Sovereign. To impute such motive to her now would be tantamount to paint her black with duplicity, a view which was held by the late Dr. Wallace, who was President of the Anglo-Indian Association. He said :—"It has been left to Lord George Hamilton and Lord Curzon to break the victorian Proclamation, to mar its beauty, to clothe it with a garment of duplicity and to convert a solemn Heaven-born pledge into a hollow mockery." As regards the condition of personal fitness, it was clearly stated in the Proclamation. The people of India were perfectly reconciled to it. It was unbecoming on the part of Lord Curzon to tamper with it in order to make racial distinctions in the distribution of State patronage on the principle of nomination as laid down in the Resolution of the Government of India dated the 4th June.1904. Referring to the Royal Message to the Princes and peoples of India on the Jubilee day of the Proclamation of 1858, reaffirming it, the Hon'ble Mr. Gokhale said :—" The passage respecting the obliteration of race distinctions in the Government of the country repeats and emphasises the pledge given in the former Proclamation, and is important in view of the attempt made of late in India to explain away its solemn and binding character."

A minister who holds the helm of the State in hand. should steer it clear of the shoals and rocks of racial antagonism but of he himself prance and prank over them the vessel would be wrecked.

DABENDRA NATH CHUCKERBUTTY.

RAJSINGHA.

PART II.

Hell in Paradise.

Chapter I—Fortune-telling.

On the bank of the blue-watered Yumna, flowing in the midst of a white sandy tract of land, stood the mighty city of Delhi—the city of cities—gleaming in the moonlight like a glittering piece of precious stone. Thousands of tall minarets, high-arched domes and turrets—built up of marbles and other varieties of stones—towering high up into the sky, were reflecting the mild rays of the moon. Far away in the horizon, the enormous summit of the *Kutab minar* appeared a tall column shrouded in a haze. Close by, the four minarets of the *Jumma-masjid* forcing its way through the blue sky, rose up to the region of the moon. Ranged all along the public roads, stood rows of shops, containing all kinds of merchandise and garlanded with hundreds of lamps. Sweet smells were coming out from heaps of flowers in the stalls of the flower-dealers and from bunches of flowers on the person of fashionable men about the town as well as from essence of roses and other sweet-scented flowers—sound of music was emanating from every house, vocal as well as instrumental, of various kinds together with laughter of young females, at times loud, at others sweet—and add to these the jingling, of their jewelleries—all these combined, were engendering a strange infatuation like that of the shadow of the celestial garden cast over the infernal region of the hell. The scattering of flowers and of rose-*attars*—the tinkling of bells attached to the ankles of *terpsichores*—the rise and fall of the seven notes in the songstress's voice—the richness of play on musical instruments—the sharp clatter of the clappings of delicate fair ones' hands for keeping time with the song-wave—the continuous flow of wine—the continuity of flashes of the most mischievous side-glances of females—heaps of edibles, such as *Khichuris* and *Polaos*—the four different kinds of laughter, known as wild, pretended, sweet and crafty—the tramplings of horses' hoofs on the highways—the horrible shouts of the bearers of *dolas*—the jingling noise of bells round elephants' necks and of the vehicles called *Ekkas*—and lastly the rattling sounds coaches—all these were fully in evidence in that historic city of old.

In the midst of the town were big and splendid *Chandney Chowks*, where Rajput or Turkish horsemen were mounting guard. Whatever was valuable on earth could be found displayed in endless arrays in the shops. Here a *dilettante*, having attracted a large number of way-farers, was dancing and singing to the accompaniment of the *saranga* for their diversion. There a juggler was showing feats of jugglery. Near each one of them hundreds of spectators standing around were witnessing the performances. The crowd was thickest near the astrologers. The esteem in which the votaries of astrology were held during the reign of the Mogul emperors was perhaps without a parallel in all other ages. The Hindus and the Mussalmans equally revered them. The Mogul emperors had the highest regard for the science of astrology. Without knowing the divinations of the astrologers, they would not undertake affairs of vital importance, at times. A little later than the period, to which the events chronicled in these pages referred, Akbar, the youngest son of Aurangzeb, broke into revolt. He had five thousand stalwart men among the Rajput soldiery at his beck and call. But deluded by the forecasts of astrologers, Akbar delayed the march of his troops. In the meantime Aurangzeb frustrated his designs by artifice.

In the *Chandney Chowks* of Delhi, astrologers took their seats on the public road with turbans on the head and almanacs in hand. Hundreds of males and females flocked round their seats for getting their fortune told. Even *pardanasin* ladies did not hesitate to go there under coverings. There was a great crowd around the seat of one of the astrologers. A veiled lady was turning round from outside. She wished to go near the astrologer, but did not venture pushing through the crowd. While she was looking about, a man on horse-back came riding by. The rider was a young man. He looked as one of the true types of Mogul gentry. He was very good-looking ; such a handsome person could rarely be found even amongst the Moguls. His attire was marked with the greatest elegance. A mere view of him was enough to show the nobility of his blood. The horse, he bestrode, was alike of noble breed. On account of the crowd the horseman was pushing his horse slowly on. The young woman who was looking to and fro caught a view of him. As soon as she saw him, she came up and holding the bridle of the horse stopped the animal. She then addressed him: Well, Khan Saheb—Mabarak Saheb—Mabarak! Mabarak (for such was the horseman's name) enquired, " Who are you ?"

The young woman: My God! have you ceased to recognise me ?

Mabarak: Daria ?

Daria: The same !

Mabarak: What brings you here ?

Daria: Well, I go everywhere. You never discountenanced such a proceeding on my part. Do you do so now ?

Mabarak: Why should I do so ? Who are you to me ?

Then in a softer tone, he asked Daria,—"Do you want anything ?"

Daria, putting her fingers in her ears, said, " Forbid it Heaven ! Your money is the swine's flesh in my estimation. We know how to make *attar*."

Mabarak: Then why did you stop me ?

Daria: Get down and I will tell you.

Mabarak alighted from the horse and said,—"Now, then, speak."

Daria: An astrologer is seated in the midst of the crowd. He is a new comer. They say, a like astrologer never came here. I wish you to have your fortune told by him.

Mabarak: What have you got to do with my fortune told ? Rather get your own told.

Daria: I do not like to know my fortune. I have learnt it already without being told. I want to know yours.

So saying, Daria holding Mabarak's hands was about to drag him, when Mabarak questioned, " Wait, who will hold my horse ?"

Some boys were eating *laddus* (sugar-plums) standing on the public road. On seeing them Mabarak said, " Let some one of you hold my horse for a while. I will give you more *laddus* when I come back." No sooner did he say so, than two or three urchins coming near held the horse. One was almost naked. He leaped into the saddle. Mabarak stepped forward to beat him. He, however, was spared the necessity. The horse, raising its hind legs, threw him off. On seeing him prostrate on the ground, the other boys snatching away his *laddu* ate it up. Then Mabarak being free from cares, went to have his fortune told. Seeing him the people made way for him. Daria Bibi accompanied him. The astrologer, after hearing and examining him minutely said,—"Have the goodness to go and get yourself married". Daria Bibi, being concealed in the crowd, exclaimed from behind,—" Married already."

Astrologer : Who is it that speaks ?

Mabarak : She is a crazy woman. Can you tell what sort of a marriage will befall me ?

Astrologer: Marry a princess.

Mabarak: What would be the result then ?

Astrologer : Then you will have a much elevated position.

From the midst of the crowd Daria Bibi cried,—" And death too."

Astrologer : Who is it ?

Mabarak : The same mad woman.

Astrologer : Not at all mad—perhaps some superhuman being. I will not examine your hand any more.

Mabarak could not make out anything. Giving something to the astrologer, he searched for Daria in the crowd ; but could find her out by no means. Then with a heavy heart he mounted his steed and made for the palace. It is needless to say that the boys got some more *laddus* to eat.

Chapter II—Jebunnisa.

What became of Daria's selling of news ? What is meant by news selling ? To whom was the news sold ? In order to throw a sufficient light on these things, we feel called upon to set forth the state of affairs obtaining within the imperial seraglio to a certain extent.

The Indian ladies are noted for their signal capacity in the art of governing countries. In the west a Xenobia, an Isabella, an Elizabeth or a Catherine is scarcely to be found. But in India there were many ladies of blood-royal, clever in the government of kingdoms. The daughters of the Mogul emperors were specially remarkable in this respect. But they were as much versed in politics, as they were addicted to sensuality and voluptuous enjoyment.

Aurangzeb had two sisters, nam ed Jahanara and Roushanwara. Jahanara, was chiefly instrumental to the maintenance of Shah Jahan's suzerainty. The emperor would not transact any state-business without consulting her ; and her counsels would secure for him success and fame. She was particularly a well-wisher of her father. But the extent to which she was endowed with these good qualities was exceeded by her appetites for sensual gratifications. To satisfy her lust numerous persons became her favourites. Among these, European travellers speak of some one, by mentioning whose name I do not like to defile my pen.

Roushanwara was hostile to her father and partial towards Aurangzeb. She, too, was versed and skilled in politics, like Jahanara; and as to the gratification of the senses, she was, like her, without judgment, without restraint and without satisfaction. When Aurangzeb was engaged in robbing his father of his kingdom by dethroning him and keeping him in a dungeon, Roushanwara was his chief instrument. Aurangzeb, too, was very obedient to her. During his regime Roushanwara was a second ruler. Unluckily, however, for Roushanwara, a powerful rival upreared her head against her. Aurangzeb had three daughters. He married the younger two with his two imprisoned nephews. The eldest Jebunnisa did not marry. Following her father's sisters, she went on sucking honey from flower to flower, just like the bees in the spring.

Many a time and often both aunt and niece became each other's rivals in the temple of Cupid. So the latter resolved to ruin the former. Jebunnisa began to expose her frailties to her father. The result of her intrigues was that Roushanwara disappeared from the face of the earth, and Jebunnisa gained the aunt's coveted dignity of position and mastery over her submissive favourites.

We speak of dignity of position, for there is some special significance in the term. No male person was ever admitted into the harem of the emperor except eunuchs—at least there was no rule for it. A female corps was entertained for guarding the *Rangmahal.* As Hindu kings employed Mahammedan women on sentry duty, so did the Mogul emperors. Fair women of the *Tartar* race were appointed to keep guard over the Mogul harem. There was a leader of this band of female guards. She occupied the position of its captain. Her post was regarded as a high one, and the pay and honour attached to it were equally great. Roushanwara had filled this post. She having suddenly vanished in unearthly darkness, Jebunnisa was appointed in her place. The holder of this post was in all respects the mistress of the imperial household. So Jebunnisa was in sole charge of the imperial harem. Every one was subject to her rule—the guards, the eunuchs, the maid-servants, the sentries, the porters and the cooks, all owed her allegiance. So she could admit anyone she liked into the female quarters of the palace.

Two classes of people could, with her kindness, gain access to the female apartments of the palace—1st, those enjoying her love and 2ndly, those who sold news to her.

We have already recorded that Jebunnisa was a great politician. The helm of the Mogul empire was in her hands in some way. She has also been described as the "guiding star" of the Mogul empire. It is too well known that one great necessity of the community of politicians is information. Secret intelligence is to be obtained as to what is happening here and there. From Ram Chandra, the master of Durmukha (the foul-tongued) down to Bismark, every one affords proof of this, and Jebunnisa was quite aware of it. She used to collect news from all sides and appointed special persons for this purpose. Khijir, the picture-dealer was one among them. His mother used to go to different parts of the country to sell pictures. Khijir collected information through her. Daria Bibi's sister, too, on occasions of selling *attar* and *surma*, collected many news, while rambling all over the city of Delhi. Daria used to convey all such news to Jebunnisa, who gave her some reward on every occasion. This is what is called the *selling of news.* That she might not be obstructed from entering the ladies' apartments for selling news, Jebunnisa gave her a writ of authority. It ran to this effect:—"Daria Bibi may enter the *mahal* for selling *surma.*" But Daria Bibi suddenly met with an impediment at the time of going there. She saw Mabarak Khan enter the *mahal.* Daria did not enter then, but delayed a little while. When she entered, she saw Mabarak bend his steps in the direction of Jebunnisa's luxurious saloon. Concealing herself in the shade of a garden-house, Daria waited for a while.

Chapter III—The Hell of Prosperity.

The fort of Delhi was the principal structure in the great city of Delhi, and the rows of palaces were the principal elements of attraction within the fort itself. Within the small compass of these palaces, there were such great profusion of riches, jewels, beauties and vices, as were not to be found in the whole of India. The chief feature of attraction in these Imperial architectures was the *Rang mahal.* It was the kingdom of Kuvera and Cupid—the Sun and the Moon scarcely entered there—Death itself never penetrated into this place except on the sly—even Air itself was obstructed in its passage within it. There the houses and their furniture as well as the inmates themselves were all of various sorts, types and patterns. Such beautiful chambers, built with white stones, and inlaid with precious jewels—such rows of gardens, outshining in splendour the celestial garden of Indra—such an array of beauties, lowering the pride of Urbashi, Menaka and Rambha—could nowhere be found on earth. Such luxury and pomp were unknown on earth. Such great vices, too, did not exist anywhere else. Among these, our attention is directed towards the luxurious saloon of Jebunnisa.

It was a beautiful pleasure-house. The floor was paved with black and white stones. The walls were made of white marbles—in stones were wrought figures of creepers, leaves, fruits, flowers, birds and bees, all made of gems ; and a little higher up was all covered with mirrors everywhere, bordered with gold fringes. Overhead was a canopy made of silver wires, with small tapestries of pearls and larger ones of flowers, freshly plucked. On the pavement were spread carpets, softer even than grass grown in the beginning of the rainy season. Upon them was placed a couch made of ivory and adorned with gems. Upon the bedstead were beddings with velvet pillows, all fringed with golden threads. Over the beddings were heaps of fragrant flowers and their essences, placed in vases of various kinds—heaps of betels, sweet-scented and prepared with care—and in separate golden jars, wine good to drink. Above all, turning the heaps of flowers and gems pale, the middle-aged and beautiful Jebunnisa, holding the drinking vessel in her hand and casting her eyes towards the nightly splendour of the stars was cooling her head bedecked with flowers in the wild breeze, when Mabarak Khan appeared before her.

Mabarak approached Jebunnisa and sat down by her side. He became recompensed for his trouble by presents of betels and other things. Then Jebunnisa said, "He is a real lover, who comes unsought for."

Mabarak : It has been improper on my part to come unasked, but beggars come without being invited.

Jebunnisa : What alms do you ask for, my dearest ?

Mabarak : The gift, I pray for, is that by the authority of the muezzin I may be entitled to that endearing epithet you just now used in addressing me.

Jebunnisa (laughing): Again that thrice-old tale! Do daughters of emperors ever marry?

Mabarak: But your younger sisters have married.

Jebunnisa: They have married princes of blood imperial. A princess of blood imperial never marries anybody but a prince of blood imperial. Can she marry a commander of two hundred soldiers?

Mabarak: You are all in all in the kingdom. The emperor will do whatever you demand of him—every body knows this.

Jebunnisa: I will not request him to do what is improper.

Mabarak: And is *this* proper, princess?

Jebunnisa: What mean you by the term, *this*?

Mabarak: This great sin.

Jebunnisa: But who commits this great sin?

Mabarak held his head low and at last enquired,—"Do you not understand the matter?"

Jebunnisa: If you look upon it as a sin, then don't come any more.

Mabarak (sorrowfully): If I had the power to do so, then I would not have come; but I have already sold myself up to that beauty.

Jebunnisa: If you have been sold to me and are my slave, then do what I say and keep quiet.

Mabarak: If I had alone been liable for this sin, then I might have remained silent. But I love you more than my own life.

Jebunnisa laughed a loud laugh and said, "Can sin be committed by an emperor's daughter?"

Mabarak: Sin and piety are the ordinance of *Allah*, God.

Jebunnisa: *Allah* has ruled such orders for the lower people—the *Kafers* or infidels. Am I a Brahmin's daughter amongst the Hindus, or of Rajputs, either, that, having served a life of perpetual drudgery by tying myself up to one husband, will at last burn myself to death? If my subjection to such a decree had been in divine contemplation, then He would not have created me a princess.

Mabarak was surprised as if fallen from the sky. He had never heard such an ugly expression from anybody—not even in Delhi, which was then steeped in vice. Had anyone else said so before him, he would curse him by saying, " May thunder strike you to death." But he was deeply immersed in the sea of Jebunnisa's beauty, having lost his sense of right and wrong. He only remained dumbfounded.

Jebunnisa resumed,—"Let this word stand, I have other things to speak of. Let me not hear that again. If I hear—".

Mabarak (interrupting her) : What's the use of threatening me ? I know well that the person who incurs your displeasure will not have his head for one moment upon his shoulder, but you perhaps know this also, that Mabarak does not fear death.

Jebunnisa : Is there no other punishment worse than death ?

Mabarak : Yes, that is your separation.

Jebunnisa : The repetition of improper words may produce that result.

Mabarak understood that if the one happened, then both would necessarily happen. If he forsakes Jebunnisa as vicious, then he would have to meet certain death. She was all in all in the Mogul empire. The emperor himself was obedient to her. But Mabarak was not sorry for that. His sorrow lay in this that being enamoured of the beauty of Jebunnisa he was quite incapable of forsaking her, and that he was powerless to extricate himself from this mire of vice. So Mabarak said respectfully,—" Whatever kindness you may willingly shower on me, be it so little, will make my life sacred. If I cherish more ambitious hopes, know it to be the nature of the poor. What poor person does not desire to be the emperor of the world ?

Then the princess being pleased, offered wine to Mabarak as a reward. After lavishing on him sweet and endearing terms of love, she bade him farewell with presents of *attar* and betels.

Before Mabarak came out of the harem, Daria Bibi caught hold of him and asked him in a tone inaudible to others,—"Well, is the marriage settled with the princess ?"

He asked in wonder, " Who art thou ?"

Daria : The same Daria.

Mabarak : A foe ! a fiend ! why are you here ?

Daria : Do you not know that I sell news ?

Mabarak started. Daria Bibi said, " Will there be a marriage with the princess ?"

Mabarak : Who is the princess ?

Daria : *Shahzadi* Jebunnisa Begum-Saheba. Is not a *Shahzadi* a princess ?

Mabarak : I will kill you outright here.

Daria : Then let me kick up a row.

Mabarak : Well, I may not kill you. But tell me to whom you have come to sell news.

Daria : To Jebunnisa Begum. I am waiting here to tell you of this.

Mabarak : What news to sell ?

Daria : That you to-day went to the *bazar* to have your fortune told by the astrologer and he advised you to marry a *Shahzadi*, for then you will have promotion.

Mabarak : Daria Bibi ! What offence have I given you that you are ready to persecute me thus ?

Daria : What offence—need I tell you of that ? What have you not done against me ? What greater injury can it be to a woman than what you have done ?

Mabarak : Why, my dear ! there are many like me.

Daria : None so vicious as you are.

Mabarak : I am not vicious. But standing here, we can not talk so much. See me in some other place and I will explain everything.

Saying this, Mabarak went back to Jebunnisa and told her " I have come to you again. Please excuse the impropriety. I have come to tell you that Daria Bibi is present here. Presently she will come to see you. She is a mad woman. If she accuses me before you, please do not be angry with me, before hearing me.

Jebunnisa : I am incapable of getting angry with you. If I ever be angry with you, then I only will suffer. I can not bear to hear you censured.

Mabarak again bade adieu to her saying " Favour your devoted servant in this way for ever."

(to be continued).

K. C. KANJILAL.

AHIMSA.

The leader in the *Epiphany* of February 18, 1922, is *Ahimsa.* It begins with the thought that the most abiding of the effects of Buddhism in India was the great respect or even reverence paid theoretically to the doctrine of *ahimsa*, and concludes with irreverence for that doctrine and glorification of Christianity. The article is a clear manifestation of the opposite of *ahimsa.* The doctrine is explained as " that it is a sin to kill animals or to be the means of putting an end to any kind of organic life (that is, any kind of living thing, such as beasts, birds, insects, &c., but excluding vegetables). Lord Buddha's doctrine propagated by Emperor Asoka is discounted or found fault with in various forms. It is apathetic, paralysing and devastating. Its quality, if any, is the virtue of a doll, which does not kill, causes no hurt, and is, therefore, hardly the highest exemplar for human beings. The general effect of the inculcation of *ahimsa*, the weakness of mere prohibition, is less care of animals and apparently less love of animals than is to be seen in countries where it is not regarded a wrong to kill. This cruelty to animals has led to the remark, applied to the Hindus, that the more religious a country is, the more cruelty to animals is practised.

If *ahimsa,* absence of *himsa*, be cruelty, what, then, is *himsa* ? Is it humanity or love ?

So far the members of the Oxford Mission. Hear now the Rev. John Fulton, D. D. (quoted in the *Zoophilist and Animal Defender*, August 1, 1901, p. 96, col. 1) :

" It is said that if a Japanese dog sees a man stoop to pick up a stone it remains perfectly still, waiting to see what he will do with it. The American dog runs away. Can it be, then, that the Japanese Buddhist is nearer to God in his behaviour to animals than we Christians ? If, so, we have good need to mend our ways."

Here is the difference between Buddhism and Christianity, between countries where it is not permissible to kill and where it is permissible to kill.

The *Epiphany*, which is in its 40th volume, is edited by the members of the Oxford Mission and published in Calcutta by the brethren of the Epiphany. The article may, therefore, be supposed to be the result of long experience in India. It seems to discredit Asoka and his teaching or doctrine of *Ahimsa,* on among others, the following grounds :

The modern idea that Government should preserve neutrality in religion was not in Asoka's mind.

He was intent on spreading Buddhism and he used his imperial officers everywhere to get his religion adopted.

He used the power of the law to restrict the sacrifice of animals and to prevent their slaughter as food, *ahimsa* being the duty put first and foremost.

The precept of *ahimsa* is based upon an untruth. " You must not kill because if you kill you will interfere with the Karma of a particular life."

Negations never do touch the best in man. Only the active principle of love will ever move men "Thou shalt not hurt" will never be as efficacious as " thou shalt love, thou shalt do good, thou shalt be ready to suffer for the benefit of others."

Negations in morals are of little use ; what we need is the active principle of love. For it, turn to Christ. For,

" He who abides in Christ and has the Christ abiding in him has within him the active principle of love which makes the doctrine of *ahimsa* a pale weak thing besides the exhibition of the Divine Sacrifice, 'Greater love hath no man than this that a Man lay down His life for His friend.' "

Asoka was probably blamable with double wrong—for spreading a negation.

A law or command is usually a prohibition, a restriction of freedom.

The Ten Commandments of the Holy Bible Exodus XX delivered by God, from the top of mount Sinai, to Moses and recorded on two tables of stone, are chiefly prohibitions, beginning with " Thou shalt not." But they are of the Old Testament—a record of how God gradually prepared a people for the full revelation of Himself – and not the New, the fulfilment of that revelation made in Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ was, however, before his birth as man. There have also been speculations whether the decalogue was delivered by an angel deputed by God, and, if by Him, whether it was the first or the second person of the Godhead that took upon him to be the legislator of the Jews.

Jesus Christ is eternal, as the eternal Son of the eternal Father. As such, he is earlier than the dawn of time or the Creation of the World. Yet, his era, the Christian era, is dated not from any of these events, but from his birth which has now run only 1,922 years. Born in the east, his religion has chief hold on the west, whence it is being spread to the east and to all the nations and parts of the habitable globe as the religion of the Eternal one— the only religion of the world and true. Another claim for the Bible, in the words of Bishop Welldon, is—" where the Bible is read all over the world, there is liberty, there is progress, there is personal strength of character, there is constant sense of individual responsibility to the judgment of Almighty God."

The article gives the Oxford Mission's rendering of the doctrine *ahimsa.* Lord Ronaldshay, the head of the Bengal Government, reads a different meaning. Speaking at Dacca, on the 9th August, 1921, at the Regent Park Hall Club (of which he is patron), he said :

" *Ahmisa* is a word we inadequately translate as *harmlessness* but which conveys much more and includes also the positive idea of good will and loving kindness. In the Dḥarmapada wherein is set forth the ethical teaching of Buddha, I find these words, ' Enmity is not to be overcome by enmity here below but by non-enmity.' That is the rule, from all eternity ; that is the key-note of the Lord Buddha's teaching.

Now in the religion professed by the great nations of the west, in Christianity, you find precisely the same teaching, There (in the new Testament) you will find set forth the same fundamental principles as are taught by the religions of the east identical in meaning though clothed in somewhat different language. The words of which I am thinking at the moment are these :—" You have heard it said of old time, ' Love your neighbour and hate your enemy,' but I say unto you ' Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you.' "

On Christmas Day, taking his text II. Cor. V. 19 from Apostle Paul, the Lord Bishop Metropolitan Westcott, at St. Paul's Cathedral, Calcutta, explained to the Prince of Wales, Governor Lord Ronaldshay and others who had gathered there, in 1921 on that memorable occasion, in a magnificent sermon, the grand object of the Incarnation—How God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, the love of God for man. The Bishop eminently felt that loving reconciliation the present need in India and humbly recommended it to the authorities. He said :

" Let us recognise that it was not by justice that God set out to win our hearts and wills, but by love. God knew that while nothing could touch the hearts of men love would evoke a response from the most obdurate. And so God manifested His glory, by complete self giving. He gave himself to men, he accepted the limitations of human nature. He shared the experience of life in a world of sin. Bethlehem is meant to teach us the secret of reconciling foes. Are we who bear the name of Christian first given at Antioch to those who were disciples of the Master, prepared in our turn to listen to its message ? The question which I am constantly asking myself as I picture that scene in the stable is this, what have I done or are doing to bring home to the people among whom I live in this country that there is no gift which has gone forth to make my life full and joyous that I am not ready and eager to share with them ? No privilege to which I desire to make an exclusive claim."

It is such preaching with practice that exalteth the religion with exaltation of the Government and the people. It is abuse of that religion to decry other methods to approach God or live a moral life. The several forms of religion as such lead to one way—to the Supreme Being.

JOGESH CHUNDER DUTT.

THE BANGIA SAHITYA PARISHAD.

The Bangia Sahitya Parishad was formed in 1893, but to trace its origin we must go back about two decades from that year when the project was first ventilated.

Literary activity in modern Bengal dates from the days of Raja Ram Mohun Roy. It is not the scope of this paper to enumerate the different Bengali authors or to comment on their writings. English education like Manchester piecegoods and other European goods greatly influenced our national literature. It moulded and shaped the present Bengali language. We quote the following extract from an article in the Calcutta Review (Vol LIV. No. 104. April, 1871) describing the transition period of the Bengali language.

"One of the most noticeable characteristics of Bengal at the present day is the large amount of literary activity to be found there in comparison with other parts of India. But while books and newspapers are daily pouring from the press, the quality of our current literature is by no means proportioned to its bulk. In fact, by far the greatest part of what is published is absolute rubbish. There are several modern Bengali books of which we shall have to speak in terms of high praise, but the number of these is so small in comparison with the mass of publications yearly vomited forth by the Bengali press, that they go but a little way towards redeeming the character of the whole. We can scarcely expect a better state of things from the class of men who compose the rank and file of Bengali authors and Bengali critics. Authorship in Bengal is the vocation of half educated scribblers. The educated Native has a sort of ultra-utilitarian contempt for the office and considers himself above writing in his own language. The case of criticism is worse. We can hardly hope for a healthy and vigorous Bengali literature in the utter absence of anything like intellectual criticism. The educated Bengali fails in this department almost as much as the antiquated pundit, in consequence no doubt of deficient culture.

"Those who are familiar with the present writers in Bengali, will readily admit that they all, good and bad alike, may be classed under two heads, the Sanskrit and the English schools. The former represents Sanskrit scholarship and the ancient literature of the country ; the latter is the fruit of western knowledge and ideas. By far the greater number of Bengali writers belongs to the Sanskrit school but by far the greater number of good writers belongs to the other. It may be said that there is not at the present day anything like an indigenous school of writers, owing nothing either to Sanskrit writers or to those of Europe. The Sanskrit school takes for its models the later Sanskrit writers, and they are remarkably deficient in originality. The greater originality of the writers of the English school is the point in which their superiority to the Sanskrit school is most marked. It is characteristic of the Sanskrit school that they seldom venture on original composition. Even Vidyasagar's ambition soars no higher than adaptations and a few translations. When they do venture on original composition, they are rarely caught straying beyond the beaten track, beyond a reverential repetition of things which have been said over and over again from time immemorial. If love is to be the theme Madan is invariably put into requisition with his five flower-tipped arrows : and the tyrannical king of Spring never fails to come to fight his cause, with his army of bees and soft breezes, and other ancient accompaniments. If the pangs of separation are to be sung, the moon is immediately cursed and anathematized, as scorching the poor victim with her cold beams. The kokila is described as singing him to destruction ; and bees and soft breezes and sweet flowers are enumerated in the order in which they were marshalled in prehistoric times. No lovely woman in the pages of these writers has any other form of loveliness than a moon face, lotus eyes, hair that is a cloud and a nose that resembles *Garura's* beak.

"In point of style these writers hardly shine more than in ideas. Time-honored phrases are alone employed, and a dull pompous array of high sounding Sanskrit words continues to grate on the ear in perpetual recurrence. Anything which bears the mark of foreign origin, however expressive or necessary it may be, is zealously excluded.

"It was reserved to Tek Chand Thakur to deal the first blow to this insufferable pedantry, and all honor to the man who did it.* Endowed as he was with a strong common sense as well as high culture, he saw no reason why this idol of unmixed diction should receive worship at his hands, and he set about writing *Alaler Ghorer Dulal* in a spirit at which the Sanskritists stood a ghast and shook their heads. Going to the opposite extreme in point of style he vigorously excluded from his works, except on very rare occasions, every word and phrase that had a learned appearance. His own works suffered from the exclusion, but the movement was well-timed. In matter he scattered to the winds the time-honored common-places, and drew upon nature and life for his materials. His success was eminent and well deserved.

"In Tek Chand Thakur's steps followed other writers who met with equal or greater success, among whom we may name Kali Prosonna Singh as a satirist, Michael M. S. Dutt as a poet and Dinabundhu Mitter as a dramatist.

"There are a few Bengalis now living who have a greater claim to our respect than Pundit Issur Chunder Vidyasagar. His exertions in the cause of Hindu widows, the noble courage with which he, a pundit and a professor, first advocated their cause, the patient research and indefatigable industry with which he sought to maintain it, his large hearted benevolence, and his labours in the cause of vernacular education—all these things combine to place him in the front rank of the benefactors of his country. His claims to the respect and gratitude of his countrymen are many and great, but high literary excellence is certainly not among them. He has a great literary reputation; so had Issur Chandra Gupta; but both reputations are undeserved, and that of Vidyasagar scarcely less so than that of Gupta. If successful translations from other languages constitute any claim to a high place as an author, we admit them in Vidyasagar's case ; and if the compilation of very good primers for infants can in any way strengthen his claim, his claim is strong. But we deny that either translating or primer-making evinces a high order of genius ; and beyond translating and primer-making Vidyasagar has done nothing. His brief discourse on Sanskrit literature deserves, and his widow marriage pamphlets claim no notice here. If we exclude the school-books for children, his translations are five in number ;—the *Betal Panchavinsati* from the Hindi ; *Sakuntala, Sitar Bonobas* and the introduction to the *Mahabharat* from the Sanskrit ; and the *Bhranti Bilas* or Comedy of Errors from the English languages. Of these it is enough to say that they are excellent translations or adaptations, better probably than anything else of the same kind in Bengali. The *Sitar Bonobas* is as little original as the others. The first chapter is taken from the *Uttar Rama Charit,* Bhababhuti's noble work ; and the remaining three from the *Ramayana* itself from which Bhababhuti too drew his inspiration. It is in fact a reproduction, in smooth and flowing but somewhat nerveless language, of scenes selected from Valmiki's poem. The scenes are well chosen, and the expulsion of the supernatural element gives them a more realistic tone. But Vidyasagar is not free from the tautology and bombast which always disfigure the writers of the school to which he belongs.

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* The unfailing decorum however, of the classical style pulled up many a taste, and a re-action was headed by Tekchand Thakur, the late lamented Peary Chand Mittra, who set off the light frolicking colloquial sentences of *Alaler Ghorer Dulal* against the ponderous gravity of Vidyasagar's early works. And as the English language sprang out of the union of the Teutonic and classical elements, so the Bengali, of not a few favorite modern writers, is descended from *Alaler Ghorer Dulal* on the one hand and *Sitar Bonobas* on the other. (English Influence on Bengali language by Baroda Charan Mittra. C. S., Calcutta Review, October 1885.)

The only other writer of the Sanskrit school whom we shall stop to mention is Pundit Ram Narayan Tarkaratna, and we mention him more on account of his reputation than for any merit to be found in his writings. Among his plays are *Kulin Kula Sarvaswa,* directed against the evils of kulinism, and *Naba Natak,* a protest against polygamy. He has also made translations of the *Ratnabali,* the *Malati Madhava* and *Sakuntala.* These translations are execrably bad, and like his original works, full of bombastic writing. On the whole we consider that this writer's popular reputation is utterly undeserved.

It is with pleasure that we turn from him to the Anglicist school of writers. We have already mentioned Tekchand Thakur, the *nom de plume* of Babu Peary Chand Mittra. His best work is the *Alaler Ghorer Dulal,* which may be said to be the first novel in the Bengali language The story is extremely simple and may soon be told. Baburam Babu of Baidyabati is an old *Kulin* Brahmin, who has amassed a large fortune by fleecing the suitors in a Court of which he was an employee. He has retired on his gains and is a zemindar and merchant. He has four children, two sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Matilal, is an ignorant, selfish, dissipated young fellow—spoiled from the effect of the over-indulgent treatment of his father. A *gurumahasaya* who had taught him Bengali, an ignorant *pujari* Brahmin, employed from motives of economy as Sanskrit tutor and a retired tailor, who instructed him in Persian, laboured, as might have been anticipated, with but indifferent success. The *Gurumahasāya*, after some little time, retired from office in consequence of the playful habits of his pupil, who used to put quicklime in his daily whey, deposit burning embers in the folds of his garments, and indulge in many other like pleasantries. The *Pujari* resigned because he found it imposible to restrain his scholar's habit of throwing brickbats at the head of his instructor, as occasion offered. The Munshi's experience as a teacher abruptly closed, on the occasion of his discovering that Matilal had amused himself by setting fire to his venerable beard. Highly grateful with the progress which his son had made in oriental learning, Baburam Babu now thought it time that he should learn English. So Matilal was sent to Calcutta, where he attended an English school. But he did no more good at English than at Persian and Sanskrit and preferred to devote his time with other congenial spirits to cards, dice, cock-fighting, kite-flying and other amusements. At the same time he took to smoking tobacco and charas, as well as to drinking brandy. One day he and his companions were taken up by the Police for gambling in a house of ill-fame. They were all convicted and imprisoned except Matilal himself, who got off through the masterly way in which Miyajan Meah, an old friend of his father, proved an *alibi*. However, this occurrence put an end to Matilal's English studies, and he at once returned home and soon afterwards happily married. In the meantime the younger brother Ramlal grew up and followed a totally different path under the care of Boroda Babu an intelligent and cultivated man. He took kindly to his books, behaved well to his father and other relatives, had a courteous demeanour towards all he met, and was in fact a model of all that a boy should be. But, for some reason or other, Baburam and his friends disapproved of this sort of thing, and determined to get rid of Boroda Babu. The natural way to do this was a criminal charge. So, with the assistance of Miyajan Meah, a serious charge was made against the unoffending Boroda Babu, who would have paid dearly for his folly in neglecting to fee the amlah, if he had not known English and so been able to put the facts clearly before the magistrate. For when the Magistrate had heard so much of the evidence as he could listen to without neglecting his cigar, his newspaper and his private chits, the sheristadar strongly urged a conviction, and nothing but his knowledge of English saved Boroda Babu and gained him an acquittal. About this time Baburam Babu, who is a *kulin* of high family, receives an offer of marriage likely to bring some money into his pocket, and at once closes with the proposal. Though Matilall's mother, a virtuous and affectionate wife, was still living, Baburam married again, and dying soon afterwards, he left two widows, one of them a mere child. Matilall now succeeded to the *gadi* and celebrated his father's *shrad* in the right fashion. Henceforth, he gave himself up to pleasure, spending money like water on sensual enjoyments of all kinds. His mother remonstrates and receives a blow for her pains, and is obliged to leave the house with her daughter, much to the delight of Matilall. At length, as might have been expected, Matilall comes to grief and is sold up by his creditors. He leaves home, and having arrived in the course of his wanderings at the city of Benares, falls in with one of the learned pundits of the place, who works his reformation. There, too, he meets his mother and sister and Boroda Babu, who make it up with the repentant sinner, return home with him and live happily ever after.

"This is the simple story of *Alaler Ghorer Dulal*, but the mere narrative is the least merit of the book. Its real value lies in the sketches of character and pictures of Bengali life which it contains. Most Europeans know little or nothing of natives beyond what may be learned in our Courts of justice—places infested by a class of bad men hardly to be found elsewhere, and from whose infection there even otherwise honest and truthful men consider themselves entitled to lie, just as they consider themselves entitled to throw aside all regard for caste and for morality in the temple of Vishnu at Puri. A book like this, full of real sketches from life, is, therefore, specially valuable to them. It is true that there may be exaggeration here and there ; it is true that, while the knaves are lifelike and full of character, the good characters are too much of mere abstractions. The females, too, are very faintly drawn. They are all alike, and they give very little idea of the influence which the wife within the Zenana walls exercises in Indian daily life. But still the characters and pictures, such as they are, give the book a real value. We have not space for long quotations, but the following passage will give some notion of the auther's vigorous and natural, if sometimes rather rough and homely, style.

" Baburam Babu is sitting as a Babu should. A servant is rubbing his legs. On one side are seated some pundits jabbering about shastras, maintaining that pumpkins are prohibited on one particular day, and bringals on another, that to take salt with milk is in effect to eat beef, and otherwise raising a chatter like the *dhenki*. In another direction, is a party of chess-players ; one of them leans his head on his hand and is lost in thought ; ruin impends over him, for he is about to be checkmated. On another side some musicians are tuning their instruments. The *tanpura* is giving forth its purring sound. Elsewhere accountants are writing up their books. In front stand debtor-ryots and creditor shopkeepers whose debts and claims are being enquired into and admitted or denied. The *baitak khana* is swarming with people ; the mahajans are crying out that they gave their goods on credit some two, some four years ago and that they are sore put to it for want of payment; that they have come time after time for their money without getting it, that their business is all but stopped. Petty traders like the oilman, fuel-supplier and grocer are pleading their cause patheticially and humbly. " We are ruined, sir," they say " we are weak like the *pooti* fish ; how can we subsist if you treat us so ? The muscles of our legs are worn out with coming to your house for the money. Our shops are closed. Our wives and children are starving." The *dewanji* replies, " go today ; of course you will get your money why do you make such a fuss about it ?" If anyone speaks boldly after this, Baburam Babu waxes wrathful, abuses the man and turns him out.

"Besides *Alaler Ghorer Dulal*, Tekchand Thakur has written several minor works. *Ramaranjika* chiefly consists of a series of dialogues between a husband and his wife on various social and moral topics. It is intended for the use of ladies learning to read and write late in life. *Mad Khaoa bara dai jat thakar ki upaya*, is devoted like many other recent Bengali books to an exposition of the evils of drunkenness. *Jatkinchit* is a not very interesting exposition of Brahmist religion. *Abhedi*, Tekchand Thakur's latest work, treats of the same subject, and has brought down upon him the wrath of the redoubtable Babu Keshub Chandra Sen and his followers.

"From Tekchand to *Hootam* is an easy transition. For Babu Kali Prosonno Singh or *Hootam* was one of the most successful writers in the style first introduced by Tekchand.''

Our readers must excuse us for the above long but not wearisome quotation. In translating the article in the *Sahitya*, Monmotho Nath Ghose, M. A., F. S. S., F. R. E S., assures the readers that the article was from the pen of that never-to-be forgotten and ever-to-be-respected *litterateur* of Bengal, Rai Bahadur Bankim Chandra Chatterjee, C. I. E. (Sahitya, *Joisto*, 1324 B. E) Bankim Chandra wrote an article *Bangala Bhasa* in the *Bongodarsan*, *Joisto*, 1285 B. E. This article afterwards appeared in his book *Babidha Prabandha*, Part I. The sentiments expressed in the *Bongodarsan* article, his advocacy of English School, so much agree with the English article, that we also believe that both the articles are from the same pen.

Within a year after the publication of the article in the Calcutta Review, an article, the prospectus of the *Bangia Sahitya Samaj*, written by John Beames, I. C. S. appeared in the *Bongo darsan Ashar*, 1279 B. E. In a small, but appreciative note, the editor, Bankim Chandra, supported the writer. This article was reproduced in the ninth Report of the Bangia Sahitya Parishad for 1309 B.E. In the introduction to his Comparative Grammar of the Arian Languages of India Mr. Beames fully discussed on the subject. But we shall not tax our readers' patience, as extracts are quoted in the National Review, March, 1907 (Page 100) and of September, 1913 (Page 426). Mr. Beames also circulated a pamphlet in English, "suggestions for the formation of an Academy of Literature for Bengal" to the elite of Bengal. The suggestions were as original as they were apposite. He wrote as follows :—

"Bengal has so completely taken the lead in education and culture among the provinces of India, that its literature has passed out of the stage in which that of the other provinces still remains, and is now closely approximating to an European standard. In lieu of wearisome repetitions of Pauranic legends or idle childish and indecent tales, Bengalis now write novels, books of travel, history, science, poetry, essays and the like. The time has therefore, arrived for consolidating the language and giving it a certain uniformity—in short, for creating a literary language."

Following the experiences of the civilised countries of Europe, he proposed the establishment of the Academy. He wrote "in the five principal languages of Europe—English, French, German, Italian, and Spanish it has been found essential to the maintenance of a literature which shall worthily represent the national intellect, to have one distinct and well-defined standard of language, so that all Englishmen in whatever part of the country, they were born or live, write exactly the same language ; all Germans, from the Baltic to the Alps, all Italians, from Savoy to Palermo, all Frenchmen, whether writing from Lille or Marsailles, all Spaniards, whether Catalans or Galicians, Andalusians or Castilians, alike use the one classical language of their country without a single deviation in the grammatical structure or general class of words employed." And this happy result, he observed, happened in England, and Germany through the labors and influence of individuals, while in France, Italy and Spain, chiefly through societies exercising a powerful authority in questions of Literature and Grammar. "This latter agency," he wrote, " is undoubtedly the more suitable of the two to Bengal. In this country, no one author possesses sufficient influence over his fellow-countrymen to command their adhesion to any standard he may set up, nor is good Bengali literature sufficiently extensive or sufficiently powerful as a leader of public taste to enable a Johnson to cull from its pages the words which alone are fitted for polite use."

The ideas, emanating from a European *savant*, were that it is high time to settle the vocabulary of the Bengali language and define the limits within which it should have its full swing but beyond which it should not be allowed to ramble at large. We quote below the most interesting portion of the paper describing the plan from the Indian Daily News, 5th August 1872, reprinted from the Bengal Christian Herald.

" I therefore strongly urge on the Bengalis, the foundation of an Acamedy, which should undertake the task of consolidating the national speech. If the academy succeeds in its labours as there is no doubt it would, an immense benefit would be conferred on the language. It would be provided with a standard and thenceforth any word not to be found in the dictionary of the Academy of Bengal, would be inadmissible in polite society and excluded from the pages of all good writers. The Academies of Europe have generally consisted of about forty members but having regard to the larger area and greater number of dialects, which the Bengal Academy will have to deal with, it would be advisable that it should consist of not less than a hundred members. The chief seat of the Academy would necessarily be the capital of the province and at least forty of the academicians should be residents thereof, the remaining sixty being chosen from men of learning in all parts of Bengal. The resident members should meet once a week or oftener. If necessary a room might be hired for meetings, but it would be perhaps pleasanter to adopt the practice of the old Florentines, who used to meet in the gardens of some suburban villa belonging to one or other of the members. Calcutta is rich in these pretty retreats and nothing more pleasant can be imagined than an evening spent in one of the elegant gardens of the suburbs among a choice circle of men of taste and refinement. Such meetings would soon become popular and the work done at them would be attractive to most of the members and would therefore progress rapidly. At such meetings the preparation of the Dictionary would be the chief business, but this might be pleasantly varied by essays to be read by different members, followed by discussions. Authors might also be invited to read their works before publication, and, profitting by the advice of the learned members of the Academy, might receive and act upon hints and improve in their style, arrangement, or subject-matter in such a way as to secure for their book when published a favourable reception from the public and an honourable place in the national literature. Music and singing would appropriately conclude the evening and if the songs were selected from the writings of Bengal's best authors of past time or composed for the occasion by her living poets, this branch of literature would also benefit."

The Hindu Patriot in noticing the paper remarked in its issue of 29th July, 1872, that they do not agree with Mr Beames that the time has arrived for the work which he recommended. Apart from the backward state of the Bengali literature then existing, there were, the *Patriot* remarked, practical difficulties in carrying out the scheme.

Mr. Beames subsequently wrote another letter which appeared in the Hindu Patriot of 12th August, 1872. We give below a copy of the letter.

Sir,

My thanks are due to you for the flattering notice you have taken of my project for the formation of a Bengal Academy, and I now ask the favor of giving me a little space in your columns to answer the objection that has been raised that the Bengali language is not yet ripe for such a project. I would urge that history is entirely opposed to the argument that the functions of an academy do not commence till a language is already formed. No one would postpone the education of his child till he became a man—nor would a wise man build up a house anyhow trusting to be able to hew and shape it into symmetry after the walls were finished. If you leave the Bengali language alone now during the period of its growth it will grow up deformed and shapeless, and it will be too late a century hence to try and mould it. It was thus that the Italians reasoned and acted. No sooner had they produced two poets, Petrarch and Dante, than they at once took them for their model. " Now," said they, "Italian is no longer a despised rustic dialect, it has produced poems that will live as long as the world lasts. Let us now begin to frame rules for it that it may not grow up into an irregular uncouth forest of words, but may be a polished, well-furnished and civilised language." So also said the French. As soon as they perceived that the various Patois had begun to coalesce into a definite language and that a few good authors had arisen they felt the time had come to begin their work. An Academy is meant to be the schoolmaster of a language. French and Italian have now outgrown their Academies. Those institutions have done their work, and they now exercise very little influence. But all Italians and French men agree that their languages would never have been what they are, had it not been for the Academies which nursed them into manhood.

Your beautiful rich and expressive language, the Italian of the East—as it has been appropriately called, now needs the training hand of an Acamedy. The proportion of Sanskrit words to be admitted into general use, the local and dialectic words which from their native raciness and vigour deserve to be retained, must be considered now and not a generation hence.

Your language has recently emerged from a rustic and undefined state. But you have your authors of repute to base your studies on. Take Kobikankan and Bharat Chandra as your Petrarch and Dante, and among the prolific writers of the present day Michael Modhusudan Dutt, Tekchand Thakur, Dinobandhu Mitra, Bankim Chandra Chatterjee, the respected Issur Chandra Vidyasagar and others offer a wide range of authors in every department of literature from whose writings you may form a classical Bengali style. I hope all the living authors whom I have mentioned will join the Academy. I hope A will not hold aloof, because he belongs to a different school from B. Let A and B both join the Academy and let them argue out the merits of their respective parties at its meetings. Let all parties join together, each prepared to do battle for his own views, and we shall then be sure that the Academy represents the whole nation and not merely one clique of it. If all parties are fully and fairly represented at the council board of the Academy, the nation will have confidence in it as embodying all the learning and taste of Bengal from the venerable Sanskritist to the light and versatile novelist and playwriter.

Apologizing for the length of this communication.

Balesore. Yours obediently,
5th August, 1872. JOHN BEAMES.

In commenting on the letter, the *Hindu Patriot* remarked as follows :—" Mr. Beames' idea is excellent but we repeat we are not satisfied that the time has arrived for the work he proposes. His simile of postponing the education of a child till he becomes a man does not fairly represent what we mean. We do not say—do not educate the child till he becomes a man—what we say is this—as the child has just learnt to walk do not clog his movements by placing him under a drill-serjeant. Let him grow into a man, and it will then be time to drill him. Let the child now walk and run at his sweet will, and he will learn self-reliance. There is nothing to prevent one from watching him in his infantile exercises and keeping him out of harm's way, but let not the directions given by the iron rules of drilling clog him. Let the critic exercise his faculty and point out the defects in the composition of Bengali authors and these will correct themselves if they be convinced of their own faults.''

No progress was made in furtherance of this object. The East Bengal Literary Association was formed at about this time chiefly at the instance of the Bhowal Rajas and Kali Prosono Ghose (afterwards Bidyasagar and a C. I. E), but its object was more for granting honorariums to authors for publishing their literary works.

A few months after Mr. Beames retired, the Bengal Academy of Literature was formed on 23rd July, 1893, with Raja Benoy Krishna Deb Bahadur as President. The two other persons whose names are inseparably connected as organisers of the Acadeny were L. Leotard and K. Chakrabarti.

At a meeting of the Acamedy held on 7th January, 1894, Mr. Beames was clected a Special Member of the Association.

The business of the Academy was at first carried in the English language but subsequently the Bengali language was adopted. At the instance of Raj Narain Bose the name of the Academy was changed as the *Bangia Sahitya Parishad.* The two articles written by Mrs. Sarala Dutt Chowdhurani (then Miss Sarala Debi) and published in the *Bharati, Poush* and *Choit*, 1300 B. E. in this connection are north reading.

ESEM.

A SONNET ON AN OLD MANSION.

O thou dingy mansion of old,
That hast all thy windows broke,
Thy bricks come a-tottering,
Thy sand and mortar go a-falling,
Much thy former glory is gone,
But much doth still remain ;
A witness of the people, that once were,
Where they won, where they fell, all
To thee was known : a friend, a solace
To them thou wert, a kind mother ever
Ready to nurse them on thy lap;
Men may come, men may go, but thou
O mansion great, shalt ever in memory be,
A relic good of glorious things of old.

SANTOSH BASU (aged 17.)

INSTALLATION OF SOUL.

Not a streak of light in the sunbeam bright
No fragrance in the air though blossoms are sweeter
The young "shahakar" has no beauty in sight
Yet the leaves like emerald glisten and glitter !
No tenderness there is in velvety moss and lea
No more blue on ever opaque sapphire
With vermilion saffron and golden glee
The clouds kindle no more with romantic fire
With incence smoke the shrine is thick
But where is aroma ? in vain doth "aguru" burn
Spring bird sings its lustful lyric
Alas ! my heart no more can it charm and churn
Without Divine love all seems lifeless dark
No where beauty mirth and loveliness sweet
When sprinkled by love with life all spark
Then my loved one is seen in every little bit
Oh ! then in this vast nature I see your holy Image
Then senseless stone even vibrate with soul and heart
Then, Oh ! Then, I see beauty in withered worn stage
Because there even my beloved thou art !

LILA DEVI.

A TRYSTE OF OLD.

Red-stemm'd firs whose purple boughs
Are darkly etch'd on saffron sky,
All along that sea of gold
Grey cloud-islands floating lie.

In you copse a robin sings—
Dirge-like tones that thrill the ear,
Fill the heart with wild regret
Remorseful for the dving year.

Full-faced moon that seems to frown,
Sailing over beechwoods dim—
Hour the same—the time of year—
But I shall tryste no more with him !

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the world has changed and is changing. Most of us live quite differently to our forefathers. Many of our present day occupations were unheard of, undreamt of even, a generation or two back. Whether the "Good Old Times" were actually as good as they are pictured is perhaps an open question, but if we have gained much—gained in wealth, luxury, refinement, art and science, modern conveniences, modern travel, and much else—yet there is no doubt that we have lost something. Life is no longer so quiet, steady and easy-going as formerly. These are days of rush, strenuous work and often of equally strenuous amusement. Life, now-a-days, tends to become more wearing. Our digestive systems, especially, are very liable to get upset by hurry and worry and as so many distressing ailments follow upon a disturbed and neglected condition of the organs of digestion, it is well to have recourse to

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THE

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THE IDEALS OF CO-OPERATION.

A LECTURE DELIVERED AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE WESTMINSTER CO-OPERATIVE GUILD.

In treating this great subject I will assume that members of your Guild are familiar with Holyoake's monumental work; and I mean to be very chary in handling statistics. A prominent Anglo-Indian official, when asked whether he believed in statistics answered, " No : I have made too many of them myself." Figures may, indeed, be manipulated in order to prove any theory which a speaker's prejudices suggest, and they are far removed from things of the Spirit. My remarks to-night shall be confined to the essentials of co-operation, and I will endeavour to prove that, in this country at least, the movement has strayed far from the platform raised by its originators.

The evolution of life is governed, in its earlier phases, by the Law of Struggle, which decrees that units of every species shall compete for food with each other and with units of distinct species. Undesirable types are thus eliminated ; the fittest survive to propagate their kind ; and a very irregular rate of progress is automatically secured. But this archaic process involves incalculable waste and suffering ; many types of great potential value disappear, while others survive which are by no means the " fittest" from a cosmic point of view. So, as ages rolled on, the social instinct welded units of the same species into a co-ordinated whole, and taught them the advantages flowing from the division of labour. In this manner communities were formed, in which the individual will was subordinated to the common weal. The beehive and anthill offer countless lessons of the good results arising from co-operation. The self-same evolutionary process applies to mankind. Individuals and subsequently groupings began by waging internecine warfare for food, wealth, and sexual love. Then the more enlightened saw that the output of ten men in association is many times greater than that of ten men working independently. They instinctively linked arms in order to make Nature's blind forces subservient to human needs. In Prince Kropotkine's words, " the Law of Mutual Help marks a higher phase in evolution than the Law of Struggle."

The former has produced that all-embracing movement known as co-operation, which may be defined as a voluntary association of workers formed in view of controlling the production and distribution of wealth for their mutual advantage. It has a religious as well as a scientific basis. I often wonder why ministers of the Gospel concern themselves mainly with dogma and ritual, while they neglect the ethical precepts of Christianity. " Bear ye one another's burdens" is a golden saying in strict harmony with the law of mutual help. Yet one may go to church or chapel for years without hearing a sermon preached on the " Law of Christ," as St. Paul styles it in Galatians xi. 2. Co-operation, therefore, stands on on the bed-rock of religion and science—twin forces which the superficial thinker assumes to be at variance.

Proceeding from generalities to the concrete, I will now take a bird's-eye view of the results arising from that life-giving principle. We shall see that they are in direct ratio with the decay of " individualism," by which is meant a theory of human relations emphasising the unit's rights, but ignoring the patent fact that every right has its corresponding duty to others.

In Latin countries the old Roman doctrine that the individual is nothing, the community everything, is once more emerging from chaos created by the eighteenth-century Revolution. In France co-operation concerns itself rather with production than distribution, the many important manufacturing concerns are owned by actual workers. Italian co-operation is fostered by people's banks—a German institution providing capital for all who are fitted to use it usefully. Credit is, as you all know, the very life-blood of business; but before people's banks took root it was beyond the reach of the vast majority of workers. How can credit be secured by a man who has not been "born with a silver spoon in his mouth," as the saying runs? The answer is—"By joining a voluntary group of honest men and women who undertake to be responsible for pecuniary advances made to the association or to any of its members with the consent of all." Owing to the spread of co-operative dairies, bacon factories, and egg-collecting agencies, supported by people's banks, little Denmark annually supplies this "individualist" country with food to the value of £22,000,000, every pound of which ought to be produced at home. In Germany, co-operative societies and people's banks may be reckoned by tens of thousands. Prior to the Great War they bade fair to revolutionise agriculture, and end the ancient struggle between capital and labour by a peaceful process of amalgamation. The fact that Germans instinctively obey the law of mutual help in their relations with each accounts for their wonderful power of resisting external pressure. Unhappily for civilisation, a process of mind-training, miscalled "education," has placed them under the heel of a military and capitalistic clique which, in its external relations, obeys the obsolescent Law of Struggle. Prussian militarism is the most stupendous example on record of reversion to an archaic type; and it will share the fate of all movements that infringe the Law of Nature. When the scales fall from the besotted German's eyes he will realise that a principle which spells efficiency at home applies in full force to international relations. Within the last twenty years a swarm of co-operative creameries and bacon factories has overspread Ireland. The once distressful country has already lost its reputation as an abode of chronic fickleness, and become a formidable rival to Denmark in our English markets. But then Celts are not ingrained individualists. Not long ago an Inspector of the Irish Board of Agriculture explained the virtue of a people's bank to some peasant farmers, and was just a little doubtful as to the reception which he would get. After hearing all about the novel system one of the audience rose and said, "You want me, Sor, to shouther the debt of another man, if he will do the same for me. Sure, anyone 'ud do that much!" India resembles Ireland in offering fertile soil for the growth of co-operation. Her people are essentially mutualists, despite the malign influence of *laissez faire* in past years; and the best brains in our administrative system are now devoted to fostering the movement. At the close of 1914-15 no fewer than 17,327 societies were at work, and the annual rate of increase exceeded 10 per cent. The great bulk of them are small groupings of agriculturists, who obtain machinery, seeds and fertilisers at wholesale rates, and are gradually emancipating themselves from the money-lender's grip.

Turning to England, the cradle of co-operation, we find it at work in an earlier form 400 years ago. The history of the mediæval guilds, of which yours is a revival, must be familiar to my audience. For several centuries our craftsmen and merchants were organised in self-governing brotherhoods, which aimed at securing honest workmanship, fair prices and a good livelihood for all. But the flood of wealth which poured into Europe on the discovery of America and of the Cape route to India had a disintegrating influence. Craft and merchant-guilds struggled fiercely for precedence; cliques sprang up which sapped the democratic spirit within. Then came the Reformation which, in its essence, was a revolt of the individual against the trammels of authority. In this manner the old economic order gave place to a period of anarchic competition which has endured to the present day. But for considerations of time I should have liked to trace the growth of the Industrial Revolution which began with James Watt's invention in 1776 and, within fifty years, transformed a community of craftsmen into one of factory slaves. Hypnotized by the sophism *laissez faire*, or " let things alone," the British Government forgot that its primary duty was to protect the weak against ruthless greed; it allowed capital to grind the face of labour without let or hindrance. Meantime traffic in the necessaries of life fell into the clutches of the small shop-keeper, who had recourse to adulteration and false weight besides raising retail prices by 100 per cent. over prime cost. At length the working classes rose in revolt against their oppressors. Trade Unions were formed, which substituted collective bargaining for that of helpless individuals, but their history is beyond the scope of this paper.

As you are all aware the co-operative movement took practical shape in 1844 at Rochdale, where 28 poor weavers subscribed a capital of as many pounds by levies of 2*d.* per week, and opened a tiny store for the vend of necessaries. The rapid success of the Rochdale pioneers arose from their rule that all profits in excess of 5 per cent. interest on capital subscribed should be divided among customers in proportion to the cash value of their purchases. Any society which ignores this basic principle may be a successful shop or factory, but it has no right to be qualified as "co-operative." The ball set rolling 78 years ago owed nothing whatever to the governing classes and had to overcome innumerable obstacles placed in its path by vested interests. Its triumph in the teeth of tremendous odds proves that British workers possess a degree of constructive power without parallel in history.

A mighty oak has grown up from the acorn planted in Rochdale; and the proceedings of every Co-operative Congress reveal a large increase in turnover. Do these stupendous figures imply a corresponding growth of the co-operative principle? I venture to assert that no one who is acquainted with the economic conditions prevalent in England will reply in the affirmative, and why? Because in the first place comparatively few Englishmen realise the A. B. C. of co-operation. We are far too suspicious of our neighbours; too much inclined to conceal useful discoveries and to seek personal profits from our dealings with other people. This frame of mind is called "individualism:" it is really short-sighted selfishness. Only by joining hands can we extort a modicum of happiness from nature during our brief sojourn on this planet. Again, many co-operative societies vie with one another in giving the largest possible cash returns to purchasers. This policy is known as "divi-hunting"; it places the stores at a disadvantage in competing with ordinary retail vendors, and is tantamount to transferring money from one pocket to another. All the great co-operative stores in London are carried on for the benefit of privileged shareholders. The "Army and Navy" with its host of imitators, is but an over-grown shop, which never returns a penny to customers and, if report speaks truly, does not show excessive consideration to employees. On every side of us stretch miles of squalid streets tenanted by private shop-keepers. These people have a tacit convention forbidding them to sink retail prices below the irreducible minimum on which their families can subsist, but by virtue of offering credit they are able to complete with *bona fide* stores, for which "cash down or deposit" is a law of the Medes and Persians. Adulteration, short weight, price-cutting and fraudulent advertising are but weapons in the battle for existence waged by men whose maxim is "Everyone for himself and the devil take the hindmost." Incalculable is the waste of brains, energy and capital resulting from the existing chaos in distribution. Now the war has found out every weak joint in our economic armour. The Government must rid itself of the incubus of *laissez faire* which, prior to the war, was rapidly making this country a parasite of its deadly foe. At such a crisis at the present every available man and woman must be thrown into the scales. By encouraging the spread of co-operation and its sister, co-partnership, the Powers-that-be would compel half-employed shop-keepers to enlist or to engage in the manufacture of munitions.

Lastly, it is essential that people's banks should be fostered by legislation and executive action. A man may have brains, energy, experience ; but without credit he is destined to spend his life in helping his oppressors to pile up wealth, and will probably die in the workhouse infirmary. Yet nothing is more difficult of attainment. Consider the plight of a clever artisan who seeks to set up in business of his own account. He has to go, cap in hand, to a stony-hearted bank manager, who veils his refusal by referring to awesome directors. If a loan be granted, it is always on personal security. But most people obey King Solomon's proverb, " He that hateth suretiship is sure," and so another vista of humiliations opens on the would be borrower. As a last and fatal resource there is the professional money-lender whose den, like that of the retail tradesman, reminds one of a profound spider's web.

I want to see people's banks formed in connection with co-operative societies all over England ; and will conclude this paper with a description of their mechanism. It is lifted from the last report of a committee on co-operation in India, which was formed about ten years ago by a really enlightened Government. The co-operative societies which have sprung up under its auspices held their eighth annual congress last month at Lucknow. If time admitted I would quote a speech delivered on that occasion by Lord Meston, K. C. S. I., Lieutenant-Governor of the United Provinces, which thirlls with sympathy and displays knowledge of the movement.

A people's bank originates with the efforts of ten or more individuals who, being severally unable to secure the credit which is necessary for developing their business on terms enabling them to work at a profit, combine in order to obtain that desideratum on reasonable conditions.

As every member of the society thus formed is liable for its debts to the extent of his private assets, it follows that a bank advancing money on the society's guarantee is far more effectually secured than if it dealt with individual members. And behind the collective assets there is the fact that every loan will be used for genuinely reproductive purposes; that members of the society are honest and thrifty; that they will watch applications for loans, and bring moral influence to bear on knavish or reckless colleagues. Above all else there is the feeling of solidarity which association for a common purpose invariably awakens.

With these considerations in view the founders of a people's bank will meet in order to adopt model rules, elect a President, Committee of Management, and a Secretary, all of whom give their services gratuitously. But the infant society must beware of delegating authority to office-bearers. Its constitution is purely democratic; general meetings will be held monthly for the public discussion of its affairs, at which no member has more than one vote. Loans should never be granted for speculative purposes which, so far from encouraging honesty and thrift, have a diametrically opposite tendency. An intending borrower must satisfy the committee that he will apply advances productively, and meet instalments with punctuality from his profits. After granting a loan, the committee and members in general should tactfully follow its application. If they find that it is being injudiciously spent, or in case a default occurs in meeting instalments, the loan will be immediately called in. The encouragement of thrift being the main object of a people's bank, it will gradually increase its capital by inviting deposits at 4 per cent. from members as well as from outsiders who have begun to save owing to its teaching and example; and its first care will be to build up a strong reserve fund from profits. Honesty, punctuality and a knowledge of book keeping are, of course, essential to successful working; a people's bank must be not only co-operative but businesslike. Once firmly established, a people's bank may well apply for financial support to existing organisations. It is highly desirable that the Treasury and Board of Trade should aid the movement with advances at a low rate of interest; but this, I fear, will remain a council of perfection until peace returns. But it is quite possible that an up-to-date joint stock bank such as Lloyd's—which now receives deposits of £1 and upwards—would work hand-in-glove with such a people's bank as I have described by granting loans to it as a corporate entity or, to individual members on its guarantee. If London were honey-combed with co-operative guilds and people's banks its economic strength would be decupled, and it would become the vigorous heart of a world-embracing Empire. The suicidal struggle between capital and labour will end when it is generally recognised that they are twin forces with one resultant. Co-partnership will then transfer the entire mechanism of production to actual producers, while co operation will supersede the shop by the store.

Prior to the outbreak of war our social structure was horizontal, as geologists would say ; we lived in layers one on the top of the other. The caste instinct which we have inherited from Aryan forbears was rampant in every section of the community ; capital and labour stood arryed in hostile camps, ready to blaze into one another like the French and Germans before Verdun. If the terrible external pressure to which our economic edifice is subjected should foster solidarity by breaking down the iron wall which separates heart from heart, this Empire will emerge with strength renewed from the fiery ordeal. Your guild has an important part to play in this peaceful revolution. Let its ideal be " Every man for his brother and God for all. "

F. H. SKRINE.

SPIRIT LAND, WHERE IS IT?

What happens after death? From time out of mind the question has evoked a thousand speculations all which are open to keen criticism. A few are clothed in the form of a revelation but when we examine them closely we are faced with the knowledge that they are purely the result of reflective thought applied to the moral facts of life. However much they may claim to be credited with a revelation they are not of a nature to commend themselves to the intelligence of the present day. There are men with whom the postmortem existence is dreamy, shadowy, unreal. Life ends with death is the proposition some assume. Upon this hypothesis the imagination playing has generated wild and delusive theories. The matter of fact man who harbours no sense of the supernatural would accept only the testimony of the senses, what is beyond the ken of common clay is to him a myth. The materialist abjures the notion of survival after bodily death. With him the dissolution of the physical frame is the finis of the individuality. Endless is the controversy regarding death and after. The believers in spiritualism are divided. The firm believer is possessed by a strange fascination for the occult lore of the psychical research societies whose doctrines they profoundly regard as the latest word of advanced science. The believer with reservation shrinks back from the absurd and grotesque representation of hell and purgatory which form the common stock of our orthodox belief involving low, degrading conceptions of spiritual life. He refuses to accept what does not stand before the light of modern intelligence. The thorough non-believer is loath to look behind and beyond things of sense but places in the list of obsolete superstition even the common rational elements of popular creed. There are others open to belief but sceptical. While admitting that we are surrounded by mysteries on all hands, that our most important interests are intimately connected with a spiritual world they hesitate to own as true what transcends the bounds of natural knowledge but in receptive silence appraises its evidential value.

Although spiritual appearances exist in folk-lore the bulk of mankind have a tendency to be sceptical. The notion of spectral vision is flouted for the reason that such vision is uncommon. Whatever may be the process of reasoning which influences their judgment they forget the simple truth that it is not given to flesh and blood mortals to see eye to eye a being whose form and shape are not adapted to the susceptibility of gross matter. Yet under peculiar circumstances the spiritual being manifests himself to human eye and assumes the semblance of a voice to make himself known. Call him what you may he is a stern practical entity. He lives, he breathes, he moves. It is possible to hold communion with him. Men of flesh and blood can only be fitfully conscious of his presence. He seldom appears when he might be looked for—this is the way with him.

But the popular notion of spirit is too narrow. Those sensitive to the dread of ghosts apply the term to mean an apparition. Generally it is used to signify a wraith, a spook. This restricted sense is begotten of a profound ignorance of the mechanism of the world unseen, its planes of existence, astral, super-astral and celestial. Those who fancy that ghosts are the only denizens of the spirit land, that spiritual manifestations are solely their freaks labour under a grave misconception. There are regions beyond the terrestrial, where inhabit conscious, intelligent beings of various orders, where matter in its fine and finer state adapts itself to the life within. Those entities are constitutionally distinct from what we call a ghost. They are of many kinds and descriptions, known by various appellations such as *Gandharva, Apsara, Jokha, Rakha, Kinnara, Bhoota, Preyta, Pisacha, &c.*

The Psychical Research Society has opened up a field of mystery and speculation. But its enquiry is confined to a few stages of the post-mortem existence. As it draws its inspiration from such spirits of deceased persons as have just crossed the divide or made a few strides onward, whose vision is circumscribed by a near perspective, its torch-light has revealed only the hazy coast line of the vast unknown. Now and then we read report of a seance, of a departed being unfolding where in eternity he is, but the tale he tells leaves much to know. It is from a higher intelligence that we can obtain a thorough knowledge of life after death, of life in the planes of existence beyond our own.

For the edification of those who desire to know something about the world beyond the grave I relate what I have gathered from an astral being, of great power and glory. I expect the readers to bring to the subject a mind free from bias, unprejudiced by preconceived notions. To prepare him for the reception of some physiological facts I begin with a few words about the nature and structure of man.

The dense body has a bony frame work, a nervous system, muscles and viscera. In it there is a central axis of nerve matter constituting the brain and the spinal cord. The former is contained in the cavity of the skull, the latter in the hollow of the back bone. Within the minute canal of the spinal cord there runs a silvery white thread known by the name of *Susumna Naree.* Outside the backbone and close at its right and left are two slender nerve threads *Ira* and *Pingala.* These three nerve threads start from the brain just behind the eye-brows and with a slight curve descend as far down as the lowest part of the spine. At their starting point they form a knot. In their passage down they unite at five points, the union is everywhere effected by a net work of grey nerve-fibres. These six knots are the nerve centres. These are called *Chakras* or *Pādmas.* From these knots bundles of nerve threads radiate in every direction. Splitting up again and again into finer and finer threads they are distributed through the muscles, form a network upon the heart, about the stomach and other viscera, go to the organs of sense and action, terminate on the surface of the body. They are seventy-two thousand in number. These bundles of nerve-threads by their vibrations receive impressions from without. Each bundle has been specialised to receive and transmit one particular set of vibrations. The brain has lopes. In each lope is localised some energy. Owing to the countless convolutions of its lopes the brain is called *Sohosrar Padma.*

Impenetrating the physical body, forming as it were, its exact counterpart, is a fine, subtle, etheric body. It permeates the brain, the nervous system, the respiratory, the arterial and the digestive systems. To be more cle r, all these are duplicated in it. In life these etheric duplicates are blended with the physical body. In this etheric body, at the first nerve knot, behind the eye-brows, called the *Agna Chakra,* is lodged the mental principle, consisting of mind proper, *Buddhi* (the faculty of perception) *Chit* (consciousness) and *Ahankar* (egoism). The powers of the intellect, the spiritual powers, are lodged in that part of the ethereal body which permeates the brain. All the nerve knots, the *chakras,* are duplicated in it and by means of the duplication receive impressions from without. Sensations are produced by the vibrations of the nerve-bundles attached to the five nerve knots below the first. The nerve-bundles attached to the second nerve-knot, behind the throat chamber, called *Bisoodha chakra,* transmit sound vibrations by means of a current coursing over them from their etheric counterpart and by a process stated below produce the perception of space. The bundle affixed to the third nerve-knot in the region of the heart, called *Anahata chakra* likewise transmit touch vibrations and cause tactual impressions. Below the umbilical cord lies the fourth knot, *Manipar chakra.* A nerve-bundle, under the impetus of their etheric counterpart convey to it light vibrations to produce the impression of light, colour and figure.

Behind the arch of the lower hip bone is seated the fifth knot *Sadhistan chakra* to which a nerve-bundle by a similar process convey the sensation of fluidity. The sixth knot called the *Muladhar chakra* is situated within the last bending bone of the spine to which a nerve-bundle, oscillating with an etheric current transmit smell vibrations to produce the sensation of smell. Owing to sensitiveness to some external impression when a nerve-bundle vibrates, there courses a current over them from their enteric counterpart which carries the impression to the proper nerve-centre or *chakra*. From there the impressions are by etheric currents propagated to the top-knot, *Agna chakra* where they flash upon and are mirrored in Boodhi to be in the next instant translated into perception. The transmission of external impressions to the proper nerve-centres and from them to the top-knot depends upon the regular flow of etheric currents along the nerve-threads. An external impression causes a vibration of the nerve-bundle specalised to receive it, straight it goes to the proper nerve centre or *chakra*, is propagated to the top-knot by an etheric current, flashes upon Boodhi, the mind acts, the Ego perceives. The subtle body is the medium through which the Ego collects impressions from the physical. It is the instrument of experience. Through it the physical body feels pleasure and pain. The physical body cannot by itself feel pleasure and pain. The passions and the emotions affect the subtle body. It is also the vehicle of the five vitalising energies—*Pran*, *Opan*, *Byan*, *Udan* and *Soman* called the life-currents. *Pran* stirs in the throat chamber, draws the external air into the nose, sends it down the wind pipe into the tiny tubes of the lungs through whose delicate walls oxygen is given out to the blood, carbon taken and expelled. *Opan* resides in the abdomen, causes evacuation and flow of urine. *Byan* is lodged in the eye, ear, nose, tongue and the ancles. It causes retention and rejection. *Udan* courses through the arteries, veins and capillaries. It propels the blood, causes its circulation. *Soman* has its seat in the limbs and in the joints. It produces muscular action. The subtle body is virtually the tabernacle of Ego. In it are the sense-centres, the energies, the mental principle. These three have the collective name *Linga sarira* (mental body). Upon the *Linga-sarira* plays a ray, so to say, from the Universal Spirit evolving out of its elements a conscious personality, the *Jiva*. The Divine ray is *Jibatma*, the soul. The physical body is a mere appendage.

Enveloping the physical body and extending out of it for about a quarter of an inch is a subtle emanation, an aura, which the eye cannot see, touch cannot feel. It is visible to the aerial beings, possibly to the clairvoyant. It is a radiation through the physical body of the central energy in the *Linga-sarir.*

Man has therefore a *Linga-sarira* with the soul within, a *Sukhya-sarira* or subtle body, a physical frame and an outside coating. He passes through an interminable course of existence in each of which he figures as a personality while the whole course may be called an individual life.

With this preliminary observation I narrate below my discourse with a higher intelligence. I put questions and received answers in writing.

" What happens to a man after death ?" was my opening.

" The dense body lies lifeless. The *Jiba* (personality) has issued forth clad in his *Sukha-sarira,*" an answer came straight out.

" Does he retain consciousness ?"

" Ordinarily he comes out in a semi-conscious or unconscious state."

" Does he move away at once ?"

" No, he hovers over or floats about the corpse for sometime."

" Is it true that when a man dies there comes a myrmidon from the ruler of the nether world to take his spirit away ?" I roundly put.

" What means this ?" There was a touch of wonder in the words.

" Pardon me," I cried. "We Hindus are born with this belief. It is imprinted on our our mind. It has descended from father to son as a tradition."

" Foolish idea."

" Then I understand that what has been taken for a well-known truth from early times is a fib ?"

" Surely", was the laconic reply.

" You say that the *Jiba* comes out in his subtle body, does he exist in eternity in that state ?"

" No, the subtle body cannot exist without a vehicle for communication with matter."

" Then what change takes place when he leaves the dense body ?"

"He gets an outer cover at once as a temporary substitute for the physical," was the prompt reply.

"What do you call it ?"

"*Atibahik deha.*" (aerial body)

"Where does it come from ?" I enquired with increasing interest.

"Listen. A thin subtle matter rarer than air fills all space—"

"We call it ether', I interrupted.

"Call it what you will, it is diffused throughout all space. By an operation of natural law its fine particles rush from all sides at once and settle upon the *Sukhya sarira* no sooner is the physical shuffled off. Pressing closely together, consolidating, they prepare for it an external cover to accommodate the *Jiba* to his new surrounding".

"Cannot the subtle body at all exist without an external cover" ? I argued.

"The *Sukhya sarira* (subtle body) cannot adapt itself to the substance of any plane of existence, material, astral, super-astral, celestial. In the material world where matter has an indurated aspect the subtle body has a dense cover adjusted to the plane. Matter exists in the higher planes in its finer and finest state. It exists there as unyielding and refractory as is the material world to the material being. The *Lokas*, regions of the universe, *Bhoo*, *Bhooba* and *Shaw*, i.e, terrestrial, astral, super-astral and celestial are each so composed as to be exquisitely adapted to the life in it. Having relation to the senses of their inhabitants they present to them all the phenomena peculiar to the planes. Matter, in its various aspects existing in those *Lokas* as a tangible and resisting reality, the *Sukhya-sarira* of the denizens there has an external cover specially adapted to it. For the celestials is an external world of spiritual substance delicately adjusted to their spiritual body. The astrals and super-astrals have each an external world of subtle or subtler matter of which are formed their bodies and organs. For the *Jiba* to pass to those *Lokas* he must needs have an outer body specially adapted to the forms and phenomena peculiar to the planes."

"I understand why the *Jiba* gets an outer cover on his exit from the material plane. It is a necessity," observed I comprehendingly.

" Yes. It is a quick arrangement of nature to accommodate him to his new surrounding. But the arrangement is temporary." " The *Atibahik* body has a complexion I presume ?" I made a pertinent querry.

" It is of the same colour as the subtle essence which envelopes the dense body in life."

" Subtle essence?" I started in wonder. "What can it be ?"

" A subtle emanation proceeds from the dense body completely enveloping it.''

" How thick ?"

" As thick as a barley corn. You cannot perceive it, we can. When we look at a human being we see him wrapped in it. The lower animals too have a similar coating round the body."

" What is its colour ?"

" Roseate."

" Does this subtle coating adhere to the body when life is extinct ?"

" No it begins to loosen the moment the *Jiba* emerges forth, drops off and floats slowly away."

" Does the *Jiba* linger near the corpse till it is removed?"

" As soon as full consciousness returns he shifts."

" Where does he direct his course to ?"

"He sets out for *Pitri-loka* upward through *Akasa* (the region of the air)."

" What is *Pitri loka* ?" I eagerly enquired.

" A place where the spirits of the dead are prepared for their appointed lot," was the comprehensive reply.

" Along what route does he travel ?"

" *Antarikha-path* (aerial route). He begins to mount into the air,"

" Does he make conscious movements?"

" The new body owing to its fragility cannot adjust itself properly to the plane. In spite of the return of consciousness the *Jiba* floats about in the *akasa* almost inertly."

" Does this body require nourishment ?"

" Of course. The *Jiba* draws his nourishment from the substance of what you call ether. This is his food.'

" What effect does the nutrition produce ?"

" The *Atibahik* body acquires mobility."

" How long does it take to acquire it ?"

" It depends upon the process of assimilation of the food into the system, slower the process, longer the time."

" In the *Smritis* and *Sanhitas* * there is mandatory injunction to offer the spirits of the departed persons ten Pindahs (ablutions) in succession. I begin to think this has something to do with the nutrition of the *Atibahik* body ?" I observed with mingled interest and curiosity.

" These may hasten the process."

" What takes place when the invigoration proceeds ?"

" Gradually the *Jiba* feels able to regulate his movements."

" Does this *Atibahik* body last eternally ?"

" Oh no, it is a frail, temporary integument. In no long time it disintegrates. Its molecules draw upon the properties of the surrounding, are moulded anew and build up a new body well suited to the aspect of the plane."

" When this second body is formed does the *Jiba* feel quite at home to his surrounding ?"

" He becomes perfectly reconciled to the plane."

" To what does this new body owe its growth ?"

" To the fine substance of ether. The growth may be promoted by rites and solemnities".

" The Sanhitas enjoin the performance of a *Shrad* ceremony for the deceased, does it contribute to the growth and development of this new body ?" I began to display great interest in the subject.

" Certainly. Offerings ought to be presented from time to time until the *Jiba* passes to the Pitri-loka."

" The Sanhittas are eloquent about monthly and yearly *shrads.'* I added.

" The new body becomes thereby more and more firm, more exquisitely adapted to the substance of the plane."

" I beg you will tell me how do the gross eatables offered at a *Shrad* enter into the composition of an aerial body ?"

" Let me tell you how. Like the animal body the material objects have each an etheric counterpart enveloping and permeating it. The offering presented to the memory of the deceased at his *shrad* has likewise an etheric duplicate. When the offering is made with a recitation of the prescribed Mantras (a formula of words), if the chant be in a voice clear, regulated, thrown in musical modulations, rising and falling in cadence, the sound will produce a vibration of ether, the vibration will affect the etheric counter parts of the eatables, cause them to gather up, loosen from and be converted into the nutriment suitable for the deceased."

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* Institutes of the ancient Hindu sages.

" What is this new body called ?"

" *Preyt deha.*"

"*Preyt-deha,*" I echoed, "why not *Bhoot deha* ?We call the departed being a *Bhoot* (ghost)."

" *Bhoot* ?" there was a pause, I should call it a token of wonder.

"What is there to wonder at ?" I asked in perplexity.

" Do you know what *Bhoot* is ?" the question seemed to have a peculiar ring.

" Why", persisted I, "from the young to the old every one here uses the term *Bhoot* to mean a departed being."

" This is profound ignorance. *Bhoot* is quite a distinct entity, an evil spirit of nefarious nature."

" We have the common name *Bhoot* for all invisible beings the imagination can depict."

" This is wrong, you misuse the name."

" I see. Well, when the *Jiba* whom we miscall *Bhoot* has acquired a second body is he more light and quick in motion ?"

" He can well regulate his movements. "

" Whither does he direct his course ?"

"Mounts upwards, soars."

"Always ? "

" Ascends, descends, halts, rests, wanders about."

" It puzzles me how can he make activities when the energy which had vitalized him in life, his Prana or life force, expired with the death of his physical body. " I expressed my misconception.

" Prana never expires. Its action is not at all affected by the death of the physical body. This principle is linked to the *Sukhya-sarira.* Its operation is not confined to the dense body. '

"Does it maintain the vitality of the *Sukhya-sarira* ? Our notion is that when a man dies his *Prana* becomes extinct. "

" Vitality is the product of five life-energies—Prana, Opana, Samana, Udana, Byana. They function principally in the *Sukhya-sarira* as organising forces controlling all its parts. From it they are distributed through the dense body. Death occurs when they withdraw themselves from the latter. Then from their domain in the *Sukhya-sarira* they vitalise by turn its successive aerial frames—*the Atibahik-deha* and the *Preyt-deha.*"

" I begin to understand that the spirit of the dead retains the life-energies in his post-mortem existence."

"Try to understand this. The spirits of the deceased have sensation and perception as they had in life. They can see, hear, touch. They have powers of locomotion, they breathe, they have speech. What force sends these impulses out if *Prana* had become extinct with the death of the physical body ? These five life-currents which you designate by the collective term Prana can never dissociate themselves from the *Sukhya-sarira* as long as the individual revolves in the cycle of existence. They vitalise his physical body, his aerial bodies and the different kinds of bodies he gets to function in the different planes. "

" I take it that the *Sukhya-sarira* is the channel of the five life-currents. They are inseperably linked to it, they persist after death. "

" All efforts, activities, impulses proceed from the *Sukhya-sarira* under the influence of the vital principle you call *Prana.* The *Sukhya-sarira* functions in every plane by means of media of different density. "

" The *Jiba* passes to the *Akasa,* you say, does he turn his back upon the earth for ever ?" I returned to the subject.

" Many re-visit the scenes of their earth-life, hover round their homes, haunt the places they had liked best."

" But such apparitions are seldom seen."

" It is because they cannot easily manifest themselves to the human eye."

" Cannot they materialise ?"

" This is feasible but not so easy as you imagine. Their essence being now different from the elements of the terrestrial sphere the process is painful and irksome, "

" In the *Akasa* do they live happily ? "

" You cannot see them, we do. They have neither delight nor torment. Those who can not shake off the reminiscences of the past labour under mental depression. "

" How long dʇ əqoy dwell in the *Akasa* ? "

"There is no time limit. The minimum is one month, the maximum five years."

"What means their sojourn in *Akasa* passes my comprehension."

"The sojourn in *Akasa* is the *Antaral* state" (অন্তরাল).

"What is that?" I demanded.

"*Antaral* means interval."

"What is the need of an interval?' I argued. "If passage of the soul from body to body be the Divine law why is not the *Jiba* provided with a physical re-birth as soon as he leaves the material plane?"

"The *Sukhya-sarira* when its physical envelope is cast away needs an interval before it receives another dense appendage. To whatever plane the Jiba may migrate according to the merit or demerit of his earthly deeds he gets a body adapted to the substance of the plane. These integuments have different degrees of density. The *Sukhya-sarira* requires an interval before it receives another dense cover. This is the natural law."

"I beg you will be more explicit."

"The *Sukhya-sarira* needs a vehicle to communicate with matter. This vehicle, *bhoga deha* as it is called, varies in degrees of density according to its adaptation to the different planes material, astral, super-astral, celestial. Between one dense vehicle, and another the *Sukhya-sarira* needs a period of relief. If in the meantime it gets a temporary *Atibahik deha* and a *Preyt-deha* these being practically of a like essence the need of an interval is not lessened. This period of relief is an *antaral* state."

"Why does the period vary?"

"This is due to the operation of another cause."

"What is it?" I became more inquisitive.

"You must know that the *Sukhya-sarira* is the abode of desires and passions. These are directed to objects and surroundings by means of the physical body. Under their impulses men are wrapped up in wordly pursuits. The more are they gratified the stronger do they grow. They continue as active after death, their vigour subsists in all its fulness. But the possibility of their gratification not existing in his new surrounding the *Jiba* experiences a blind attachment to earth. They keep him hover over the earth. As by endurance they are exhausted he feels more and more estranged from earthly attachment. The slower the decay of their vigour the longer is the period of sojourn in *Akasa.*"

"Then I understand his sojourn in *Akasa* has a cause."

"Certainly. The *Jiba* on crossing the divide is destined for Pitri-loka to be prepared there for migration to the plane appointed for him according to the merit or demerit of his earthly deeds. His progress is retarded by attachment to earth."

"Under pardon I interrupt, is there such a place as hell where the sinners are punished after death ?"

"The earthly deeds take time to fructify. The *Jiba* enjoys or suffers for his good or bad actions not in the *antaral* state but either in his physical re birth or in the planes astral, super-astral, celestial."

"I require to be more enlightened."

"The *Jiba* according to his earthly deeds may be ordained to take re-birth as a human being or to enter any of the lower strata of the animal creation. He may be doomed to a miserable course of existence in the regions of the evil spirits as a Bhoota, a Preyta, a Pisacha, a Jakhsya, a Rakhya etc. or he may be elevated to the planes of the glorified spirits Gandharva, Apsaras, Kinnara, Charana, Biddyadhara. He may attain a state of blessedness of various degrees in Bhooborloka, Swarloka (planetary and stellar regions), and Maharloka (popularly called the Heaven). There is no punishment in the *antaral* state, reward neither.

"The *Puranas* * speak about a region of horror called hell, consisting of eighty four departments—*Rowraba, Maharowraba, Tamisra, Andha Tamisra, Tapta Kumbha, Kumbheepaka* etc, places of torture to which the sinners are consigned after death to be purged from the impurities of sin. Is this true ?"

"Rubbish ?"

"The *Puranas* teach us that when a man dies there comes a messenger from the ruler of the nether world who hurls his spirit away, over the earth, away, away, across a boiling stream, on to a region of impenetrable darkness called *Jamalaya* (infirno). There is he hauled up before a grim tribunal who tries with the aid of an assessor, sentences the iniquitous to confinement to one or more of those places of torture."

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* A class of sacred books forming the main foundation of the popular creed of the Hindus.

" Rubbish."

" This is the orthodox belief", repeated I.

" Shut, no more of this," the tone was one of vexation.

" Forgive me I beg," I apologised, " Let me have a word more about the destination of the *Jiba*."

" Shall I tell you this ?"

" Surely."

" He ultimately reaches in his upward motion an atmoshere of extremely rarified matter, looses consciousness, the *Preyt-deha* drops off, a new body more subtle fills its place. Then a force attracts him through the nebulous matter to a region aloft."

" Blind force ?" queried I.

" No, a conscious intelligent force ?"

" What place is that ?"

" It is Pitri-loka. It is a region of blackness. The sun never shines there, no light relieves the eye. The *Jiba* on regaining consciousness finds himself in a vast waste of gloom."

" Is that *Jama'aya* ?

" Call it what you will. Here is the *Jiba* prepared for his appointed lot."

" Is it a place of torture ?"

" Not at all. The *Jiba* upon his entrance feels an uneasy sensation which lasts for a length of time. Here is he equipped for the plane of existence his earthly deeds have fitted him for. A body begins to form, a body suitable to the substance of the plane appointed for him. If he be destined for the astral, super-astral or celestial region he undergoes a process of transformation into the form and figure of the denizen of the plane. If physical rebirth be his doom he becomes resolved into the rudimentary principle of animal life.

" How long does he remain there ?"

" The utmost length of time is one year."

" What follows afterwards ?"

" He goes to the Loka (region) appointed for him, gets a new form of existence as a Gandharba, an Apsara, a Biddyadhar, a Charan a Kinnar, a planetary, a stellar being, a Debata (celestial), for a term varying with the measure of his meritorious deeds, or as a Bhoota. a Preyta, a Pisacha, a Jokhya or any other kind of evil spirit to suffer for his iniquity, or reduced to the principle of animal life he re-enters the material plane. His astral life has limit, so his super-astral or celestial life. At the end of the term he reverts to the material plane. In this way he revolves in the cycle of existence until Nirvan."

"Does this take place automatically ?"

"No, it proceeds from the administration of the rulers of the Loka."

"Who are they ?"

"A body of celestials known by the collective name of *Pitri.*"

"What are their functions ?"

"Upon entrance into the Pitri-loka the *Jibas* become subject to their disposing power. To each they assign a lot according to the merit or demerit of his life deeds. His translation to a plane is their office, it proceeds from their adjustment of the fruits of his earthly deeds."

"Now I understand that when a man dies his spirit passes after a brief sojourn in *Akasa* to Pitri-loka where a destiny is shaped out for him and a configuration made. This is the dispensation of the Pitris. From there he passes to the plane or planes of existence assigned to him.

"Just so. His happiness or misery in the life to come is the natural product of the deeds of his past life."

"You have spoken about the Lokas, what is the condition of life in each ?"

"Maharloka, which you call *Swarga* (heaven), Swarloka (the planetary and stellar regions) are full of bliss. Delight abounds there inconceivable to the mortal. Bhoobarloka has joys too. The astral sphere has subdivisions. The highest is Biddyadharloka. Next the top is Gandharva-loka, below which are Jokhyaloka. and Gujhakaloka. Underneath is Pisachaloka. Below it is Preyt-loka. Bhootloka is the lowest. The first two are abodes of happiness. Life in the last three is a course of misery. The denizens of Jokshyaloka and Gujhakaloka have mixed happiness and misery. Numerous species of evil spirits inhabit the earth. They are earth-bound."

"We call these *Bhoot* without distinction," said I—

"Because you cannot see them. The features, the stature, the figure vary."

" I should like to know something about the Gandharvas. These are believed to be surrounded with a halo."

" Absurd. Formed as they are of the cream of astral matter they have brightness, that's all, but their complexion is lime-white like that of Kolohongsa (swan)."

" Their female sex are reputed as types of beauty."

" The facial beauty is a bit marred by a long nose."

" They are astral beings of higher order, are n't they ?"

" They enjoy degrees of glory, " was the candid admission.

" A word about their figure."

" A little taller than mankind. Both sexes have splendid figure."

" You will tell me about the Jakhyas."

" They are of a diabolical and infernal nature."

" Their appearance, I am inclined to think, corresponds to their nature," guessed I.

" Hideous," was the monosyllabic reply.

" Be a little descriptive," I urged.

" Short in stature but of great size. The features are horrid, gaping mouth, thick nose, tawny eyes."

" Complexion ?" demanded I.

" Brown, the hair reddish. They are compounded of the elemental quality of the *Loka* (sphere) they belong to:"

" Who are the *Goojhakas* ?"

" Another class of aerial, equally diabolical."

" Have they any degree of affinity with the *Jakhyas* ?"

" Though not of the same kin they have structural resemblance with the Jakhyas. The difference is they are dark and shaggy. The face is none the less offensive to the eye."

"Do these spirits, the *Jokhyas* and the *Goojhakas* descend to the earth ?

" Though they have their life, breath and vital motion in the astral sphere, a certain section of them inhabit various places of the earth such as mountains, caves, mines. They hover over hidden gold."

" They are endowed with super-natural attributes, are n't they ?"

" More than you can imagine."

" Let me know some thing about the Rakhas ?"

"They are earth-bound spirits, compounded of the roughest parts of the elements."

"Am I to understand they are of the earth ?"

"Not in the sense as you are. They abide in woods, mountains and places inaccessible to human being but uncircumscribed by the cordon of gross matter."

"Are they inimical to mankind ?"

"Violently inimical. Both sexes have a strong aversion to all creature outside their plane."

"Are they like the Jokhyas in shape and form ?"

"More horrid. They have gigantic stature and frightful visage."

The Rakha, I may add to prevent misconception, is an unearthly entity to be distinguished from the Rakhas of Ramayana and Mahabharata. The latter was a human being in a wild state, a savage.

"I beg you will tell me something about the *Pisachas*," I could scarce resist a pertinent query.

"They are iniquitous spirits, of a wickedand execrable character, have a great variety of kinds according to their different capacities in wickedness."

"To what sphere do they belong ?"

"Pisacha-loka, but many are earth-bound, dwell in woods and mountains."

"A word about their general appearance will not be out of place I venture to think," said I.

"Ugly to a degree, misshapen. Some have head and body covered with bristles, some are bald, others have a mass of hair. Some are bent like a crook, many have head drooping over the body numbers have uplifted hands or bent limbs, or hands reaching far below the knee, in some the limbs are attached to the trunk below the proper place, others have palms and feet inverted."

"What is their natural complexion ?"

"Black."

"The description is not complete without a word about their visage."

"The eyes sunk, flat nose, the cavity of the mouth stretched from ear to ear."

"Do they manifest themselves to human eye?"

"They may, in various shapes and likenesses. They are subject to the enchantments and conjurations of wicked men."

"We have heard stories of magicians exorcising spirits."

"These are the spirits the exorcists call up," was the reply.

"Are they subservient to exorcists?"

"These spirits are apt for conjuration, ever ready at the call of of the magician for the execution of any diabolical purpose."

"We have heard about magicians exhibiting wonders, this is done perhaps through their agency?"

"They are the means, they are the instruments, they will show a variety of phenomena, will work upon the senses of the beholders so completely as to produce perceptions of scences and objects that do not exist."

"Are these the only evil spirits that are solicited and brought into league with exorcists and magicians?"

"There is another order of infernal spirits whose common denomination is *Bhoota,* both sexes. They are among the most potent of demoniacal spirits. Some of them are more or less obsequious to the exorcists."

"What sphere do they belong to?"

"Bhoot-loka, the lowest region of the astral world."

"We misuse the term Bhoota in meaning a departed being," observed I to be more assured about its true significance.

"The departed being is an *Atibahik* from his exit from the terrestrial plane to the end of his eareer in *Pitri Loka.*"

"We miscall him Bhoot?" I repeated. "Who are the Preyts, pray."

"A particular class of iniquitous spirits who inhabit Preta loka."

"What stage of existence do they represent?"

"It is the stage to which the *Jiba* passes from the Pitri Loka to suffer for particular iniquity, the term varies with the degree of sin."

"I think I ought to knew more about these entities *Bhoota* and *Preyta,* do they descend to the earth?"

"A large number of these two classes are earth-bound. They haunt ancient buildings, rivers, places of cremation, hover over tombs, vaults and sepulchres of the dead. Woods, copses, thickets are their favorite resort.

" Are they hostile to mankind ?"

" The Preytas are most pernicious to man. They excite evil affections in the mind, influence the passions, exert malevolent influences to blast the life. The Bhootas are less inclined to be malevolent.

" I crave a word or two about their figure and stature.'

" The evil spirits except the *Pisacha* and *Rakha* are all shorter in stature than mankind but horrible to look upon. The *Bhootas* are more ghastly than the *Preytas* having small eyes, a gaping mouth, and a flat nose."

" We have heard stories of spiritual appearances in houses and localities. Who can those visitants be ?"

" The earth-bound Bhootas and Preytas are most apt to play tricks with man if oppurtunity occurs. They are the authors of the spectral visions and manifestations. Besides, the *Jiba* during his sojourn in Akasa (space) may occasionally be drawn to the scene of his earthly life."

" I believe you have not exhausted the list of evil spirits."

" There is an infinite variety of evil spirits, let me give you a few more names, *Jatoodhana, Kooshanda Kobondha, Benyaka, Brohmorakhas, Dakinee*, Naginee, *Sonkhocharinee.* The last three are of the female sex.

" Is *Preyta* the name of both sexes of the order ?"

" No, the female has the distinctive name *Preytnee.* Bhoota is the common name of both sexes of the order."

" What is a *Pauri* (houri) ?"

" *Pauri* ? What is it ?"

" A nymph of extraordinary beauty." I explained.

" Can you mean us,—Joginees ?"

" You are a higher intelligence of great power and glory The popular notion of *Pauri* is that of an astral entity beautious but of less exalted rank. Surely we cannot mean you."

" Can you mean the Bhooteenee ?"

" No, the status which the notion of Pauri suggests can not be ascribed to the Bhooteenee even."

" There is no such entity as *Pauri.* We Joginees and the Bhooteenees are the two orders of astral beauty known to the adepts on earth. Lower in rank are two classes, of our sex, *Notee* and *Chetee.* They are of diminutive but graceful form."

" Do the Bhooteenees enjoy the same degree of glory as you ? I have the presumption to fancy they have less spiritual parts."

" They are of a celestial nature as we, possess extraordinary powers. They are loving, benevolent, capable of kindly acts towards man."

" You have goodness, a kind heart, a forgiving nature. I am tempted to think they too are of sweet disposition, equally condescending."

" Just so, we are both beneficial to mankind. Our presence must be sought by Sadhana. To the most favored we are liberal. We are ever ready to forward the general prosperity and success of their affairs, protect them, elevate their mind to a love of virtue, promote good and great ideas, we allure them to the pursuit of all that is honourable, inform them of many wonderful and occult properties in nature. The evil spirits have a propensity to do mischief from a principle of contraries."

" Why are the evil spirits violent and diabolical ?"

"The evil spirits of whatever kind or order have a three fold *bhaba* (nature) –*Preyt-bhaba* (প্রেতভাব) *Aupodebata-bhaba* (অপদেবতাভাব), and *Swabhaba* (স্বভাব). The *Preyt-bhaba* produces ferocity, fiery mood. Their malignance and mischievous propensities are to be attributed to *Aupodebata-bhaba*. *Swabhaba* is the temperament-peculiar to the order to which each belongs."

" Is it possible to communicate with the evil spirits ?"

" Broadly speaking the evil spirits abhor mankind, but a certain section, the *Bhootas* seek contact with human being more from personal than disinterested motives."

" Can the astral entities accommodate themselves to gross material environment ?"

" Try to understand me," she replied. " The earth attracts to it objects and living forms. This is terrestrial attraction. The Lokas, I have just enumerated, possess a like property, commensurate with the substance of each. The denizen of each Loka is subject to its central force whose action is to cause him to tend towards it. If he makes an excursion he cannot long stray beyond its pale but feels a force drawing him back. When an astral descends to the material plane he experiences a struggle between two opposite forces, the one feebler, rising from the earth, drawing him to it as he approaches, the other more potent attracting him towards his own plane. The extent of resistance he can offer to the latter influence determines the length of his presence on the *terra firma.* After all, the astral entity cannot remain long amid gross material surrounding."

" What about the earth-bound spirits ?"

" Although by habitual resistance they are less susceptible to the supernal influence they cannot from natural causes dwell in the midst of human beings but pay fitful visits to houses and localities."

" By-the-by, in your aerial ramble do you tread the air as we do the ground in walking ?"

" Yes, we press the air with the foot in all degrees of motion. You can form no idea of the celerity with which we cover distances."

" In the vast air-world your way is smooth," observed I.

"Oh, you don't know what fills the upper reaches of Akasa. Up, higher up, there are countless localities, invisible to the human eye, plains, eddies, airpits."

The above discourse I had with a higher intelligence at several sittings, each lasting nearly half an hour. The time was midnight, the place a secluded room, the preliminaries were Pujah, incantation and prayer. The answers were in writing, partly in easy Sanskrit, partly in Bengali and partly in an unintelligible language which she interpreted. I have given their English translation, taking care to be as literal as possible. The answers were short. If many appear lengthy it is because I have strung together numbers under one interrogatory to avoid the tediousness of catechism. The questions were in Bengali, they were put not in the exact order in which I have recorded. They arose upon the impulse of the moment and in accommodation with the humour of my unearthly monitor. The arrangement is my own. I have reproduced all that I could conveniently draw from her without encroaching upon the reserve of celestial dignity.

It affords me great pleasure to be able to give the public a peep into the world unseen. I hope to be in a position, at no distant date, to write a volume on the subject.

KALI KUMAR GHOSH, B. A., B. L.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

An opinion at one time prevailed that the comedy of "Twelfth Night" was written by Shakespeare late in life. But in 1828 there was discovered in the British Museum a small manuscript diary of a student of the Middle Temple, extending from the year 1601 to 1603, by which we learn that the play was publicly performed at the Candlemas Feast of the Middle Temple so early as 1602.* It was probably written, therefore, in the first year of the seventeenth or the last of the sixteenth century; for it is not included in that earliest printed list of Shakespeare's plays which Francis Meres published in his "Wit's Treasury," 1598.

Next to this Candlemas production in Middle Temple Hall, the earliest record that has come down to us of the performance of "Twelfth Night" is contained in the "Accounts of the Revels at Court in the Reigns of Elizabeth and James" which Mr. Peter Cunningham brought to light, edited, and printed, in 1842. On the 20th April and 15th May, 1618, a sum of 20*l.* was paid for the representation before the king of "Twelfth Night" and "The Winter's Tale," and 1 *l.* for the "Merry Devil of Edmonton." The two first had been performed on the Easter Monday and Tuesday preceding the date of payment, and the last on the 3rd May. Unfortunately, in the case of earlier payments it does not seem to have been the practice to set out the names of the plays represented, and much valuable information in that respect is therefore lost to us. In the instances under mention the money was paid to Heminge, a tragedian, who was probably officiating as the Treasurer to the King's Company, and whose name in the patent granted by James the First to his players on the 17th of May, 1603, stands fifth after the names of Lawrence Fletcher, Shakespeare, Burbage, and Phillips, and before those of Condell, Sly, Armyn, and Cowley. Heminge, it is evident, was a person of some importance, and if not the absolute manager of the company, possessed a large share in its government. It will be borne in mind that the first folio edition (1623) of Shakespeare's " Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies " was " published according to the true original copies," and " set forth " by his friends and fellows John Heminge and Henry Condell, the author " not having the fate common with some to be exequutor to his own writings."

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* Of old the lawyers did not disdain to devote their halls to the occasional exhibition of masques, pageants and plays. The name of Francis Bacon is to be found among the promoters of a performance in Gray's Inn for the entertainment of his sovereign; and Hyde appears to have acted on a similar occasion in honour of King Charles the First.

The cast of this royal performance of " Twelfth Night " cannot now be ascertained.

After the Restoration we have a more precise chornicle of the proceedings on the English stage. At Sir William Davenant's theatre, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, in the year 1663, appropriately got up on purpose to be acted on Twelfth Night (according to Downes's " Roscius Anglicanus "), the comedy of " Twelfth Night " was revived with great success : " all the parts being justly acted crowned the play." *Malvolio* was played by Lovel ; *Sir Andrew Aguecheek* by Harris; the *Clown* by Underhill, and *Sir Toby Belch* by Betterton. Mrs. Gibbs was the *Olivia*. Curiously enough, the name of the representative of *Viola* is not given. It is hardly to be supposed, however, that the character was altogether omitted in performing the play. That an actor of Mr. Betterton's eminence should have undertaken the part of *Sir Toby* may seem a little surprising, when it is considered how disinclined are modern leading performers—the *Macbeths* and *Hamlets* of a theatre—to risk, as they regard it, the dignity of their position by sustaining characters which, however admirable in themselves, are yet not of foremost importance. But two hundred years ago the actors seem to have prided themselves upon their versatility—their universality—upon the number of characters they were able satisfactorily to fill—were not content to limit themselves to a very narrow range of parts as we have seen " many of our players do." Moreover, at this time Betterton, though he had acquired great fame, was only twenty-eight years old ; and it was probably his success in *Sir Toby* that led him some time afterwards to achieve a far greater triumph in *Falstaff.* Cave Underhill, the *Clown* of the cast was an actor highly commended by Cibber. He was correct and natural, his particular excellence being " in characters that may be called still-life :" the stiff, the heavy and stupid—to these he gave "the exactest and most expressive colours." He owned a long, full face, the shorter half of it being from his crown to the end of his nose ; " so that the disproportion of his lower features when soberly composed, with an unwandering eye hanging over them, threw him into the most lumpish moping mortal that ever made beholders merry ; not but at other times he could be wakened into spirit eqully ridiculous." He was especially admired for his performance of the *Grave-digger* in " Hamlet." In the first edition of the "Tatler," No. 20 (1709), appeared the following advertisement : " Mr. Cave Underhill, the famous comedian in the reigns of King Charles the Second, King James the Second, King William and Queen Mary, and her present Majesty Queen Ann, but now not able to perform so often as heretofore in the play-house, and having had losses to the value of near 2500*l.*, is to have the tragedy of 'Hamlet' acted for his benefit on Friday, the 3rd of June next, at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, in which he is to perform his original part the *Grave-digger.*" In the " Tatler," No. 22, Sir Richard Steele makes particular appeal to his friends on behalf of "honest Underhill, who has been a comic for three generations. My father," writes Steele, " admired him extremely when he was a boy. There is certainly nature excellently represented in his manner of acting in which he ever avoided that general fault in players, of doing too much." Steele further commends the fidelity with which Underhill adhered to the text of his part. The comedian seems never to have lost sight of Shakespear's own instructions, that the clowns should speak no more than is set down for them. That the sins of the players in this respect were at least as great in Steele's time as in Shakespear's may be gathered from Sir Richard's humorous complaint of Underhill, " That he had not the merit of some ingenious persons now on the stage of adding to his authors : for," he adds, " the actors were so dull in the last age that many of them have gone out of the world without having ever spoke one word of their own in the theatre." He concludes his appeal for Underhill, " All admirers of true comedy, it is hoped, will have the gratitude to be present on the last day of his acting, who, if he does not happen to please them, will have it even then to say that it is his first offence." According to Tom Davies, Underhill remained upon the stage until he was more than eighty years old.

Harris, who played the part of *Sir Andrew*, presents a remarkable instance of the versatility of the old actors. He was an important member of Davenant's company, and appears to have divided with Betterton the "leading business," as it would now be called. He played in rapid succession such widely different Shakespearian characters as *Romeo* (Betterton playing *Mercutio*) ; *Sir Andrew Aguecheek* ; and *Wolsey* (to the *Henry the Eighth* of Betterton). According to Downes, Harris played *Wolsey* " with such just state, port, and mien" as had never thitherto been seen in the part.

Lovel, the *Malvolio* of this early performance of "Twelfth Night," was the low comedian of the company, and probably in his hands the part lost much of its dignity and consistency. This view of his treatment of the character is founded rather upon conjecture, however, than upon any certain evidence that has come down to us. But Lovel was also the *Polonius* of the company ; and it is clear from the earliest endeavours made much later by Garrick to " rehabilitate" *Polonius*, as it were, and divest him of much buffoonery with which a long course of stage tradition had clothed him, that the part had not been regarded by the players from a very dignified point of view. Doubtless Lovel's *Polonius* had an unpleasant element of burlesque about it. He would probably not shrink therefore from presenting somewhat undignified if ludicrous version of *Malvolio*. To fancy that he must excite mirth at any price is the especial error of the low comedian. The wholesome Shakespearian maxim to the effect that it is far preferable that the judicious should not grieve than that the unskilful should laugh, seems to have been urged in vain, so far as numberless actors are concerned.

Notwithstanding the success of the performance of "Twelfth Night" by Davenant's company (and the success was very decided, albeit Mr. Pepys describes the play as " one of the weakest he ever saw"), many years elapsed before the comedy was again brought upon the stage. Indeed no record of its reproduction can be discovered until we come to the year 1741, when a successful revival of " As You Like It," at Drury Lane, after many years of strange neglect, seems to have suggested the experiment of performing " Twelfth Night " at the same theatre. The comedy was performed some eight times during the season. The cast was a highly creditable one ; Macklin playing *Malvolio* ; Woodward, *Sir Andrew Aguecheek* ; Mrs. Pritchard, *Viola ;* and Mrs. Clive, *Olivia.* Macklin was an intelligent and skilful if not a very agreeable actor, laying great stress upon his distinct enunciation and appropriate gesture. Churchill speaks of his acting as "hard, affected, and constrained," and his features as

> At variance set, inflexible and coarse ;

yet he would seem to have been in possession of many of the characteristics of *Malvolio*, a part in which grace of manner and elegance of appearance are clearly not needed. However, though the actor has had two biographers, we can discover no eulogy of his manner of representing this part. Indeed, the revival of the comedy would appear to have made but little impression, to judge by the slight mention made of it in contemporary theatrical history. In 1746, towards the close of the season, "Twelfth Night" was played again two or three times on benefit nights, when Macklin was again the *Malvolio*, his wife *Maria*, and the beautiful Mrs. Woffington appeared as *Viola* for the first time ; the part was rather out of her usual range of character, and her success in it was probably not extraordinary.

In October, 1763, "Twelfth Night" was played again at Drury Lane, the performance being chiefly remarkable for the *Malvolio* of Yates, a favourite comic actor, whose defective memory Churchill satirized severely, and the *Sir Andrew Aguecheek* of O'Brien, a promising comedian, who followed Woodward's manner, and whose good fortune was said to have been his ruin. Horace Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann (April 9th, 1764), "A melancholy affair has happened to Lord Ilchester : his eldest daughter, Lady Susan, a very pleasing girl, though not handsome, married herself two days ago, at Covent Garden Church, to O'Brien, a handsome young actor. Lord Ilchestor doated on her, and was the most indulgent of fathers. 'Tis a cruel blow." To another correspondent he tells the same story, and comments : "It is the completion of disgrace,—even a footman were preferable ; the publicity of the hero's profession perpetuates the mortification. . . . I could not have believed that Lady Susan would have stooped so low." O'Brien quitted the stage in consequence of his marriage, and afterwards, with his wife, emigrated to America, where, it was said, the interest of the lady's family obtained for him a post of value ; but this has never been clearly ascertained. O'Brien's union with Lady Susan Strangways doubtless suggested to Mr. Thackeray that amusing episode in the story of " The Virginians," with which most readers are familiar—the marriage of Lady Maria Esmond with Mr. Hagan, the Irish actor.

In 1771 " Twelfth Night" was again being performed at Drury Lane, when King was the *Malvolio* ; Dodd, *Sir Andrew Aguecheek*: Miss Younge (afterwards Mrs. Pope), *Viola* ; and Mrs. Abington : " with a song," *Olivia.* The acting was so excellent that the comedy was played fourteen times during the season. This success probably led to a rival performance at Covent Garden about the same time, Yates and his wife appearing as *Malvolio* and *Viola,* and Woodward as *Sir Andrew.* The next *Viola,* of importance was Mrs. Barry's, at Covent Garden in 1777, the lovely Mrs. Hartley being the *Olivia.* Subsequent *Violas* were Mrs. Bulkeley and Mrs. " Perdita" Robinson, Edwin being the *Sir Andrew* to both ladies, and Bensley and Henderson the *Malvolios.* Then we come to the memorable representations of " Twelfth Night," concerning which Charles Lamb has written one of the most charming of his " Elia" Essays, " On some of the Old Actors."

In the year 1820, Lamb's association with Hazlitt had brought him into connection with the " London Magazine.' then edited by John Scott, who afterwards perished in a duel. It was between the years 1820 and 1825 that the " Essays of Elia" appeared in the " London Magazine." But the particular cast of " Twelfth Night," touching which Lamb discourses so plessantly, was first presented to the world on the stage of Drury Lane Theatre so early as November, 1785, at which period Lamb was little more than ten years old. Dodd was again *Sir Andrew Aguecheek,* and Bensley *Malvolio* ; John Palmer was *Sir Toby Belch,* Suett the *Clown,* and Mrs. Jordan *Viola.* Probably the same artists, however, were assembled in the same comedy some few seasons later. Not but what Lamb's memory regarding theatrical matters was curiously tenancious. In the paper called " My First Play" he describes performances at Drury Lane—" Artaxerxes," "The Lady of the Manor,' and " The Way of the World,"—during the season of 1781-2, when he was only from six to seven years old.

In 1785, when Mrs. Jordan played *Viola* for the first time, she was about two or three and twenty, and very beautiful—to judge from her portrait by Romney and all contemporaneous criticism—with a graceful limber figure, large melting eyes, a profusion of golden brown hair, and a very musical and touching voice. "Her joyous parts, in which her memory now lives," writes Elia, "in her youth were outdone by her plaintive ones." Particularly he dwells upon her delivery of the disguised story of her love for Orsino. She made no set speech of it. She was not careful to follow line on line closely so as to lose no semitone of the music of the verse; but rather seemed to punctuate her story with the hesitation of deep feeling. "When she had declared her sister's history to be 'a blank,' and that 'she never told her love'," there was a pause as if the story had ended; and then the image of 'the worm in the bud' came up as a new suggestion, and the heightened image of 'patience' still followed after these as by some growing (and not mechanical) process, thought spring up after thought, I would almost say, as they were watered by her tears. . . . She used no rhetoric in her passion; or it was nature's own rhetoric most legitimate then, when it seemed altogether without rule or law." This absolute concealment of artifice was surely the height of art.

Mrs. Jordan has more especially dwelt in the memory and regard of playgoers from her hearty performances of the rakes and romps, the hoydens and "Little Pickles" of comedy and farce. In middle age her voice had coarsened, the outlines of her figure had expanded somewhat unromantically, and she became ill suited to the characters of pathos in which she had acquired her first reputation. In addition to the praises Lamb has lavished upon her *Viola*, it may be noted that Leigh Hunt has written in the highest terms of the *Rosalind*, and commended, "her peculiar excellence in the artless miseries of *Ophelia*." Considering that he was writing in the very noon of Mrs. Siddons's greatness, there seems to be some exaggeration in Leigh Hunt's applause when he says, "Mrs. Jordan, as a performer who unites great comic powers with much serious feeling, and who in all her moods seems to be subservient to her heart, is not only the first actress of the day, but, as it appears to me, from the description we have of former actresses, the first that has adorned our stage."

In descanting upon the merits of Bensley, Lamb availed himself of the opportunity to suggest much admirable criticism upon the character of *Malvolio*. He points out that the Lady Olivia's steward is not essentially ludicrous: he becomes comic but by accident. "He is opposed to the proper *levities* of the piece, and falls in the unequal contest." Still, his pride or his gravity is too genuine to be contemptible. He speaks on all occasions like a gentleman and a man of education. He is held in esteem by both the *Duke* and *Olivia*, even after he has been made the victim of the plot of *Maria* and *Sir Toby*, and, wrought upon by them, has presumed to make love to his mistress. It is well worth the reader's while to refer to Lamb's essay, if by any chance he has forgotten its purport.

That Bensley really performed the character well may be readily believed. The part demands an accomplished actor, much judgment and forbearance; upon the least disposition to overdo, or to extort laughter at the sacrifice of dignity and discretion, the representation is ruined. Bensley was in some respects peculiarly fitted to play *Malvolio*. By birth a gentleman, he had served as an officer of Marines, and been present at the taking of the Havannah. He was stiff in his gestures, solemn in his manner, with a hollow, nasal voice. Anthony Pasquin, in his rather coarse satire upon the actors of his time, "The Children of Thespis", charges Bensley with paying "more attention to walking than words," says of his voice that there seemed to be "a rookery built in his throat," and proceeds:—

> With three minute steps in all parts he advances.
> Then retires three more, strokes his chin, prates and prances.
> With a port as majestic as Astley's horse dances—

though he admits that the actor was invariably perfect in his parts, and strove to remedy his inherent defects by care and attention. Lamb, however, seems to acknowledge no shortcomings in his favourite actor; he lauds, not merely his *Malvolio*, but his other representations, particularly his *Iago*. Even his unpleasant voice Lamb found to possess "at times the inspiriting effect of the trumpet." He attributes to Bensely possession of "the true poetical enthusiasm—the rarest faculty among players," and affirms that of all the actors of his time Bensley "had most of the swell of soul, was greatest in the delivery of heroic conceptions, the emotions consequent upon the presentment of a great idea to the fancy." It may be noted that another critic, Mr. Taylor, in his "Record of My Life" says that the part in which Bensley chiefly shone was *Mosca*, in Ben Jonson's "Volpone."

On the occasional absence of Bensley from the theatre, John

Kemble, it seems, undertook the character of *Malvolio* but with what success we are without information. In 1796, John Bannister, who had sustained *Sebastian* in what we may call the " Charles Lamb " cast of the comedy, undertook *Malvolio* for Suett's benifit, but acquired no great fame by his effort. Mr. Adolphus, his biographer, says apologetically that the part is not one much coveted by the players ; " perhaps it is because men do not like to appear merely for the purpose of being baffled and derided. "

Of the representative of the part of *Aguecheek*, Lamb writes " Dodd was *it*, as it came out of Nature's hands. " The essayist relates how, long years afterwards, he was wont to meet the player, old, worn, retired from the exercise of his profession, taking his, daily walk in the gardens of Gray's Inn, finer and more open then than they are now. being as yet unencroached upon by Verulam Buildings. Struck by the sad, thoughtful countenance of the actor, Lamb began to marvel how old *Sir Andrew* could bave looked so marvellously vacant and foolish, how he could have assumed so absolute a look of slowness of apprehension. But Dodd seemed to, have been able " to keep back his intellect, as some have had the power to retard their pulsation." He died in 1796, within a few months of his quitting the stage. He was a man of reading, left behind him a choice collection of old English literature, and possessed ready wit. Lamb's facetious friend, Jemmy White, met the player one day in Fleet Street, having seen him the previous evening as *Sir Andrew*, and was irresistibly impelled to take off his hat with the salutation, ' Save you, *Sir Andrew* !" Dodd, not disconcerted, put him off with a courteous, half-rebuking wave of his hand, and retorted, " Away, *Fool*!"

With Palmer's *Sir Toby*, Lamb was less satisfied. The actor did not " fill out " the solidity of wit in the jests of that half-*Falstaff* ; but of Suett's *Fool* he writes, " Shakespeare foresaw him when he framed his fools and jesters. "

A particular obstacle in the way of a satisfactory representation of " Twelfth Night " has often arisen from the great difficulty of obtaining a likeness between the actor playing *Sebastian* and the actress playing *Viola*, sufficient to maintain, in any degree, the illusion upon which the comedy is founded. The performers are generally too distinctly different in appearance, voice, and gesture (even when assisted by the most careful costuming and adroit " making-up") to deceive any one for a moment; and the play, in this respect constantly comes "halting off." On some occasions, Mrs. Jordan's *Viola* had the advantage of being supported by the *Sebastian* of her brother, Mr. Bland, who resembled her in stature and feature, if not in ability. In the same way the *Viola* of Mrs. Henry Siddons sometimes was assisted by the *Sebastian* of her brother, Mr. W. Murray, a remarkarble likeness existing between the players. The Germans have attempted to evade the difficulty by giving the two characters to one performer: bringing on the stage in the last scene a mute *Sebastian* - a young lady dressed to resemble the *Sebastian Viola* of the preceding scenes. This fashion has been introduced for the first time upon the English stage in the revival of the comedy (Olympic, 1865), but hardly with complete success. The actress who is womanly enough for *Viola*—and it is only fair to say that its representative (Miss Kate Terry) renders the part very gracefully and poetically—cannot be expected to be manly enough for *Sebastian*—cannot wield a sword, and distribute cuffs, blows, and broken pates as bravely as *Sebastian* should. If she satisfied us more in *Sebastian*, she would probably please us less in *Viola*. Failure in one or the other character seems inevitable.

Later *Malvolios* have been Munden, Fawcett, and Liston—no one of the three arriving at any great reputation in the part. So broad a low comedian as the last-named was, probably, much out of place in such a character as *Malvolio.* The actor is said to have had more success in his subsequent performance of *Sir Andrew Aguecheek.*

In 1820, a sad sin against Shakespeare was committed at Covent Garden Theatre. "Twelfth Night" was *operatized* by Frederick Reynolds. The words were seriously tampered with, some of the scenes transposed, and music by Arne, Bishop, and others was added. *Malvolio* was played by William Farren, *Sir Toby* by Emery, and *Viola* by Miss M. Tree. The reverend compiler of the "History of the Stage" writes very angrily about this degradation of Shakespeare. "In the devil's name," he asks, "why does not Reynolds turn his own plays into operas? Does he think them so bad that, even with such music as he has put into "Twelfth Night," they would not prove successful? or has he such a fatherly affection for his own offspring that he cannot find in his heart to mangle them?" Reynolds's only defence is, that his new version of Shakespeare's comedy resulted in a run of twenty-five nights during its first and second season, whereas, during previous years, it had only been played once or twice. He had, of course, to endure a storm of opprobrium, and the manager (Mr. Harris) who permitted the changes and interpolations was steadily denounced by the critics as a mountebank. The public seem to have taken the affair pretty quietly ; the galleries, in the case of Shakespeare *v.* Reynolds, decidedly giving their voices for the defendant.

"The last time I saw Mr. Kemble," Reynolds writes in his "Memoirs," "was at the rehearsal of 'Twelfth Night' in its altered state. He seated himself in the prompter's chair, expressed no indignation at my operatizing Shakespeare, spoke very highly of Miss M. Tree's singing and acting, corrected Emery in the text of *Sir Toby* and then abruptly left the stage, saying, "The *physique* is gone.' He died about two years afterwards at Lausanne."

When, in 1850, Mr. Charles Kean (in conjunction with Mr. Keeley) undertook the lesseeship of the Princess's Theatre, the comedy of "Twelfth Night' was chosen for the opening performance, and was repeated some forty times during the first two seasons of the new management. The comedy was played in its integrity, although without the spectacular accessories which afterwards, in other plays of Shakespeare's, came in vogue at the Princess's. The chief features of the representation were the *Sir Andrew* and *Maria* of Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, the *Clown* of Mr. Harley, and the *Viola* of Mrs. Kean.

Mr. Phelps, it may be finally noted, during his long reign at Sadler's Wells, also produced "Twelfth Night," and undertook the part of *Malvolio* with no inconsiderable success.

DUTTON COOK.

TARACHAND CHUCKERBUTTY.

Tarachand Chuckerbutty, a Barendra Brahmin, was born in 1806, and at the age of ten years lost his father, which, grievous as it was to him, developed in him the whole career of maintaining his family. A few months after the establishment of the Hindu College in 1818 he was admitted a free scholar in that institution where he prosecuted his studies till 1822, when he quitted it, hav ing been appointed translator of the two Bengali newspapers (the *Samachar Chandrika* and the *Sambad Kaumodi*) into English for the Calcutta Journal, edited by Mr. James Buckingham, throughthe kindness of the late Raja Rammohun Roy. After a year he left this appointment in consequence of his having found that his services were not much required. He was then employed by Doctor H. H. Wilson to translate under his supervision and in conjunction with Ram Comul Sen and Shib Chunder Tagore (another student of the Hindu College) the *Puranas* into the English language which, we have no doubt, must have assisted that learned oriental scholar to publish expositions of those ancient Hindu works in the Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal. He held this office, the duties of which were extremely pleasant to him, for about a year when being offered a more lucrative and permanent situation at Burdwan, he proceeded thither at the advice of his friends to secure it, but owing to some circumstances, which it is needless to mention here,he unfortunately met with disappointment and was consequenttly obliged to come back to Calcutta. Ever since his acquaintance with the late Raja Ram Mohun Roy which took place while he was a pupil of the Hindu College, it was a source of gratification to him—especially as he was all along struggling with adverse circumstances since the death of his father, to have found in that extraordinary man and philosopher a great friend ready at all times to instruct and benefit him in whatever way he could. It was through the influence of Raja Ram Mohun Roy that Babu Tarachand Chuckerbutty was appointed a clerk at the late firm of Messrs. Mackintosh & Co. where one of the principal assistants and a member with whom he had to come in contact very often having failed in securing from him that degree of servile subordination which all other native assistants were used to, for their aristocratical vanity and satisfy their unnatural, improper and capricious desire of being respected in the *oriental* style annoyed him in various ways which compelled him to cut his connection with them. Shortly after he was appointed, through the kindness of that most warm and indefatigable friend of native education—Mr. David Hare, an assistant teacher of the Calcutta School Society's English School at Pataldanga where he found the boys labouring under great difficulty in the translating department which induced him to undertake the publication of a Dictionary, Bengali-English, in which he was encouraged by the School Book Society and from which he cleared a profit of more than Rs. 700. This work was dedicated to Mr. William Adam, whom he considers as one of his benefactors and highly reveres for his excellent and most independent character. While Tarachand was a teacher of the Patalanga School, he received an offer from the late Mr. Cleland one of the Barristers of the Supreme Court, to serve him as his assistant on a high emolument, which in justice to himself and to his family he thought it proper to accept. He was in the employ of that gentleman for about four years, during which period he was so kindly treated by that good-hearted lawyer, that he did not feel for a day that he was his servant. Mr. Cleland was so fond of Tarachand that he scarcely missed an opportunity of improving his condition. On one occasion, Mr. Cleland sent for Tarachand and read to him a letter which he had written on his behalf to Mr. J. W. Hogg, requesting that gentleman to recommend him to Mr. D. C. Smyth for a good situation in the judicial line. The letter gave such a high character of Tarachand and showed so strongly the good feelings which his employer entertained towards him, that it actually drew tears from his (T's) eyes which testified the gratitude he felt for his kindness. Mr. D. C. Smyth highly pleased with the high character of Tarachand given in Mr. Cleland's letter, appointed him Munsiff of Jehanabad in the zilla of Hooghly, which office he held for upward of a year and the circumstances of his resinging it are as follows. In trying a certain case he had detected a witness in committing *gross* perjury, which he thought it his duty to bring to the notice of Mr. M. S. Gilmour, then Magistrate of Hooghly, and the perjurer was consequently sent there to take his trial. This worthy witness, with a degree of dexterity peculiar to men of his character, established, by dint of false testimony of some of his comrades, that the Munsiff had imprisoned and forced him to perjure his evidence which being transmitted along with the magistrate's *roobkari* supporting the case of the accused to Mr. Harrington, then judge of Hooghly, Tarachand was requested to give his explanation on the subject. The defence written in the Bengali language, and of which no transcript can now be found, did not satisfy that functionary, who in concurrence with the Magistrate's views fined that innocent and honest officer the sum of Rs. 20 against which proceeding no appeal could be made to higher authorities under a certain Regulation of Government, and the subject of this memoir who had no idea of being so dealt with, was thus deprived of all means of vindicating himself before a superior tribunal. This treatment so much offended his feelings, and the troubles and anxieties attendant on this situation were so great, considering the small pittance attached to it, that he made no hesitation in throwing it up and returning to Calcutta, when through the kindness of Mr. Theodore Dickens, he became the assistant of Mr. Paulin, Solicitor of the East India Company, and after his death was employed as an assistant of Mr. Longueville Clarke. In 1837 he was requested by Mr. D. C. Smyth to hold the office of a clerk on a handsome salary at the Sudder Dewany Adalwat, which in compliance with Mr. Clarke's permission he thankfully accepted. While under Mr. Cleland, Tarachand published five numbers of the Bengali translation of the institutes of Manu with Sir William Jones's English translation and the original Sanskrit placed in juxtaposition with notes and observations. This interesting publication of which the late Raja Ram Mohun Roy spoke in favorable terms from England in a private letter to the author was unfortunately discontinued from want of pecuniary support. It really reflects discredit on the wealthy natives of this country to withhold their patronage from the publication of a work which is calculated to convey to the mass of her people a knowledge of their own laws. The author being at all times backward in asking favors from any one, except those of his rank and situation, and in placing himself in circumstances where he might meet with disappointment has not brought the matter to the notice of the Committee of Public Instruction or the members of the Asiatic Society, either of which body should, we think, extend their assistance and support to this useful undertaking falling as it does within their province. It affords us a great deal of pleasure to offer the biographical sketch of an individual who, though humble in life and not fond of making himself conspicuous in any way, may be held as a model of *greatness,* founded upon a strict adherence to virtuous, honest and independent practices, to the world, who has adorned his mind with accomplishments rarely to be met with among the natives of this country, who unites with a successful cultivation of his moral feelings, a cheerful disposition, an uncommon degree of genuine and sincere politeness, a conciliatory but at the same time impartial tone of speaking to all on all subjects, an admirable power of acting like a disinterested and firm principled agent in all matters however connected they may be with the interest of his friends or that of his own, and an excellent habit of conversing with those who are inferior to him in point of talent in a manner that can never in the least denote that his pretensions in the particular departments of literature and science which he has made his study are in any way higher than those of theirs. To write the biography of such a man is indeed a most pleasant task which will serve to show that native minds can be duly developed and cultivated. Babu Tarachand though not profoundly versed in English literature or science is an admirable English scholar and possesses a creditable knowledge of law. He is well acquainted with the Bengali language and understands Persian, Hindustanee and Sanskrit pretty well. In the domestic circle he is much beloved. He is at all times kind and communicative to his friends and acquaintances. There are few persons among the natives who excel him as to English and Bengali attainments. He is highly revered by the educated natives of Calcutta, who, on the occasion of establishing the Society for the Acquisition of General Knowledge, in 1838, with a view to promote their mutual improvement and stregthen social union, unanimously elected him the President as a mark of the respect they feel for him. The society is now of two years standing and is indebted to Babu Tarachand for the warm interest he has taken in its welfare. When the Mechanics Institute was formed he was the first native who was consulted about its establishment, and he has since been connected with the Institute as one of its leading members. Babu Tarachand was the constant companion and friend of the late Raja Ram Mohun Roy and Mr. William Adam to both of whom he is much indebted for many valuable hints and much useful instruction he has received on several subjects of an important nature.

[The above, written by Babu Peary Chand Mittra, appeared in the *India Review and Journal of Foreign Science and the Arts* for March 1840]. Further in his *Biographical Sketch of David Hare*, (1877 W. Newman and Co.), Peary Chand wrote as follows :—

" Tarachand Chuckerbutty and Chunder Sekhar Deb, though not to be ranked as Derozio's pupils identified themselves with the *Young Calcutta.* Tarachand's biographical sketch drawn up by me appeared in a number of the *India Review.* He was an excellent English scholar, thoughtful and thoroughly independent. He was under Mr. Longueville Clarke as his assistant and was much respected by him. Clarke said to him "you are invaluable to me." Tarachand was the author of a Bengali and English Dictionary and the translator of Manu into Bengali which he did not complete. When Tarachand was in distress, Dukhina Ranjun Mukherjee sent him a Bank Note for Rs. 1,000 as a gift *anonymously.* But he afterwards traced his benefactor and arranged with him to receive the money as a loan."

The subsequent career of Tarachand may be thus summarised :—Tarachand was one of Raja Ram Mohun Roy's favorite adherents and at his suggestion the Brahmo Samaj was formed by the great Raja. He and Chuuder Sekhar Deb were appointed secretaries to the newly-formed Samaj, but we cannot trace when they resigned. When David Hare died in 1842 a memorial meeting was held on 17th June in which Tarachand took a part. He was also a member of the Testimonial Committee. We have in an article (*George Thompson, Calcutta Review,* 1909 January) shown Tarachand's bold conduct towards David Lester Richardson (D. L. R). On 18th April 1843, a public meeting was held at the Town Hall to present an address to James Sullivan expressing the gratitude of the Bengalis for his advocating the substitution of Indian for European agency in the civil administration of the country. Tarachand spoke in the meeting and was a member of the Committee with Chandra Sekhar Deb, Ram Gopaul Ghose and Peary Chand Mittra. At the inauguration meeting of the Bengal British India Society held on 20th April, 1843, Tarachand moved a resolution and was a member of the Committee formed in the meeting. The *Quill,* a journal to criticise the policy of Government, was at this time started by him and he conducted it in such a way that it incurred the displeasure of the authorities. During the latter part of his life he was the the Chief Counsellor of the Raja of Burdwan who had an implicit faith in him and never took any important step without his counsel. The Raja honored him as an elder brother and on his demise took his children under his protection and allowed each of them an annuity. We are not certain as to the date of his death. He was one of the foremost in all matters relating to his countrymen's progress in knowledge and civilization.

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पहेलां ड्रोइंगमां रु. १२२९५ तथा बीजा ड्रोइंगमां रु. २९६३६ इनामोमां वहेंच्या लीस्ट वांचो.

H. H. महाराजा ठाकोर साहेब श्री सर भगवतसिंहजी बहादूर G. C. I E., M. D., LL D.,
D. C. L., F. R. C. S., F. B. U., तेओश्रीनी अनुमतीथी खोलेलुं.

वैद्यक शास्त्रोत्तेजक इनामी फंड.

त्रीजुं ड्रोइंग.

रु. १२०००० एक लाख, बीस हजारनुं.

ता. ८ जान्युआरी १९२३थी शरु थइ गयुं छे. इनामनी वहेंचणी ता. २७ मी मे १९२३ ना रोज थशे.

१ कमीशन अने खर्चना रु. लगभग ४० हजार बाद जतां बाकी वधेली रकममांथी ५० हजारनां इनामो वहेंचाशे अने रू. ३० हजार आयुर्वेद उद्धारक कार्यालयने अपाशे.

२ इनाम वहेंचणी ता. २७ मी मे १९२३ना रोज चोकस छे ते फरशे नहीं. ते मुदतमां रुपीया पुरा नहीं भराय तो वराडे पडतां इनामो वहेंची देवामां आवशे.

३ ११ कुपननी १ बुकना रु. ९-१४ मोकलवा. एटले १ बुके कमिशननो रु. १ अने म. ओ. खर्चना बे आना बाद करवा. छुटक कुपनो मळी शकशे नहीं. आखी बुक खरीदवा अशक्त होय तेओये ११ भागीदारो करी एकने नामे बुक मंगाववी.

४

इनामनी संख्या.	दर रुपिया.	कुल रु.
१	५०००	५०००
४	१०००	४०००
५	५००	२५००
१०	१००	१०००
५०	५०	२५००
१००	२५	२५००

इनामनी संख्या.	दर रुपिया.	कुल रु.
१०००	१०	१००००
१०००	५	५०००
१२५१	४	५००४
१४९८	३	४४९४
४००१	२	८००२
कुल संख्या-८९२०		५००००

५ बचत रुपिया आयुर्वेद उद्धारक कार्यालयने नीचे मुजब कामो माटे अपाशे. (क)* गरीब रोगीओने सहायता (ख) पारदना १८ संस्कार. (ग) आयुर्वेदिकशाळा (घ) आयुर्वेदिक स्थायी प्रदर्शन. (ङ) आयुर्वेद ग्रंथ प्रकाशन. (च) गौपालन.

रुपीया तारथी पण मळशे तेना नामनां कुपनेा काढी ड्रोइंगमां नंखाशे.

७ ११ कुपननो १ बुक माटे रु. ९-१४ म. ओ. थी अथवा रजीस्टर लेटरथी मोकलवा. पैसा मनीओर्डरथी मोकली बुक मंगावनारे जुदो कागळ लखवेा नहीं पण म. ओ. ना कुपनमांज जेटली बुको जोइती हेाय तेनी मागणी करवी. कुपनबुक मंगावनारे आ सातमी कलम बराबर ध्यानमां राखवा.

(क) पहेला अने बीजा ड्रोइंगमां बुको खाते अपाती पण आ त्रीजा ड्रोइंगमां कुपनबुको खाते मोकलवानुं तदन बंध करल छे. एजंटो के छुटक ग्राहको दरेके मनीओर्डरथी के रजीस्टर लेटरथी पैसा अगाउ मोकली बुको मंगावी लेवी खाते बुक मंगावनारना ओर्डर केन्सल थशे.

(ख) रजीस्टर लेटरमां रुपीया मोकलनारे सील बराबर करवुं सील विनाना रजीस्टर लेटरमां मोकलेला पैसा गुम थशे तो तेना अमे जोखमदार नथी.

(ग) दरेक ग्राहके पोते एक वखत जे नामथी पत्रव्यवहार कर्यो हेाय तेज आखुं नाम दरेक वखते लखवुं.

८ अरधियां अमने पहोंचाडवानुं खर्च ग्राहक उपर छे सादा बुकपोस्टथी के कवरमां ठीक पडे तेम मोकलवां.

९ इनामी लीस्ट ता. १० जुन १९२३ना रोज बहार पडशे. एक बुक खरीदनार दरेक ग्राहकने ते मफत मोकलाशे. जेने नामे इनाम आवशे तेने म. ओ. खर्च बाद करी बाकीना पैसा मोकली देवाशे. लागेलां इनाममांथी १ रुपीये एक पैसो आयुर्वेद उद्धारक फंड माटे कापी लेवाशे.

१० आ हेन्डबील जे जे बर्तमानपत्रवाळा पोताना पत्र साथे वहेंचवा खुशी हेाय तेमणे पोताना पेपरनी संख्या अने चार्ज विशे अमने लखी जणाववुं.

११ पत्रव्यवहार गुजराती, हींदी, मराठी, इंग्लीशमां नीचेने ठेकाणे करवो ते सिवायनी भाषावाळा माणसोए इंग्लिशमांज पत्रव्यवहार करवो.

मेनेजर—वैद्यक शास्त्रोत्तेजक इनामी फंड.

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* क, ख, ग. घ. आटला विभागोनां काम चालु थई गयां छे जेमां दर वर्षे ८ थी १० हजार रुपीया खरचाय छे.

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50	50	2500
100	25	2500
1000	10	10000
1000	5	5000
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1498	3	4494
4001	2	8002
Total 8920		50,000

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THE

NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

No. 1—JANUARY, 1921.

THE TRIBES AND CASTES OF BOMBAY.

Mr Enthoven's volumes on the ethnography of Bombay Practically complete the work of the Ethnographic Survey of India. Mr. Enthoven is well-known as one of the band of Bombay scholars, including the late Mr. A. M. T. Jackson, Mr. D. R. Bhandarkar, and Mr. B. A. Gupte, who have done so much to advance our knowledge of the religions, history, archaeology and sociology of Western India; and since the publication of his excellent Report on the Census of the Presidency in 1901, he has pursued the studies of which the present work is the result. He started with the great advantage of being able to draw upon the stores of materials contained in the famous Gazetteer of the Province, edited by that great scholar, Sir James Campbell, which have been supplemented by Mr. Enthoven's enquiries, assisted by many local workers and caste committees, by whom the draft memoirs prepared by Mr. Enthoven have been revised and extended. The work now published is of the highest importance, and deserves the special attention of all those interested in the peoples of India.

It is possible here to call attention only to some of the more important results of the survey. For the Musalmans it is interesting to note that contrct with the Muhamadan invaders has left its influence in the greater freedom with which intermarriage is allowed. Much information is giving on the subject of Totemism, the Maratha Devaks, or guardians, and the Balis or "shoots" of Kanara, with the result that the connexion of these races is found to be closer than was hitherto believed. The power exercised by the earliest Rajas in matters of caste has led to the creation of new sub-castes which crystallise local variances of custom. Here, as elsewhere, the fusion of the various groups has produced uniformity in the population. " Ultimately we may perhaps be prepared to the conclusion that the tribes and castes of the Presidency have far more in common as regards their origin that has hitherto been admitted." The castes and tribes are arranged in the convenient alphabetical order, and the leading types are illustrated by good photographs. The accounts of birth, marriage an death-rites, of local cults, manners and customs are carefully and well arranged, presenting, particularly among the wilder races, much interesting material.

Mr. Enthoven may be congratulated on the completion of a valuable piece of anthropological work.

(Folk-Lore, Vol. XXXIII, pp. 328-329).

With regard to Mr. W, Crooke's Review of Mr. R. E. Enthoven's volumes of " *TRIBES & CASTES OF BOMBAY* " a correspondent writes from England, "They contain some new points and will be valuable to students of Maratha History. It is a relief to Mr. Enthoven to complete the work of twenty years which makes Campbell's valuable caste accounts available as brought up to date for all scholars. There seem to be ever fewer scholars interested in such matters in the I. C. S. now. One looks in vain for a Campbell or an Ibbetson or a Risley."

W. CROOKE.

CONSTRUCTION OF NATIONAL EDUCATION.

As now it is high time for us to work for our practical needs in the best way possible, I wish to place my views on National Education for discussion and final determination with a view to organise our National Education System on lines that may be scientific and and beneficial.

An Ideal of Education.

The best ideal of education, so far as I can conceive, is the assumption, theoretical and practical, partly dependent and partly independent, of the right course, for the harmonious development of all human faculties, with the express intention to realise the nature of man in his spirituality, rationality and animality. To achieve this end, education becomes twofold by itself: liberal and professional. Education is professional in so far as it enhances the realization of man's animality and serves itself as means for liberal education which is identical with the realization of man's spirituality and rationality. Taking this ideal as the basis, I am inclined to make the following statement :—

Education Centres.

Every village with a population of not less than 100 souls must have at least one able local teacher to work as an Agent of a Vidyapith and to impart primary education covering a period of three years to the children (boys and girls together) of the village, who should begin education on completion of the fifth year of their age.

Primary education here should mean fluent reading and writing with correctness and the practice of Arithmetic up to Division, simple letter writing &c. together with also reproducing from memory simple stories verbally explained to and remembered by them from text books with a view to create a desire in them for,

(1) Agriculture, spining, weaving and other local industries.

(2) Universal religious principles and physical and mental health, and

(3) Patriotism, independence, self-reliance and fearlessness.

A group of villages with a population of 2000 souls and over within a circle of three miles' radius as well as a single village with about the same population, must have in addition to primary school, at least two High Schools one for boys and the other for girls. These High Schools should impart general education covering a period of four years to boys and girls separately under proper care and guardianship of competent teachers, who should all work as Agents of a Vidyapith. A Girl's High School may be joined to the Primary school where no separate accommodation be available. In addition to the subjects in primary education, Hindi, Music, History, Geography, Mathematics and Science should form compulsory subjects in this course of general education.

A group of villages with a population of over 10,000 souls as well as a city of the same population should possess at least one college for Collegiate education with three years' course. English may be substituted in this collegiate education for Hindi as one of the compulsory subjects, in addition to the subjects of general education.

Different centres for specialization in three years' in each of the various subject including Industries, Religions, Languages, Commerce, Mathematics, Literature, Philosophy, Art, Science, History, Medicine, &c., &c., should be opened at convenient and important places in each of the provinces; mastership and doctorship being conferred upon successful candidates in each subject.

Terms, Division of subjects and text books.

Each of the year of education from the commencement should have three terms, each of about four months' duration to correspond with Indian climate. The first term "MONSOONS" to commence with the monsoons and end on Diwali, the second "WINTER" to begin after Diwali and end on Holi and the third term "SUMMER" to begin after Holi and end the commencement of the monsoons. Each term should have its first three months spent in proper education and the last month in revision examination, vacation, holidays &c.

Thus the whole course till specialization in a particular subject in vernacular, will be completed in 39 terms of the whole period of 13 years. Each subject should be so arranged that it may be conveniently divided into 39 parts approximately, till specialization. Lucid expositions in the form of a text book (self-explanatory) on each part of each subject sufficient for a student of ordinary ability at that particular age to study even without help in one term, written out by the best brains of the country, out of sense of service to the nation and approved by a Vidyapith, should be printed, published and sold under the authority of the publishing house of a Vidyapith at cost price.

Each part of each subject should be gone through in each term; and a student who once passes a particular part should not have to eppear in that part again in any school affiliated to the same Vidyapith. A student should be admitted in any school on production of certificates of minimum attendance required, and of proficiency in any part of the subject, from any other school working on the lines approved, in the next part of the same subject.

Examinations.

Examinations should be conducted by the teachers of the same school in each part of each subject at the end of each term, except on the completion of the primary, the general, the collegiate and the special courses. The last four examinations may be held by the examining house of a Vidyapith at several convenient centres at the expiry of each session. A candidate should be considered as entitled to appear at each of these Vidyapith examinations on the production of all certificates from his school, high school, college, or special centre for regular attendance and proficiency in each part of each of the subjects and in each term.

The New York University in America, first of its kind, works on the line above indicated. It gives fullest convenience to students, and keeps its schools and colleges open from morning till 10 p. m. enable students that have to support themselves to attend school at their convience and to their advantage.

Vidyapith and Mass Education.

A Vidyapith cannot afford to remain silent or indifferent towards the vital question of popular (adult) education. The manhood and the womanhood of India is India to-day. Their possible moral and intellectual development together with their professional achievements can invariably strengthen their failing nerve, and decrease their imbecility. The responsibility of a Vidyapith being beyond the ken of imagination and searching intellect, will, it is hoped, ever remain wakeful to take steps to provide popular education with all the possible means such as encouragement of home industries, free libraries, night schools, lectures, expositions, publication and recommendation of a few but most instructive and advantageous books, the vivid representation of the ideals as reflected in our ancient heroes and heroines in prose or poetry, of the truthful narration of recent events expressive of highly moral and mental strength, in the very front of the houses of the farming class, and so further. These are some of the unfailing means for working in the proper direction.

Each Vidyapith should assume responsibility to spread right knowledge by the speediest and cheapest means in the shortest time possible not only to children but also to adults through mendicant travellers, Fakirs, Sadhus, &c. &c. and the achievements of a particular Vidyapith should only be judged from the high mental and moral tone expressed by the population of the province in which that paticular Vidyapith is situate.

It should be the duty of a Vidyapith to approve or recommend only such books, pamphlets. periodicals, papers &c. &c. as would not cause loss of time or money to the people in its province. In effect, Vidyapith should save people's time and money by prohibiting the use of unnecessary, useless and unhealthy reading. At present, small villages are at a loss to understand what to read and what not. In such matters, a Vidyapith should be a guide to the nation and provide her with the most nourishing food for her head and heart. It must have its agents even in the smallest villages of not less than 100 souls, who should carry on national education work not only of boys and girls, but also of adults making use of churches, temples, monasteries, mosques, dharmashallas, musafarkhanas, mandirs and upashrayas &c. &c. for reading rooms, libraries, schools, colleges, indistrial houses and lecture rooms &c. &c. sanctioned by a Vidyapith.

The tenor of the above proposition does not claim to be entirely exhaustive and explicit; still however it will hardly fail to point at a new direction for the reconstruction and reorganization of our present education system. This proposition invites suggestions and discussion from all directions to remedy whatever might be wanting in itself.

NAGINDAS AMULAKHRAI.

THE LIFE AND WORK OF AN INDIAN NATURALIST:

COLONEL ATMARAM SADASHIV GOVINDIN JAYAKAR, I. M. S.

By Sarat Chandra Mitra, M. A.

" Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time ;"
" Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again."—Longfellow.

In my article entitled : " *The Pursuit of Natural History among the Natives of India*" which appeared in the *Calcutta Review* (No. 181) for July 1890, I lamented that, at that time, no Indians had betaken themselves to the study of zoology and botany and expressed an earnest hope that the time would soon come when my cuntrymen would betake themselves, in large numbers, to the study of those sciences.

At the time of writing that article, I was not aware that there, then, lived an Indian naturalist—a native of the Bombay Presidency—who was quietly prosecuting his zoological researches at Maskat on the shores of far-off Arabia, and whose zoological discoveries were eliciting high encomiums from the scientific world in Europe.

This Indian naturalist is no other than Colonel Atmaram Sadashiv Govindin Jayakar I. M. S., a brief sketch of whose career and a short account of whose zoological discoveries I wish to give in this article.

HIS BIRTH AND EDUCATION.

Jayakar was born in Bombay on the 23rd October 1844. He belonged to one of the highly respectable Pathare Prabhu families of that city. In his earlier years, he studied in Mahadev Pantoji's English School at Amarchandwadi. While studying in this school, he displayed signs of precocity, activity and intelligence—qualities which developed in his later life and made him well-known in scientific and literary circles. These sterling qualities enabled him to occupy the first place in every form of the school, through which he passed onwards in his scholastic career. He finished his general English education in the Free General Assembly's Institution (otherwise known as Dr. Wilson's School) at Ambroli. Here again, his high merits and brilliant attainments made him the favourite pupil of his Principal. In 1862, he passed the Matriculation Examination of the Bombay University from the Elphinstone High School.

HIS MEDICAL EDUCAFION.

After passing the Matriculation Examination which he did when he was hardly 16 years old, he took his admission into the Grant Medical College at Bombay, where also his career was distinguished by great brilliancy. It was from this College that, in 1867, he took the L. M. Degree of the Bombay University and was awarded the gold medal and a prize of books valued at Rs. 200 for proficiency in Medical Jurisprudence.

HIS MEDICAL EDUCATION IN ENGLAND.

In March 1863, Mr. (afterwards, Sir) Mangaldas Nathubhai made over a large sum of money to the Bombay University for the foundation of a "Travelling Fellowship" (which has been named after him) in order to enable Hindu graduates to proceed to Europe and prosecute their studies there. For four years, no Hindu graduate had availed himself of this Fellowship.

But young Dr. Jayakar was keenly desirous of competing for the Indian Medical Service, for which the examination was held in London every year. So he applied for the Mangaldas Nathubhai Travelling Fellowship which was awarded to him in due course. Having obtained it, he left for England early in 1867. Shortly after his arrival in England, he was elected a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, and a Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians of London. Then he went in for the I. M. S. Examination in which he came out successful. Thereafter he had to undergo six months' training at the Netley Military Hospital (in England). After this had been finished, he came out to India and joined the Bombay Army as an Assistant Surgeon in November 1868 when he was posted to Baroda in the capacity of a Medical Officer of the 28th Native Infantry.

HIS SERVICE IN INDIA AND ARABIA.

Having served as a Medical Officer at various stations in the Bombay Presidency, he rose, by sheer dint of merit, to be the Civil Surgeon of Ahmedabad in December 1871. He served at Ahmedabad till September 1872 when he was posted to Maskat as Agency Surgeon. He served there in the same capacity till 1899.

HIS CAREER AND ZOOLOGICAL RESEARCHES AT MASKAT.

He lived at Maskat for over 27 years. It was, during his long stay at this place, that he made those remarkable collections of the mammals, reptiles and fishes of Maskat which he afterwards sent to the British Museum of Natural History in London for being worked out. His house in Maskat was filled with the specimens of the fauna of Maskat which attracted the attention and excited the admiration of every passing traveller who happened to call on him.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Bent, who paid Dr. Jayakar a visit, some time in the nineties of the last century, has left the following pen-picture of him :—

" At El Matra live most of the richest merchants, and it is the point from which all the caravan roads into the interior start ; it, too, has a Portuguese castle, and presents a much more alluring frontage than Maskat. In a nice-looking house by the shore dwelt Dr. Jayakar, an Indian doctor, who had lived for twenty-five years at Maskat, combining the post of British Vice-Consul with that of medical adviser to the few Europeans who dwell there. He said he preferred Maskat to any other place in the world, and hoped to end his days there ; *he was a great naturalist, and his house was filled with curious animals from the interior, and marvels from the deep.* He showed us specimens of a rabbit-like animal which the Arabs call 'Whabba', and which, he affirmed, is the coney of the Bible, and of the oryx, which lives up on the Jebel Akhdar ; it has two straight horns which, for one instant and from one point of view when it is running sideways, look like one ; and some say the fact gave rise to the mythical unicorn."

(*Southern Arabia*—By Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Bent. 1900. Page 69).

HIS ZOOLOGICAL COLLECTIONS.

(I) Mammals.

When he was stationed at Maskat, Dr. Jayakar collected a number of mammals from the surrounding country and presented them to the British Museum of Natural History. These were worked out by Mr. Oldfield Thomas. F. R. S., who, in 1894. published the results of his study thereof in *The Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London.* This collection consisted of 58 specimens belonging to 17 species. Of these 17 species, four were new to science. These four new species include a Hare (*Lepus omanensis*), a Dasy or Coney (*Procavia syriaca jayakari*) and a Goat (*Hiemtragus jayakari*) which is allied to the Tahr (*Hemitragus jemlaicus*) and of which two specimens were obtained. This new *Heimtragus* is of great interest from a zoological point of view. About this mammal, Mr. Thomas remarked : " This fine animal, which it has given me great pleasure to name in honor of its discoverer and donor, is the great prize of the collection, both from a scientific and sporting point of view."

With reference to the aforementioned new Goat, Major Percy Molesworth Sykes says :—

"Dr. Jayakar, the Agency Surgeon, who resides at Mattra—the commercial part of Maskat, and who retired in 1900, has made a study of the zoology of this part. His name will not be forgotten as his discovery of a new mountain goat, "*Hemitragus jayakari,*" which no European has hitherto shot, ranks as one of the most interesting finds of the century. As this goat has its habitat within thirty miles of Maskat, I am surprised that no official has yet tried to bag one, to my knowledge." (Major P. M. Sykes's *Ten Thousand Miles in Persia.* 1902. p. 291).

(II) FISHES.

During the years 1887, 1889 and 1891, Dr. Jayakar sent to the British Museum of Natural History, three collections of fishes which he had made at Maskat. These collections included specimens belonging to 17 species which were new to science, besides numerous other specimens which had not been recorded from the Indian Ocean before.

The first of the aforementiond collections was worked out by Dr. Boulenger, F. R. S. who embodied the results of his study thereof in a paper in which he wrote as follows : " This collection containing specimens of 172 species, many of which were unrepresented in the National Collection, and 14 of which are apparently new to science, fills a gap in our knowledge of the distribution of the Indian Ocean."

In the introduction to his paper on Dr. Jayakar's second collection, Dr. Boulenger writes :—

" The Sharks and Rays, which were hardly represented at all in the first collection, have now reached us in numbers, and, from the size and beauty of most of the skins, will, to say nothing of the zoo-geographical interest that attaches to many of them, form a welcome addition to the Fish Gallery of the Museum, where Dr. Jayakar's previous donation of large Sea-Perches, Scombroids Sphyraenas and Sword-Fishes already have a conspicuous place."

The total number of the different kinds of fish collected by Dr. Jayakar at Maskat was 273.

TRIBUTE FROM A BROTHER OFFICER.

Lt. Col. K. I. Kirtikar, in a paper read before the Science Section in connection with the Centenary Celebration of the Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, said :—In concluding my remarks on the mammals, I must not omit to record here the work done by Lt. Col. A. S. G. Jayakar I. M. S. (retired). While he was Residency Surgeon of Muskat for nearly 30 years, he sent to the British Museum, from time to time, carefully made collections of zoological specimens with his own observations, for he was not a mere collector. His intense love for zoology has immortalized his name and not only in the archives of the British Museum, but also in that Grand Temple of Science. His specimens have been named and described by the authorities of the British Museum. Any further references I have to make in this paper to Colonel Jayakar with regard to the specimens sent by him, will be not in my words, but in the words of the describers themselves, as published in the various zoological journals of England and the Continent.

Among mammals, four new species have been found by him. Of these, with regard to *Gazella marica* (nov. sp.), Mr. Oldfield Thomas says : " Dr. Jayakar says, in his letter, that, among the mammals, are found four new gazelles from the Nejd desert and one from Dahireh, the north-western district of Oman. It is probable that the species extends down to the desert behind Oman as that is continuous with the Nejd desert."

Among the specimen of mammals from Oman, S. E. Arabia, examined by Mr. Thomas, there is one named after Col. Jayakar (*Hemitragus jayakari*, Thos.). "This fine animal," says Mr. Thomas, "which has given me great pleasure to name in honour of its discoverer and donor, is the great prize of his collection, both from scientific and sporting point of view." Mr. Thomas further remarked that this new goat found by Col. Jayakar forms a most striking and interesting discovery on which Dr. Jayakar is much to be congratulated.

The new hare *(Lepus omanensis)* found by Col. Jayakar is also markedly distinct from any of its allies.

Dr. Jayakar's find of the new goat has finally settled a long-disputed point about the inclusion of the group *Hemitragi* in the genus *Capra*. "As a matter of geographical distribution, the new goat is a discovery of the highest importance; for, while it is unquestionably a member of the group *Hemitragus*, its locality is the middle of a region inhabited only by the two goats (*Capra*); and, therefore, to some extent, its discovery confirms the separation of the two groups and shows that *Hemitragus* is not merely a local modification of *Capra* due in any sense to geographical conditions. In 1886 Mr. Sclater contributed to the Zoological Society (*P. Z. S.*, for 1886, p. 314) a very useful account of the genus *Capra*, recognizing ten species, among which were included the two *Hemitragi*. How little the discovery of the new goat might have been expected, is indicated by the fact that, of these ten species, the latest discovered, the Markhor, was described in 1839, (and *C. cylindricornis*, omitted by Sclater, in 1841); so that there has not been a new valid species found for over half a century, although no animals have been more keenly sought after by sportsmen or willingly investigated by naturalists."

The next mammal named after Col. Jayakar is "*Procavia syriaca-jayakari*, Thos." With reference to this mammal, Mr. Thomas observes thus:—Thanks to the energy of Dr. A. S. G. Jayakar of Muskat, I am enabled to announce a very considerable extension of the known range of the species *Procavia syriaca*, and, at the same time, of the genus, for he obtained an adult female with its young at Dofar on the southern coast of Arabia about half way between Maskat and Adan, no *Hyracoidea* having been previously known in South Arabia at all."

Among the lizards (*Lacertilia*), two new species are named after Col. Jayakar, namely. *Agama jayakari* and *Lacerta jayakari.*

Among the snakes (*Ophidia*), some new species are named after Mr. H. M. Phipson. Two are named after Col. Jayakar, namely, *Hydrophis jayakari* and *Eryx jayakari.*

In the vast collection of fishes made by Colonel Jayakar on the Arabian Coast since 1873, and presented by him to the British Museum from time to time, no less than 22 species have been described by the British Museum authorities. seven of which have been named after Colonel Jayakar. They are all to be found in the *Proceedings of the London Zoological Society* and in the pages of the *Annals and Magazines of Natural History.*

It would appear from the foregoing accounts that neither has any other Indian naturalist has, so far as my knowlege goes, made so large collections of zoological specimens as Dr. Jayakar did, nor have so many new species of mammals (2), fishes (7) and reptiles (4) been named in honor of any other Indian naturalist. Every Indian ought, therefore, to be proud of Dr. Jayakar's achievements in zoology.

HIS RESEARCHES INFO THE WRITINGS OF TAE ARAB NATURALISTS.

He was a great Arabic scholar. He translated Ad-Damir's *Hayat—al—Hayawan* (or "Life-History of Animals") from the Arabic into English. This translation is in two volumes.

Among the Arabic writers on Natural History, who flourished in the 8th century of the Hajira, Kamal-ud-Din Ad-Damiri holds a very high position. His greatest work entitled *Hayat-al-Hayawan* is an encyclopœdic dictionary of Natural History and may be regarded as the first attempt in Arabic Literature to record, in a systematic form, the vast amount of knowledge of the fauna of Arabia which the Arabs had accumulated in their desert home. This book is of great importance to students of Islamic Literature and Sciences and Arab folklore. It is also of great value as a guide to Semitic scholars in their studies of the primitive culture of the

Semitics, as numerous proverbs, poetical allusions, and traditional sayings are profusely quoted in it.

The first volume of the aforementioned translation was published in 1906 and consists of over one thousand octavo pages of closely printed matter. The first part of the second volume thereof, which consits of over 600 pages, was published in 1908. The 2nd part of the same volume is also of similar size.

He was also learned in Gujarathi lore.

HIS CONNECTION WITH THE LEARNED SOCIETIES OF ENGLAGD AND INDIA.

Dr. Jayakar was a Member of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland (in London), a Corresponding Member of the Zoological Society of London, and a Fellow of the RoyalMicroscopical Society of the same city.

At the time of his death, he was an Honorary Fellow of the Bombay University.

Although he was not, at any time, a Member of the Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, he contributed to its *Journal* the two undernoted papers which again testify to his profound knowledge of Arabic and its dialects :—

(1) Omanee Proverbs (*J. Bo. Br. R. A. S.* Vol. XXI., pp. 435-498).

(2) The Shahee Dialect of Arabia (*Idem.*, Vol. XXI., pp. 246—277).

He joined the Anthropological Society of Bombay on 22nd December 1886 and was a Member of its Council in 1903, 1905 to 1908, and was one of its Vice-Presidents in 1901—1902 and 1904. He read the undernoted three papers before this Society which were subsequently published in its *Journal* :—

(1) Arab Interpretation of Dreams about the Lower Animals (Read on 28th August 1901 and published in the *Journal*, Vol. VI., pp. 60 ff.).

(2) Some Notes on the Arab Belief in the Metamorphosis of Human and Other Beings. (Read on 30th April 1902 and published in the *Journal*, Vol. VI., pp. 181 ff.)

(3) The Angelology of the Arabs (Read an 25th March 1903 and published in the *Journal*, Vol. VI., pp. 304 ff.)

He was an ordinary Member of the Bombay Natural History

Society from 1893, but did not contribute any papers to its *Journal.* He, however, presented this Society's museum with a few Natural History specimens, all of which were ultimately sent to the British Museum in London and were described in the *Proceedings* of the Zoological Society of London, and in the *Annals and Magazine of Natural History.* He also presented to the museum of this Society a splendid collection of shells, all named.

HIS DISTINCTION AS A SURGEON.

As a surgical operator, he was bold and, at the same time, careful. It is, on account of his possession of these two qualities, that he was always successful in his surgical operations.

He wrote a "*Medical Topography of Maskat.*"

He retired from the service in 1899 and died on Monday the 14th August 1911.

HIS PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

Outwardly he was harsh and stern. But, at heart, he was kind and tender. He was charitably disposed ; but his charity was of that unostentatious character which did not allow his left hand to know what his right hand had given away. He had this kindly and sympathetic disposition from his very boyhood, as will appear from the undermentioned incident which occurred during his schoolboy days. While he was a student in Dr. Wilson's School, he had gained a scholarship. But he generously surrendered it in favour of a fellow-student of his, who was in straitened circumstances and, therefore, required pecuniary assistance very badly. This noble act of generosity and self-sacrifice is testified to in an inscription written by Dr. Wilson with his own hand in a prize-book which had been gained by young Jayakar and which consisted of two volumes of the learned Doctor's "*Lands of the Bible.*" The inscription runs thus : "Prize adjudged to Atmaram Sadashiv for his exemplary conduct and marked advancement while attending the classes of the College Division in 1861 and more especially for generosity in surrendering a scholarship which he had gained by honorable competition, to a poor student. Sd. John Wilson, D. D."

This trait of character he retained to the last days of his life, for he was always ready to succour, with pecuniary help, the needy and the indigent among his nearest and dearest kinsmen.

In 1869, he embraced Christianity and was baptized at Ahmedabad in the Irish Presbyterian Church.

His death was a severe loss to all sections of the Indian community.*

SARAT CHANDRA MITRA.

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* For a good deal of the information embodied in this article, I am indebted to Dr. Jivanji Jamshedji Modi, Honorary Secretary to the Anthropological Society of Bombay, and also to the Honorary Secretaries to the Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society and the Bombay Natural History Society.

TWO MEN OF DEVON IN CEYLON.

Chapter I.

JAN WITHCOMB BEGINS HIS STORY.

I am not a literary man, nor am I given to writing over much, but the reading of a book wrote not long since by Captain Robert Knox about his life and adventures amongst the people he calls Chingulays, in the Island of Ceylon, hath prompted me to the use of my pen. For his work is of vast interest to me, inasmuch as I myself have been over much of the same ground as he describeth so well, and I too have met with adventures in that same Island which, to me at least, appear, now as I look back upon them, not less stirring than his. I have seen Robert Knox since his return to England. It was at the East India House in London, whither I had gone on some business ; and, indeed, it was he who made me a present of his book, which hath been so highly acknowledged by the Honourable the Directors of the East India Company. And Captain Knox and I partook of a meal together at the Bull's Head tavern on Ludgate Hill, where he showed me letters which he had received in commendation of his work from gentlemen of very high estate, and among them one which he doth value more highly than all, being from the great architect, Sir Christopher Wren, who, he saith, is full of the building of a great cathedral for London which shall outshine all the churches of the world, except, it may be, the one that all men talk of at Rome.

Robert Knox is a good man, and of great integrity, as his work doth show, and being comparatively young in years,—that is in comparing him with myself, who am not wanting much in years of the age mentioned in Holy Writ as the limit which man can reasonably expect to reach,—it may be hoped that we shall have yet further books from his pen, especially as he hath determined to continue his seafaring career.

My adventures in the Island of Ceylon happened before the events recorded in Master Knox's book, but he was greatly excited to hear me tell of them, and he begged of me to write them down in ink on paper that they might not be lost, saying that—but it would not be becoming of me, Jan Withycomb of Bridworthy, to write what the generous man did say.

It was curious to watch his pleasurable excitement when I spoke to him a few words in the language of the Sinhalese, the people amongst whom he had dwelt for so long a time, and also to see the astonishment of the waiter at the Bull's Head on hearing us speak to each other in the tongue of that far-off land. For I was ever skilful in acquiring the use of foreign tongues. People said I must have got it from my mother, on whom Providence had bestowed great gifts, much greater than I have ever possessed. That may have been owing partly to her having been a Portugal lady, as well as to her education, which was much in advance of that of most ladies in our part of the world. For I have noticed that learning of languages cometh much easier to the people of those foreign countries than it doth to the people of my own nation. My brother, Bob Withycomb, about whom there is much in this story, always said that it was in the tongue, that the Devonshire tongue was too blunt to cut its way amongst those fine foreign lingoes; and, indeed his tongue, poor fellow, was of the bluntest, neither could he keep foreign words in his mind very long. When we were at school together at Tavistock, many was the beating he received from the custus of the old pedagogue, Master Balkwill, because he could not repeat his Latin verbs; though he had a ready wit, even then, for I remember him, when required to conjugate the verb "*Amo*," blundering in a way that made the master's anger rise, saying, as he looked slily at Dorothy Balkwill, the master's pretty daughter, who was taught in the same school, that he was better acquainted with the spirit than with the letter of the verb.

But more of him anon. I took my leave of Robert Knox at the Bull's Head with great regret, and not until I had promised him to write the history of my adventures, and he had promised me to come on a visit to Bridworthy to read it, and also to see our "Menika" who liveth with us at Bridworthy Farm, and who also appeareth in this history. She being, by the mother's side, of the blood of the Sinhalese and able to speak their tongue right well, he would like well to see and converse with her, for he hath an undoubted affection for the people amongst whom he spent so many years and endured so many hardships.

Now I have told whosever may read this how the writing of it was begun, and as I write, for I write slowly, my hand not being accustomed to pen-work of such length, I can recall most of the incidents of my past life.

It is usual, I have not noted, in writings which are of a biographical character, to say much at the beginning of one's ancestors; and though much might be said of the Withycombs and of their doings, together with other men of Devon in the days of the Spanish Armada, and even further back than that, I will make a begining with the mention of my father. He also was Jan Withycomb,—the eldest son in our family always being called John, and it is said that for several generations there hath always been a Jan Withycomb at Bridworthy. When I was about to be baptized at the parish church at Tavistock, my mother, who as I have said was of Portugal, wanted me to be named after a brave man of her race, and called Constantine; but my father, so she hath since told me, would have none of it, and declared that there was no name so suited to a Devon man as good, plain, honest John. It was not long before my mother, who had met with my father in his voyages to Lisbon, for he was a sailor, grew as fond of the name—his own name, too—as himself, and I believe she got to love Devon better than she ever loved the banks of the Tagus. And as to the men of Devon, she used to say, after some of father's stories about Drake's old sea-dogs, and there had been Withycombs amongst them,—that there were no finer, braver men on the face of the earth. This, of course, was all in the pride of a wife and in the hope for her growing sons; but withstanding that, I think she got to be proud of the county as if she had been born and bred in it.

Of my father I did not see much, for he was frequently away on long voyages at sea, having obtained the post of master of an East Indiaman. But during the intervals of his stay at home, none were so happy in all the land as we. My mother's joy seemed unbounded, while my brother and I obtained holidays from school, and spent much of the days in the woods by the Tavy with our father, who was possessed of a great regard for fishing; and often my mother would come to meet us laden with food and many delicacies to give us our midday meal in the woods. Then in the long evenings we sat around the fireside listening to our father's stories of his adventures in the Indies and of his perils on the sea. As we grew up we boys were accustomed to note that there was much reticence in the stories told in the presence of our mother, and there were gaps in the narratives which we had to fill up ourselves, and the way in which Bob and I completed his stories for him often gave him much amusement. The stories as we finished them were always full of warfare but seafaring; and our contributions were not, I do think, very original. They were a curious mixture of the yarns of the old sea-dogs of Devon and chapters from the Revelation read out by the parson from the old Bible chained to the reading desk in the parish church at Tavistock.

We were always church-goers, as, indeed, were nearly all of our neighbours except the Waldrons, who lived at the Middlebrooke Farm near Whitechurch, and they were Papists. But as there was no church of the Pope near, they had to depend on an occasional visit of a papistical priest for such ministrations as they stood in need of. My father had no love for either priests or Papists, and when he spoke of them it was always with such speaking as men who live much on the ocean thought benefitting when angry. It was not often, however, that he would speak of them; but I remember his saying once to us boys that the less we saw of them the better, for he had had enough of them to last for several generations.

Our mother was always silent and looked sad when priests were mentioned, and would turn the conversation at once to some other subject with a look of significance to our father. And these things I thought not of at that time, but since I have many times pondered them in my heart, and have come to understand better what they meant.

It might have been for this reason that our father would not have us friendly with the Waldrons of the Middlebrooke Farm. He was accustomed to say that they looked down on him because his farm, Bridworthy, was so small. It was true that our farm was much smaller than theirs, and that they had much land of their own; but our father did not much regard his farm except as a change from his seafaring life; and I think he understood but little of it, leaving it much to our hind, William Stidston who served him well and honestly. Notwithstanding which, I feel sure he was proud of the little farm when he was on the deck of his ship, and wished himself there; and when he was at Bridworthy he would say that the master of an East Indiaman was the equal of any man in the county of Devon.

We thought so too; but there was a feeling of mystery in the minds of us boys regarding the Waldrons of Middlebrooke, and often we did go out of our way a little as we went to, or came from, school to look in at the big gates at the old house which, people do say, once was connected with the Abbey at Tavistock, intending to do no more than look, if, haply, something of the secret might come to us through the looking.

And, one day, I do remember right well, nor shall I ever forget,—for it was the day on which I first saw two of the principal personages in this story,—as we were looking in at the gateway, Bob saying he would like to walk up the path a little way, for "nobody wad'n able fur to see ort down to the gate, and I'm Bob Withycomb of Bridworthy," he said, "and I bain't afraid of the Popes." He was always a lad of venturous spirit, and nearly always spoke in the tongue of the people of our dear old Devon.

I cannot say now what we were afraid of particularly, unless it were something of the same feeling we had when, during the dinner hour at Master Balkwill's, we boys went in procession round the parish church saying the Lord's Prayer backward, and then looked in at a keyhole, for we had been told that if we did that we should surely see Satan himself inside. I think there must have been some such thought in our minds of seeing the Pope of Rome at Middlebrooke House, for most of the people of Devon at that time thought of one very much as they did of the other.

On the day of which I speak, Bob, who had gone up by the path nearly to the old tower of the house, came running back towards me with a look of terror on his face, crying, "I've 'a seed un, Jan. Tes the Pope, tes the Pope hisself. Rin, Jan, rin, tes the Pope, I tell ee, rin !"

But in running down the path poor Bob fell on his face, and while I was lifting him to his feet we were joined by the people from the house whom Bob had seen, for they had heard his cries. We would have run away immediately, but were detained by one of two gentlemen in long black robes, whom we knew at once, from descriptions we had heard, to be priests. One of them, who was addressed as Father Alphonso,—and I remember thinking it very curious for so young a man, he was aged about thirty-five of years, to be spoken to as Father,—was very attentive to Bob, and indeed seemed to be affectionately interested in both of us. He stooped to kiss Bob, and I noted, as he did so, that there was a bald round spot on the top of his head. But Bob would none of it, throwing out his feet and hands in most violent ways.

"Why, what a very stupid boy you are !" said a girl who had come down from the house with her brother, a little older than herself, to see what was ado. "It is only Father Alphonso. I thought you Devon boys were not afraid of anything."

"Nor I bain't," said Bob, "only of the Pope and the devil." The girl's voice quieted him, however, for my brother was ever influenced by such voices, and this voice was most musical and pleasant, but no more pleasant than the face was sweet and beautiful. We were both taken aback. Father Alphonso smiled ; the other priest, Father Dormer, as I afterwards found out, broke into a loud laugh. The boy, about my own age, talked of getting the horsewhip for one who could so speak of the Holy Father at Rome. At which Bob's fists were doubled, and perhaps a fight would have ensued but for the girl, who came towards him with a kerchief in her hand, saying, "Poor boy, let him alone, Giles, he is hurt" ; and she pointed to the scratches and blood on Bob's hands, occasioned by his fall. The priest Alphonso wiped the scratches with great tenderness, then wrapped the handkerchief about the hand and spoke in broken English the time, asking us of our ages—I was fourteen and Bob was of the age of twelve. And when we went away, I saw him looking fixedly but tenderly at Bob. And I heard him mutter with a sigh, "Maria Rodrigo"; and I remembered then Maria was my mather's name, and even then the thought came to me, "Bob is like our mother, and he is also like the priest!" They sent us away kindly, all except Master Giles Waldron, who stood aside grumbling.

I spoke to Bob of the strange dark young priest on our way home; but could get little in reply except praises of Mistress Joan Waldron, and how he would like to fight somebody on her behalf. And then he confided to me that he thought her the most beautiful girl in Devon; but I had other thoughts then and my mind was back in the schoolhouse we had left, with pretty Dorothy Balkwill, the schoolmaster's daughter. Thus do this thoughts of young lads run.

CHAPTER II.

GROWING LADS.

Bob was for saying nothing about the adventure at Middlebrooke when we got home to Bridworthy; but in the evening, after we had eaten our broths of mutton which was our supper, my mother inquired relating to the scratches she had noticed on his hand,—and I told her the whole, for I could never say her an untruth, and her eyes always read into my heart. The mention of the priest, Father Alphonso, made a fire come into her eyes, and turned her beautiful dark face pale in such a manner as I had never hitherto observed in her. She gasped and moved her hands cross-wise, and said in a low, intense voice—in the Portugal tongue, the tongue of her youth: "Mother of God; but no, it cannot be he!" This she said, not remembering, I think, that I understood, for she had taught me something of the tongue for amusement, though we seldom talked in it. But as I have before said, such work as the learning of strange tongues was not difficult to me. And when she was excited in her feelings, expressions in that language and of a Papist cast would force themselves suddenly out of her bosom, which at other times her conscience, now entirely with the Reformed religion, would strongly disallow.

After her first surprise she made me sit down at the back of the kitchen, where we had partaken of our broth, and describe for her the appearance of the priest. Her concern was not with the others then, although in the time to come much of the interest of her life was connected with them. But of this she wot not at that time.

When she took us to the chamber, as was her wont, to say our prayers to our Father in heaven, for our father on the sea and all good Devon men,—for so we had been taught to pray,—she asked us to say something new, and we repeated after her—"Keep Thou our mother, O Lord, and this house with all who herein dwell, from aught of harm, either of priest of devil!" And when we went into bed she tucked in the clothes around us, and with a great anxiety begged us never to go near that place, meaning Middlebrooke, again.

The next day, in the morning, when we were drinking our hot milk preparatory to wending our way to school, she repeated the warning, and she looked as if she had not slept; and as she kissed us farewell the tears filled her great dark eyes, and there was a look as of dread for something to come, on her face, which made me offer to stay at home with her, though going to school was never a matter of distress to me. This she would have none of, but she gave orders to William Stidston to stay near the house all day; and when we returned from school in the evening, we found William in the linhay,—a place we had much resort to,—and he told us, with a great awe, that a stranger had come there who had greatly disturbed our mother; and that, though they first talked in some words that had a sound of our own tongue, they afterwards spoke in some barbarous words of the foreigners,—he supposed it was the tongue of his poor mistress before she married the maister,—and he wished maister had' a been home to give un his desarvins, for he believed he was nothing more than one of the Pope's men, come to worry the poor mistress, who was as good a Protestant woman now as ever there was in Devon, theugh he never would 'a thought it of her when her did come to these parts fuss.

Nothing was said of his visit by our mother; and so the time went on to the waning of the year, when we expected our father home. He came on horseback from Plymouth, for he was as much at home on the saddle as he was on the deck of a ship. And our mother and we boys went out to Plymouth road to meet him, for we had received tidings of his approach. And as we went we kicked the yellow leaves, that had fallen from the oak trees, about in our glee, and picked up the black, crackling chestnuts from the ground;

but our mother was silent, and took no note of our fun, until we heard the clatter of horses' feet on the hard road, and then, as the horsemen came in sight, my father and his man who came behind with the bags, she clapped her hands in delight, for she loved well to see him on his horse, and said he looked every inch a king, and never so well as on his return from these long voyages of his.

That first night was always a time of great joy, as we gathered around the fireplace in the kitchen, while he smoked his long wooden pipe which our mother had filled for him, for he had a liking to the weed of Virginia, though he smoked it only sparingly, and in the evenings. It was a trick that sailors caught, he said, andn indeed, most of the sailor men of Devon that I have met were known by their smoke, and I would say nought against it, for it hath oft done me good service. Then after the pipe came the un loading of the bags, and this was to us the great event of the year There were always some presents for us boys which rejoiced our hearts, and shawls or rich lace—such things as women do love—for our mother.

The next day after the return of which I speak, as our father went out with us to the Tavy to see what the trout were like, I noticed that there was a shadow on his big frank face, and the trout disappointed him; and as we were leaving the river he said, although we had not spoken of the matter, "Beware of them foreign priests and the Papistries, lads; don't ee go anist 'em, but rin from um like the devil. Dang um!" And then I knew that our mother had told him of the man in the long black robe. Nor did the shadow leave his face even when we sat down to eat our pasties and the Devonshire cream which our mother had provided for us, food that his soul generally loved.

He was more anxious than ever on this occasion that we should not go near Middlebrooke, and talked of sending us away to Plymouth to school; and my heart was sore stricken at once, for I loved the school at Master Balkwill's, and had—I think it can be no wrong in me, an old man now, to say it—made great way in all the learning taught there. As for Bob, he made no pretension, and cared not anything about the Latin or the English syntax. "One scholard in the family is enough, Jan," he would say; "as for me, I'm gwain to the sea, like our father and like Sir Francis Drake. And the old sea-dogs of Devon never wot much of such learning as Daddy Balkwill's, I reckon." This he said in his ignorance, for they were, some of them, men of much learning and wit. But the dear lad was skilled in all things except in regard to books. From a model which a sailor on board one of my father's ships had made of an East Indiaman, he had learnt all the parts of a ship, and could distinguish every rope and sail; and I have known him, when he was only fifteen years of age, catch one of the wild ponies on Dartmoor, for which these moors were famous, and spring on his back before the pony knew what had happened unto him; nor could all the pony's efforts shake him off, for Bob had a way of sticking on to whatever animal he mounted. In the school, too, Bob grew up to be feared and reverenced far more than if he had known much Latin, by reason of his skill with his fists and in wrestling. I grudged him not, however, for this his popularity, for I loved him; neither was I backward in those arts, which have always been conspicuous among the boys of Devon, myself.

When our father talked of sending us to Plymouth to school, Bob turned white, and I could see that it liked him not any more than myself; and it was a cause of rejoicing to us both when our father yielded to our mother's entreaties to let us remain because of her loneliness during his absences.

And we grew in stature year by year. Bob never grew tall never taller than my mother, and his likeness to her increased. New boys at school would sometimes call him rudely "little Spaniard"; and nothing would enrage him more, for he always called himself a Devon man; and of this he was right proud. And no boy ever called him to his face by that name more than once. Nor did they often dare to call him that in hearing of mine. He was like our mother in appearance, but in naught else, for he was strong with the strength of three. He looked small as compared with my height, though he was of moderate size; but he would bare his arm up to the shoulder and ask you to feel the muscles above the elbow; and they were hard as if they had been wire threads, and he would laugh and say, "That's Dartmoor air and Devonshire cream, old lad."

I will not dwell longer on our growing up, except to mention one or two incidents. Bob was taken from school when he was seventeen to go to sea with my father, who said he was the nimblest man as to his fingers and feet that he had on the ship; and Bob told me, when he returned from his first voyage, that he had had many a fight with the men on board before he could bring them to, and make them haul down their colours; and "some of them were men of Devon, Jan," he said, "from Plymouth."

It boots not that I should tell here his stories of the venturous life he lived at sea, for I have to relate farther on of such adventures that we had together as, he used to say, made his early days at sea simple child's play. And there was much of hardship in his life on board, for our father would never, though he loved him dearly, allow him privileges above those which pertained to the others.

His visits home were not so protracted as my father's; but during the days he spent here, I noticed that he spent much of his time in the woods; but for what purpose I could not say at first, nor did I heed it much, for my time was greatly occupied with the little farm—although a part of my time was given to such education as good Master Balkwill could impart to me, and he was a man with an Oxford degree, and had in his time been tutor to a son of the Earl of Bedford, who was still his patron. He would never take a living, though his patron greatly wanted him to, and would have given him one. Our mother, who liked not the thought of my going to sea, wished that I would train for the Church; and my father would gladly have borne the expense, for he would say, "What's the use of all that Latin and Greek, Jan, if thee bain't gwain to be a passon?" But there was one at Master Balkwill's who would laugh at the thought of my entering the Church. She—it was Mistress Dorothy—used to say, "Thou are not made for it, Jan, any more than thy brother Bob"; and indeed it was not to my liking, though I reverenced the position and those who held it.

One day, in walking up from Bridworthy to Tavistock, I noted one whom I thought to be Bob, for it was while he was at home, walking up the path through the woods towards Middlebrooke, and there was a woman at his side; but I made no inquiries of him, waiting for him to tell me, as of old, what was in his heard.

It was two or three days before Michaelmas, when the people do come in from all sides of the country round to the Fair, and the games and great matches were being got ready for on Abbey Mead but what it was that fell out there must be left for another chapter.

SAMUEL LANGDON.

RAJSINGHA.

Chapter VI.

LOAVES AND FISHES FOR THE RANA.

Having set Nirmal down at a secluded spot near the field of action Maniklal told her to wait there, and making directly for the spot where the Rana's encounter with Mabarak had taken place, appeared at the rear of the latter's regiment.

He had not left the place after the commencement of the engagement. He had seen Rajsingha enter the clough and been alarmed at the thought that the Moghuls would kill him by barring that opening of the ravine. Hence was it that he had spurred to Rupnagar for the reinforcement and hence he now hastened to that side with the regiment at once. It became clear to him at a glance that the Rajputs were at their last gasp—the jaws of death were yawning.

He now pointed to Mabarak's soldiers and said to his companions," These are the banditti, slay them." Some of them remarked, "These fellows appear to be Moghuls to be sure." Manik replied, "Are brigands not met with among the Moghuls ? Are only the Hindus the malefactors of all descriptions ? Open fire."

On this, there arose the simultaneous reports of a thousand guns. Mabarak turned and saw that he was attacked unexpectedly from behind by a thousand horsemen. The Moghuls lost heart and fell back. They fled whithersoever they could. Mabarak could not control them ; and the Rajputs pursued them with the cry "Victory to Mataji."

Chased by the Rupnagar forces Mabarak's soldiers disorderly ascended the heights in their flight, with the enemy at their heels. Mabarak in his attempt to turn them suddenly disappeared with his horse.

At this opportunity Maniklal approached the wondering Rana and saluted him. The Rana enquired, "What is all this Maniklal ? I am at my wit's end. Are you supplied with any information ?"

Manik said laughing, "Yes your Majesty, when I found you down in the ravine I gave you up for lost and to ensure means for your of safety I had to play another game." He now briefly informed him all that had happened. The Rana felt very grateful and having embraced him, said, "Maniklal, you are indeed a devoted servant. Your achievement shall be rewarded if ever I return to Udaipur. But you have sadly disappointed me as to the fulfilment of the desire of my heart of hearts.—I would have shown the Mussalmans an example of the death a Rajput embraces."

Maniklal: Your Majesty's humble retainer is at your service to make the Mussalman learn that lesson. That cannot be included among regal functions. The way to Udaipur is deoppilated now. It is scarcely meet to wander among hills away from the capital. Be pleased to start for home with the princess.

Rajsingha: Some of my companions are yet on the hill on the other side—they are to be made to descend and join us.

Maniklal: I shall see to that. Be pleased to proceed in advance: We shall come up with you on your way.

The Rana approved this and set out with Chanchal Kumari for Udaipur.

Chapter VII.

THE AFFECTIONATE AUNT.

Having parted from the Rana, Maniklal followed the Rupnagar cavalry to the dun. Rushed by the routed Moghuls the people ran away wherever they could. Maniklal now said to the Rupnagar soldiers, "The enemies have stampeded. What is the use of your troubling any longer? Success has been achieved, go you back to Rupnagar." They also saw that this was indeed the case—that there were no more antagonists to face, and it was evident to them moreover that Manik had adopted an underhand policy. But as the incident had been patched up unexpectedly, and as that was past praying for, the soldiers fell to looting and having secured a handsome booty, triumphantly took the way home, smiling happily and proclaiming the Emperor's victory. In about half an hour the mountain pass was deserted, and finding the killed and the wounded men and horses only left there, the Rajputs who had been stoning them from the steep hill, came down. But they met with none in the vicinity and concluded that the Rana had proceeded with the rest of their companions to Udaipur the way to which place they also took to find him out. They overtook him on their way and went along with him.

Every one appeared except Maniklal. He was up to the ears in solicitude about Nirmal. Having collected all the Rajputs and sent them off he flew to her. He served her light refreshments, called in bearers with a palanquin from the village, helped her into it and took a route different from what the Rana was following as he was disinclined to risk a discovery with the booty.

He directed his steps towards his aunt's and arriving there he called her and said, " Dear aunt, I am accompanied by a bride." On seeing her the aunt looked partially blue as she thought that the girl would likely stand in the way of her expectation for gain. But how to help herself over the present situation ? Two pieces of gold have already been received and hardly could she refuse a day's hospitality, so she replied, " She is quite pretty."

Maniklal : But I have not been married to her as yet.

The aunt jumped to the conclusion that the girl must then be a concubine and taking advantage of the opportunity remarked, " Then at my place—"

Maniklal : What of that ? Do get us wedded, and this very day too.

Nirmal cast her eyes down abashed. The aunt here found another opportunity and remarked, "That would indeed be a felicity to be sure—for whose sake but yours may such an undertaking be naturally welcome ? But the occasion entails some expenses to be sure—eh ?

Maniklal : What matters it ?

It may be known to the reader that loot follows a battle. Maniklal had helped himself to a sum of money by searching the dress of the dead Moghul sowars at the time of his return from the battlefield, and he now flung some *asrafis* clinking on the floor before her. The aunt was highly gratified and having picked them up put them into her box, and went out to make necessary arrangements suitable for the occasion. But as flowers, sandal paste and the services of a priest were the only things required, the *asrafis* remained intact. As regards Maniklal's gain, he became Nirmal's husband according to the prescribed rites. Needless to say that he rose to a very high position in the Rana's army and commanded universal respect for his merits.

PART V.

Chapter I.

THE PLEBEIAN PREFERRED TO THE PATRICIAN.

It has been observed that Mabarak was suddenly lost to view on the hill-side in the field of action. The reason was that there happened to be a well in the way he was pursuing with his soldiers. Some one had sunk it for supply of water with the object of taking up his residence on the height. The coppice surrounding the orifice had covered it. And as he rode along without noticing this, he fell into it together with his horse. There was no water within but the violence of the fall itself killed the animal, Mabarak was not much hurt as he was on his guard during the descent, but he could find no means to get out of the pit. In the hope of being rescued if he could attract notice, he went on crying for help, but the tumult of the conflict stood in the way of response being caught. But for once only did it seem that there came from a distance the reply "Remain quiet—I shall take you up." But that too was a matter of doubt.

The conflict over, the place became still and quidam enquired, "Are you alive?"

Mabarak : Yes.

The person : Whoever I may be—are you much hurt ?

Mabarak : Slightly.

The person : I have twisted some pieces of cloth in the form of a strong and long rope which is tied to a piece of wood. I let it down into the well. Take hold of the extremities with your hands, and I shall draw you up.

Mabarak (surprised) : Ah ! 'tis a female voice to be sure ! Who are you ?

The woman : Don't you recognise this voice ?

Mabarak : Yes, I do. How comes it that you are here, Daria ?

Daria : It is for you. Now get up, I am going to lift you.

Thus saying she cast the rope to him. She had already cleared the orifice of the vegetation with her sword. Mabarak held the ends and Daria went on pulling, but she lacked strength and tears were moistening her eyes. She now passed the rope over a bent bough, laid herself down and kept drawing—Mabarak appeared on the surface. He was surprised at casting his eyes on her, and asked, "What is this ? Why this guise ?"

Daria : I am an imperial sowar.

Mabarak : Wherefore ?

Daria : For yourself alone.

Mabarak : And the reason ?

Daria : Otherwise who would have delivered you to-day ?

Mabarak : Is it for this that you have come from Delhi ? Is this the reason why you are accoutred as a sowar ? Ah, here is blood ! You have been hurt ! What on earth did you do all this for ?

Daria : On your account I have done so. Else could you remain alive ? Now. what love is it that the *Shahzadi* bears you ?

Mabarak (chap-fallen and with head hung down) : The *Shahzadis* never love.

Daria : We are proletarians and we love. Now sit down. I have got a litter ready for you, riding is not advisable.

Some of the palanquins with the Moghul army had been taken away by the stampeding bearers. On seeing Mabarak fall into the well, Daria's first care was to look up for the vehicles. She now traced the bearers aad brought two conveyances, one of which she helped Mabarak to get into and the other she entered herself ; and then took the way to Delhi together. Before taking his place in the palanquin, Mobarak kissed Daria and said, ' No more shall I divorce you."

Having arrived at a suitable place Daria ministered Mabarak who recovered through her treatment.

When in Delhi, Mabarak took her by the hand to his home. This made them very happy for a time but the consequence was terrible—dreadful for Daria, dreadful for Mabarak, dreadful for Jebunnissa and dreadful for Aurangzeb. We shall unravel that wonderful mystery later on. It is required here to speak something of Chanchol Kumari.

Chapter II.

RAJSINGHA CONQUERED.

It is known to the reader that Rajsingha came to Udaipur. The rescue of Chanchal Kumari was the motive leading to the encounter and hence she too was conveyed to and accommodated in his palace. But whether she should be detained there or sent back to her father seemed a nut to crack, and as long as Rajsingha could not come to a decision on the point he did not see her.

Chanchal Kumari on the other hand was much surprised at the attitude of the Rana. She thought, " It does not appear that the Rana intends to take me to wife, and if he does not, why should I sojourn his seraglio ? But where, on the other hand also, to take myself to ?"

While sitting on the fence, Rajsingha called upon Chanchal Kumari in a few days to feel her pulse, having provided himself with the letter to him sent through Ananta Misra and received from Maniklal. The Rana took his seat and Chanchal Kumari bowed, and took her stand coyly and meekly aside. He was smitten to a degree at the sight of her superb charms but instantly recalling his self-possession he said, " I have the pleasure to visit you, princess, to learn your present intention. Do you think good to return to your father or desire to remain here ?"

This broke her heart. Her articulation failed—silence reigned supreme on her lips.

He now exhibited her letter to her and asked, " Is this verily yours ?"

Chanchal : Yes, your Majesty.

Rana : But the whole of it is not in the same hand. Two different one's are obvious. Is there any part penned by yourself ?

Chanchal : The first is from my pen.

Rana : Is the rest then written by another ?

The reader may recollect that the proposal for marriage was contained in the latter part. Chanchal rejoined, " Not by myself."

Rana : But done with your approval ?

The query sounded very harsh, But her reply was quite in keeping with her lofty nature. She talked up, " Please your Majesty, the *kshatriya* kings may carry off maidens for purposes of marriage only, else it is a great sin. How could I request you to commit such an enormity ?"

Rana : But I have not abducted you. To keep your caste and pedigree pure I have ridden you from the Moghul's clutches. And it is to send you back to your father now, that is a royal duty.

Chanchal Kumari's trammel of maidenly coyness relaxed from the few words she had already addressed to the Rana. And now she looked him steadily in the face and made bold to speak out, "May it please your Majesty, you understand your royal responsibilities and I too mine. Espouse me or not, I can never give my hand in conscience to another. Since you are my husband in faith and fairness, I am bound to submit to your will. If you bid me return to Rupnagar, I must obey you. But then my father will be compelled to send me again to the Emperor, for it is beyond his power to keep me. And if this meets with your approval, why did you, when I asked your permission at the battle field, prevent me from going to Delhi ?"

Rana: That was only to hold my ground.

Chanchal: And after that, do you now find the departure to Delhi of her who has thrown herself on your protection permissible ?

Rana: That also seems absurd. It would therefore be advisable for you to remain here.

Chanchal: As a guest or a maid ? The princess of Rupnagar cannot be any thing but a queen here.

Rana: Fortunate indeed is he to be counted who possesses a queen of your universally striking loveliness. I hesitate to make you my consort only because you are such a peerless beauty. It is said that according to the Shastras a charming wife is an enemy :—

Unfriendly a borrowing father, a frail mother a foe,
Perilous a pretty wife, an ill-bred son is so.

Chanchal Kumari (smiling): May your Majesty be pleased to pardon my girlish pertness,—are all the ranis of Udaipur ill-favoured ?

Rana: None can be likened to yourself in good looks.

Chanchal: I beseech your Majesty not to let this fall from your lips in the hearing of the ranis. There may be room even for Maharana Rajsingha to tremble in.

Rajsingha burst into laughter. Chanchal so long on her legs, took heart of grace to make herself at home in a seat and thought within herself, "No longer is he a Maharana to me, he is now my groom." and spoke out, "Please your Majesty, you will no doubt see the reason to overlook the discourtesy of my seating myself in your presence without permission, I did so with the object of acquiring knowledge—a pupil is entitled to a place. I am however still at a loss to understand how a beautiful wife can be taken to be an enemy."

Rana: That can easily be made clear. A bonny wife becomes a bone of contention; as a case in point, I am at war with Aurangzeb though you have not yet become my wife. And you are, I believe, acquainted with the case of Maharani Padmini of our race.

Chanchal: I do not find the saying of the sage much acceptable. Do kings get over perils if their queens are not handsome? And moreover why do you broach that point in connection with a miserable creature? The discord destined to arise on my account has already sprung up, what though I am pretty or otherwise?

Rana: There are more reasons. Men become attached overmuch to charming wives. And that is very censurable in a king as it interferes with royal duties.

Chanchal: Kings never lose sight of their responsibilities even in the midst of numerous queens. And that Maharana Rajsingha will grow indifferent to his duties from the love of a girl like my humble self is not very credible.

Rana: Not so incredible as you suppose.

The Shastras say—

A senorita to the senile
Proves a poison subtile.

Chanchal: Is your Majesty senile?

Rana: But hardly a juvenile.

Chanchal: It is the strength of arms that juvenility consists in in the eyes of a Rajput girl and nancies are regarded by them as decrepit.

Rana; I am not handsome.

Chanchal: Kingly comeliness is but his gloriousness.

Rana: There is no scarcity of fine, vigorous and young princes.

Chanchal: I have resigned myself to you, I should be breaking wedlock if I espouse another. My utterances break bounds of decorum downright, but please rouse into recollection that Sakuntala, when disowned by Dushmanta, had been obliged to cast coyness to the winds, I am almost in the same strait to-day. I shall drown myself in the *Rajasamandar* if I am refused.

Thus overcome in the debate Rajsingha remarked, "You and you alone are the match for me as a queen. But you made choice of me as a husband only when you had a wolf by the ears, and whether you are inclined to get rid of me now—whether it is possible for you to entertain tender feelings for me at the present period of my existence were questionable points. But the colloquy of this day has satisfied me. You shall be my queen. One thing, however, I would bide. Will your father consent? I am not inclined to marry against his wishes. The reason is that although your father's possessions and military strength are inconsiderable, that he is valiant and an able army-leader is well-known. A war between myself and the Moghuls is inevitable and then his help will be a tower of strength to me. Marriage without his permission will not win him to my side, and our union, if it runs counter to his desire, may rather prompt him to join the Moghuls against me. And that is not desirable. So I should like to wive you after having received his consent in reply to my espitolary communication—may he accord it?"

Chanchal: Nothing occurs to me as plausible for his saying 'nay'. I should be glad to devote myself to idolising your feet with the blessings of my parents. Sending a messenger is likely to me also.

Rajsingha now wrote a complaisant letter and sent a nuncio to Bikram Solanki. Chanchal Kumari addressed one to her mother begging her blessing.

Chapter III.

NEED FOR KINDLING

The reply of the King of Rupnagar was duly received. It was tremendously severe. It ran (having been addressed to Rajsingha):—You are the like of a diadem to Rajputana. But you are now prepared to hold up the name of the Rajput to infamy. You have forcibly made off with my daughter, to my dishonour. She was to become the empress of the world but you have put a spoke in the wheel against her. I too should turn hostile to you. You shall not be able to marry her with my consent.

You may adduce that Kshatriya heroes of old used to marry girls thus obtained. Vishma, Aryuna, and Srikrishna himself had abducted girls; but where are the same might and valour in you? Armstrong if you are, wherefore there is a Moghul Emperor in

Hindustan? The lion's provider should scarcely imitate the lion. I too am a Rajput and I am aware that giving away my daughter to a Mussalman cannot add to my glory. But the Moghul will not spare a single stone of the Rupnagar hills if I refuse. If I could defend myself unaided or knew that some one else would throw a shield over me, I too would have disagreed. When I come to be aware of your possessing that power I may discretionarily give her in marriage to you.

True it is that formerly the Kshatriya kings would marry girls possessed by prehension, but such trickery, falsehood and deception none would stoop to. Having by misrepresentation attracted my servitors to your side through your emissary to me, you purloined the daughter of my identical self, which otherwise would defy your martialism. But weigh the enormity of the consequence you make me a victim to. The Moghul Emperor will conclude that as my servitors had fought, it must have been through my own machinations that my daughter had been removed. So, he will surely devastate Rupnagar first and then punish you. I too know how to fight but who dares make head against the enormous odds of the Moghuls. And this is the reason why almost all the Rajputs lick the dust before him—a mite of humanity as my humble self being altogether out of the question.

I know not if a full disclosure to him will enable me to save my skin. But if you espouse my daughter or if she be beyond the limits of presentability to him, then myself and my daughter will be past all chance of being let off.

Marry not my daughter, otherwise you will be overtaken by my malediction. I solemnly invoke the doom that in that case my daughter be a widow, deprived of sharing cremation with you, bereft of issues and miserable for life; and your capital be the lairs of jackals and dogs.

Below this terrible imprecation Bikram Solanki penned the following portion, " If any time I am satisfied with reasons to find you eligible I shall willing give her in matrimony"

Chanchal Kumari's mother did not reply. Rajsingha read to her the letter of her father, and to her eyes it appeared a blank all around.

After a long silence observed by her, Rajsingha asked her,

" What should be done now ? Is union in wedlock wise or otherwise ?"

Chanchal Kumari wiped away a tear—a droplet of tear only—and replied, " Who can be the daughter that dares think of matrimony on pain of bearing the brunt of such a paternal ban ?"

Rana : If you then think good to return to your father's place, I can send you.

Chanchal : And that, perforce. But that is all the same to go to Delhi, and how may it be worse to take shelter under the wing of poison ?

Rana : Listen to the procedure I suggest, you are just the girl for a queen of mine. It pains me to give you up abruptly and again, I will not marry you without receiving your father's blessings, the expectation of which I do not altogether despair of. War with the Moghuls is unavoidable—my sole reliance rests with *Ekalinga*. I shall either fall therein or defeat the Moghuls.

Chanchal : I am confident that they will be vanquished by you.

Rana : That is a tremendously trying task ; but if at all successful I shall surely win your father's benediction.

Chanchal : And till that time ?

Rana : Stay here for the period. There shall be separate apartments for you like my queens. I shall proclaim that you are shortly to become my spouse and in view of that you shall be addressed " Maharani" by all, only I shall not visit you till the wedding ceremony is duly performed. What do you say to this ?

Chanchal Kumari perpended the matter and found that nothing better could be done under the existing circumstances. She therefore agreed and Rajsinha too was as good as his word.

Chapter IV.

FURTHER NEED FOR KINDLING.

Nirmal heard from Maniklal that Chanchal Kumari had become a queen. But he could not definitely give the date of the ceremony nor if it had been performed at all. Nirmal in person therefore waited on Chanchal.

This meeting after a long interval made Chanchal very happy.

She detained Nirmal that day. They told to each other in detail all that happened after Rupnagar had been left. Chanchal was delighted to hear of Nirmal's felicity, felicity indeed because Maniklal had been lavishly rewarded by the Rana—he had come to possess a mint of money, moreover, he had been favoured with a high office in the army and was in the enjoyment of the glory of lofty honours conferred by the king. Nirmal owned elevated mansions, money and means, attendants and maids, everything; and to her Maniklal was clay in the hands of the potter. On the contrary Nirmal was much pained to hear of Chanchal Kumari's miseries and was greatly displeased with her parents, Rajsingha and Chanchal Kumari. She declined to address Chanchal Kumari as Maharani, and vowed to read Rajsingha a lecture when they would meet. Chanchal Kumari said, "Drop the matter now. None else of my kith and kin is now with me. It is troublesome to me to stay here thus. Since I happen to be favoured with the deodate of your welcome visit I cannot let you leave me, you will have to lend me your company."

Hereupon Nirmal at first felt as if the heaviness of a hill oppressed her bosom. She had been taken to Maniklal's bosom only quite recently, the blessing of love and fortune were inchoate—could she find in her heart to tear herself away from all these and stay with Chanchal Kumari ? Nirmal could not readily agree—she did not adduce any lame excuse, but yet could not open her heart to Chanchal Kumari as to the fact. She replied, "I shall let you know in the afternoon."

Chanchal Kumari's eyes became moistened. She thought to herself, "Even Nirmal forsakes me ! Turn the back dost thou not upon me O God, I pray." Then she smiled softly and remarked, "You minded not, Nirmal, venturing out on foot alone from Rupnagar for my sake and were on the brink of death. But now ! now you are under a wedded wooer's idolising wing !"

Nirmal was crest-fallen. With a thousand self-reproof she replied, "I shall come in the afternoon. I shall once have to consult him whom I have made my master ; and the disposal of matters relating to a girl thrust on me should be looked to."

Chanchal : What matters it letting her rather accompany you here ?

Nirmal : This place had better avoid the pesterment of her whinings and screamings. There is a courtesy aunt whom I shall summon and leave the house and the girl in charge of.

This commune over, Nirmal congeed. She went home and told Maniklal everything. He too felt the pang of separation, but as he was an exceedingly devoted servant, he did not raise any objection. The aunt came and took charge of the girl.

Chapter V.

WHAT THAT NEED IS ?

Nirmal attended by her suite was proceeding in a palanquin towards the female apartments of the Rana.

A house in a large square in the way was the scene of a large crowd. Her conveyance had a cover of precious cloth but prompted by the noise of the rush she drew it aside and looked out. Beckoning a maid she asked, " What is this ?" She came to learn that an astrologer residing there commanded a large number of customers who formed the crowd—also that he could answer all sorts of questions as corroborated by the accuracy of the results verified. She now said, " Tell my pikemen to clear the way for me. I shall go in and consult the astrologer, but no need of disclosing my identity."

The push of the spears of the pikemen, made the concourse give way—Nirmal's conveyance entered the premises. The business of the occupying visitor being finished Nirmal took the customer's seat ; bowing to the astrologer she paid something as a retaining fee.

Astrologer : What do you want having calculated, mother ?

Nirmal : Please ascertain the answer to what I ask and let me know it.

Astrologer : Question—well—go on.

Nirmal : There is an intimate friend of mine.

The astrologer put something down on a piece of paper and asked, " What next ?"

Nirmal : She is single.

The astrologer jotted down something again and said, " And then ?"

Nirmal : When will she get married ?

He again wrote and then went on chalking, consulted the configuration, the dial plate, put her many questions, worked much in figures, referred several books and then looked at her and shook his head.

Nirmal : It is not given to her to enter matrimony ?

Astrologer : Almost like that the Shastras opine.

Nirmal : Why 'almost' ?

Astrologer : If ever the consort of the sovereign of all the lands and seas come and do your friend's bidding her wedding will come to pass, otherwise not. And as that is impossible my answer was in the negative.

Nirmal : Impossible, no doubt.

And she paid him something and left.

Chapter VI.

THE IGNIFEROUS INJUNCTION.

The fire that broke out on the severance of Chanchal Kumari from the Moghuls would have consumed either the Moghul Empire or Rajputana. But owing only to the benignity and generosity of Rajsingha such an extreme could not be reached. To detail the chain of these wonderful events cannot be the object of a novel but yet the conclusion hereof will not be clear unless we touch upon some of them.

The news of Chanchal Kumari having been purloined reached Delhi and a great storm was raised in the city. The irated Emperor visited some of the leaders of his army with dismissal, some with imprisonment and others with death. But it was very difficult for his punitory authority to reach the principal offenders, Rajsingha and Chanchal Kumari, so readily, for although Mewar is a small state it is a very ruinously risky region. It is bulwarked all around by mountains hardly accessible—the Rajputs were all valiant and Rajsingha was the star of the first magnitude of the Hindu heroes. Of what the Rajput can do under the circumstances even Akbar was given a taste by Pratap Singha. The Emperor of the world had for a time to pocket an affront.

But Aurangzeb was not a bridler of wrath upon any one. He was born to grind the face of the Hindu, offence of the Hindu was specially unbearable to him. On the first score the Hindu Maratha had affronted him repeatedly and the Rajput now followed suit. He had not been able to do to the former anything much for effect and was not in a position to make the latter feel his powers off hand, but vent his spleen he must. He therefore decided upon a general Hindu oppression to meet the malfeasance of Rajsingha.

The income tax now appears to us to be too much of a hardship but in the Mahomedan period there was one which out-Heroded it. It was all the more over-burdensome because it was imposed on the Hindus only to the exemption of the Mussalmans. It was called *Jejia.* The great politician, Emperor Akbar, had repealed it having come to see its perniciousness. Since then its operation ceased, but now the Hindu-hater Aurangzeb began to add to his tyranny by putting it anew into force. He had already proclaimed its revival, but its persecution now ran riot. The Hindus were afraid, tyranised and heartsick. With folded hands thousands of Hindus prayed for his mercy but alas ! mercy he had none. On Friday when he went to the mosque for prayer, myriads of Hindus in a body shed tears before him but like a second Hiranyakasipu he pronounced the order, " Let elephants tread them underfoot," and that crush was quelled by being crushed under the ponderous limbs of the huge animals.

India under Aurangzeb paid the tax. In the vast extent from the Brahmaputra to the Indus iconoclasm raged, ancient cloud-kissing shrines came to be broken and razed making room for mosques. The shrine of Visheswara in Benares and that of Keshab in Mathura disappeared, and in Bengal all the monuments of architectural glory bade eternal adieu.

Aurangzeb now issued the order that the Rajputs of Rajputana also must pay the *Jejia.* The people of the place were not his subjects but the proclamation was inflicted on them only because they were Hindus. They at first declined to comply, but all Rajputana except Udaipur was then at a standstill as a craft without a helmsman. Joysingha of Joypur whose strength of arms was a great help to the Moghul Empire had joined the majority—his death having been brought about by poison administered through the artifice of the faithless traitor, Aurangzeb. His son now of age was in confinement at Delhi. So Joypur paid the *Jejia.*

Jaswantsingha too of Jodhpur was no more. His rani was now Regent to the throne. Though a woman she with a stern rebuff made the officers of the Emperor clear out. Aurangzeb was about to take up arms against her, and being a woman she lost heart at the hectorism of warfare. She did not pay the tax but ceded a part of her territory.

Rajsingha did not pay this—by no manner of means would he submit to it, he staked everything on the issue. He wrote to Aurangzeb a letter of which an authority on Rajput history says, "The Rana remonstrated by letter, in the name of the nation of which he was the head, in a style of such uncompromising dignity, such lofty yet temperate resolve, so much of soul stirring rebuke mingled with a boundless and tolerating benevolence, such elevating excess of the Divinity with such pure philanthropy, that it may challenge competition with any epistolary production of any age, clime or condition."* The letter served the purpose of an oblation of ghee to the fire of the imperial ire.

His next order upon Rajsingha purported to be that pay the *Jejia* he must and allow slaughter of kine and demolition of shrines besides, in his territory. Rajsingha set about preparing for war.

Aurangzeb too did the same, and in a scale the amazing vastness of which he never repeated afterwards, The extremities he would not have gone to in case of a war with the Shah of Persia or the sovereign of the celestial empire were resorted to for an excursion against the king of so small a domain. As Xerxes, the ruler of half of Asia, did to conquer the petty kingdom of Greece, so did the Xerxes of the seventeenth century in point of gigantic preparations to defeat Rajsingha. These two facts bear comparison—and there is no third. We undergo the drudgery of commiting to memory the crams of Grecian history but alas ! we know nothing of the history of Rajsingha, and such is the rich reward of modern education.

K. C. KANJILAL.

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*Tod's Rajasthan, Vol. I, Page 381.

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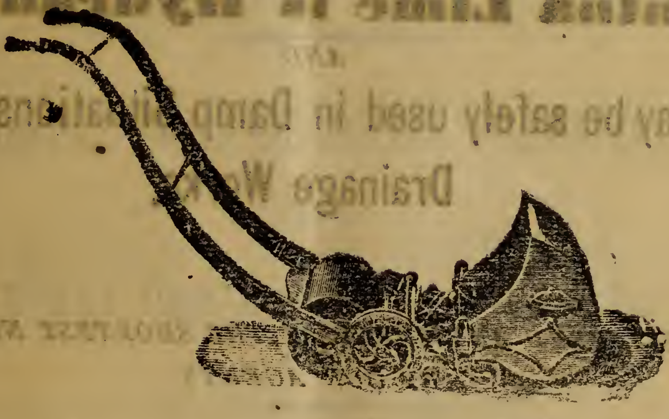

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SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF MARK TWAIN.

During the winter of 1895-6 Calcutta was stirred to unwonted enthusiasm by the arrival of Mark Twain, on a lecturing tour. Mr. V. Polk, Consul-General for the United States, gave a dinner party in honour of the distinguished visitor, to which my wife and I were bidden. Dr. Johnson said of Burke that no one could take shelter with him from the rain under an archway without discovering that he was an extraordinary man ; and Mark Twain's personality would have attracted notice anywhere. He was of medium height, strongly but rather loosely built. His face, cleanshaven but for bushy moustaches, was lit up by piercing light-blue eyes : his noble forehead surmounted by a leonine mane of silvery hair. Mrs. Clemens was a typical New Englander of the best Puritan strain. She had the dove-like grace which characterised Qakeresses of the last generation. Her manner was unassuming, but full of quiet dignity, and conveyed an impression of a considerable reserve of moral strength. Miss Clara Clemens, the second daughter who accompanied them on the tour, resembled her mother in features and disposition. She proved herself that evening a brilliant pianist.

Mark Twain's humour was volcanic and spontaneous as a force of nature. It was pregnant with startling antithesis and similes which would have occurred to no one else. He rarely smiled, and never laughed outright : but intimates knew that something excruciating was on the stocks when they saw a tell-tale twinkle in his expressive eyes. Our talk ran on the Presidential election, which had just taken place and thence strayed into American politics. Mark Twain said that a huge mistake was made after the War of Secession in giving the franchise to negroes before they were fit to exercise it. The white population in the Southern States saw that, unless a determined stand were made, they would be swamped by the coloured element. Electioneering is a fine art in America : its devices have all the ruthlessness and stratagem of warfare. In a county of Tennessee, which had an overwhelming negro majority the legislature forbade voters to poll unless they could produce certificates of registration. Now negroes cannot resist a circus ; they will beg, borrow or steal the price of a seat. During the winter before an election, one of these shows toured through the state, and its advance posters announced that registration certificates would be accepted at the box-office as equivalent to 25 cents. The result was that not one negro in ten was qualified to vote ; and the whites secured a crushing majority, In another constituency a committee of scrutineers was appointed after an election, consisting of two whites and as many negroes. They went upstairs to a private room in the local hotel in order to count the votes. One of the whites was carrying the ballot-box, while his dusky colleague pressed behind, watching every movement. On opening the door he was greeted by feminine shrieks from within. They had mistaken the room, and hastily withdrew with many apologies. But the presumed " lady' was an agent of the Caucasian faction, and in the confusion she deftly substituted a packed ballot-box for the genuine article.

Mark Twain opined that Africans were quite capable of climbing the social ladder. Their keen sense of humour indicated considerable brain-power, which might be developed by education. Of this characteristic he gave us some amusing examples :—

An old Negro was asked whether he believed in the efficacy of prayer with regard to material wants. " I dunno about dat," was his reply, " but just afore de war when it was mighty hard pickin' for de cullered bredren, ef I asked Goramitey to give me one of Massa Peyton's fat turkeys, no notice was taken ob de petition. But ef I prayed Him to send dis cullered brudder to fetch one of Massa Peyton's fat turkeys—de matter was 'tended to afore sun-up."

People in a street-car observed a Negro passenger swaying from side to side alike a pendulum. Noticing their astonishment at his antics, he said :—" You know Massa Heimberger, what keeps a jeweller's shop in twenty-fust street ? Well, he sold me a watch yesterday for $10 ; and ef I don't swing about like dis, dat watch doan't go any moah !"

A newly-married Negro was asked how he liked double harness. " Well, it's just dis way," was his reply : " While I was courtin', and knocked at de back doah, she used to say, " Am dat you, honeysuckle ?" Now she bellow out, " Clean up dem hoofs afore you dirty my kitchen, you black moke !"

After delivering a couple of lectures to packed audiences, Mark Twain started for Darjiling, and we saw him off at Howrah, which is a Calcutta replica of London Bridge station. We could not find the carriage which the Company had placed at his disposal and as the train was about to start, Mark Twain invaded a compartment already pretty full to the undisguised annoyance of its occupants. He told us on his return that one of them left at the first halting place, and afterwards accosted him on board the ferry steamer, in ignorance of his personality. " The stranger hoped I had a good night's rest, and told me that he changed at Burdwan into a saloon labelled 'Mr. Clemens and party' which he had all to himself."

At the end of March 1896 he sailed for England, leaving a blank in the lives of many newly-made friends.

In August of that year his strong family affections received a crushing blow from the death of his eldest daughter, Susy, who had inherited a portion of his genius, with her mother's sweet and sunny nature. It is doubtful whether either parent ever fully recovered from the shock. In ignorance of his bereavement I wrote to announce my impending retirement from India, and begged him to help me in raising a fund to clear a Roman Catholic convent school at Chittagong from its fringe of filthy slums. His reply, with an ominous black edging, came from 23, Tedworth Square, Chelsea, and was dated January 19th, 1897 :—

We were very glad to hear from you, but sorry that you and Mrs. Skrine had been ill. No member of my family has been well since our bereavement, but they keep upon their feet, and that is something. I myself have been, and am, pretty well. I wish I could do something in that matter yon speak of, but I am debarred by being still in exile. I can't work it by letter, as I am not acquainted with any rich Romanists, but if I were in America I could go and hunt some up—and would. We shall be in London a while yet, but not at the above address for very long. We think of seeking a place in the country in May, but we may go to the Continent. We had a charted course and we have none now. We are derelicts and derelicts are indifferent to what may happen. I wish we could be at our own home to make you welcome: but we cannot look upon that home yet. Eighteen years of our daughter's life were spent there, and by blessed fortune she was visiting in the town when she was taken ill, and was privileged to die under the roof that had sheltered her youth, with none but familiar things before her glazing eyes, and with the same servants to minister to her that had served her as a child. The house is hallowed now, but we could not bear to see it yet. You must let us know when you come to England. With best regards from us both.

On returning to England in May 1897, we found our friends installed in a furnished house in Tedworth Square. The second Jubilee was preparing, and it came on the crest of a wave of red-hot Imperialism started by Lord Beaconsfield's Semitic imagination in 1878. Our national pride was stirred to frenzy by the Procession, with its cortege of foreign princes riding in Queen Victoria's train. Mark Twain dined with us on that memorable evening at Queen Anne's Mansions. He said that the temper of the British people reminded him of American "spread-eagleism" before the War of Secession: and quoted King Solomon's warning that "a haughty spirit cometh before a fall." My wife asked him whence he had viewed the procession? "From my back bedroom window in Tedworth Square!" "Why, I read in the papers that you were to describe it in the *New York Herald*?" "And so I did; my account was mailed twelve days ago!" I reminded him that Balzac had laid bare the innermost recesses of the feminine soul while a lad of 22, starving in a garret; for Shakespeare the world's courts and camps had no secrets, yet his social status was that of a modern music-hall artiste. I said that Mark Twain's journalistic feat was almost worthy to rank with theirs. On bidding us goodnight he remarked, "I've discovered that Englishmen are mentioned in the Bible." So imbued were we with the prevailing spirit that this anticipatory fame seemed quite natural: and we were just a little disappointed when he added, "Yes; 'the meek shall inherit the earth'!"

A few days later he dined with us again. I read him a paragraph in the *St James' Gazette*, announcing that a national subscription had been opened by the *New York Herald* to recoup his losses from the failure of C. C. L. Webster & Co., and stating that the Editor was willing to receive offerings from his admirers in this country. "It is very, very kind of them" replied Mark Twain, "and when I got a cable about the American scheme I was sorely tempted to endorse it. But I put the case to Mrs. Clemens whose word, you know, is law for me: and she said at once, 'Don't take the money Sam'; so I declined with profuse thanks."

In August 1897, the Clemens family migrated to Villa Bühlegg, Weggis, on Lake Lucerne, whence Mark Twain answered a letter informing him that I was about to visit the Russian garrisons in Central Asia.

It's my fault, I thought it was Clara's. I brought your letter to my study, in a peasant's house, down on the Lake shore, to answer it myself, and it was presently hidden under a snow-storm of manuscript. Clara and her mother write almost all my letters for me, so I knew somebody was to blame when your other epistle came yesterday morning. And so it turned out—but Clara cleared herself. She and her mother write my letters, not because I can't do it myself, but because they have found out that I cannot keep such duties in mind when I am engrossed in work. Under my MSS. along with your letters, I found one from another special friend of mine, which I put in my pocket in London five months ago proposing to answer it myself. I will do so now, but much time of grace would have been saved if I had trusted it to surer hands.

I can take those cigars you offer to my heart, don't you doubt it; and it is just like your good spirit to offer me the chance. And in the matter of the Jaeger underwear, either you or some other friend in London put me on that lay, and I am now wearing it. I believe it *is* the most comfortable and serviceable underclothing I have tried yet. It comes very handy here, on the Rigi side, where we have a raw day every little while. I am submerged in work again—nine hours a day, seven days a week—and yet am well content. I have begun four books, and by shifting from one to another of them, according to the impulse of the day, I shall expect them to keep me entertained and recreated for the next three or four years. There are five of them, in fact, but two are not for publication in my lifetime. We shall reach Vienna a month or more ahead of you, and you must be sure to let me know the date when you arrive, so that we can foregather. If I were as young as you, I would like to go on that grand trip. But you will write a book about it, and I can have that. I salute you warmly, and Clara joins her salutations to mine.

One of the books then on the anvil was "The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg." He sent me a presentation copy, inscribed "To F. H. Skine," immediatetly over the title, as though *I* were responsible for the decadence of Hadleyburg morality! I also possessed a copy of *More Tramps Abroad* with a longer autograph inscription, until some bibliomaniac relieved me of it.

A fortnight later I mentioned having met some American sportsmen in the Highlands who pronounced the word "trait" as "tray," adding that I had always heard the final "t" sounded by English tongues. His reply from Weggis reveals the corroding grief which was evoked by the recurrence of August.

The cigars have come, and they give me a noble relief and vacation from the Swiss article. Thank you ever so much. I do not know, now, what I wrote you, but whatever it was, be charitable—for there was no August day in which I was in my right mind—and there will never be one, perhaps, in which I shall be sane. It is our terrible month: a whole month of awful anniversaries. On the 5th day, a year ago, our Susy was to have sailed for England: on the 4th we got a cablegram saying she was delayed till the 12th; on the 7th another, admitting that she was (very slightly) ill: on the 15th my wife sailed from Southampton to nurse and fetch her: but reached New York only to cry over her corpse. Then came the funeral, then the return across the ocean to me. August is gone now, and we are adjusting ourselves again and regaining our sanition, I hope. We leave this September 19th, and shall reach Vienna at the end of the month, I suppose. Please consult with the judicious and the competent and tell me how many of them enunciate the final *t* in *trait.* It is claimed to be customary in England to pronounce it *tray.* I never happened to hear this myself.

On learning the date of my flying visit to Vienna, he wrote, from the Hotel Metropole in that city, November 3rd, 1897 :—

This is good luck, I was beginning to be afraid you were not coming—no, that you had come and gone silently away, like Longfellow's Arab. In the confusion of packing, travel, new quarters, and gout, I lost your address—had a long hunt for it when I got well, but failed to find it. So I did not know how to reach you, But it's all right now. You'd better come to this hotel—excellent it is with plenty of room. And you must dine in our apartment just with the family, alone. November 9th at 7-30.

On reaching Vienna I called at the Hotel Metropole, and was ushered into Mark Twain's bedroom, to which he was confined by a severe cold. The saying "no man is a hero to his valet" could hardly have applied to him, for his splendid head showed to great advantage on the pillow. At dinner the same evening we discussed the Austrians, whom Mark Twain thought a kindly, but sluggish-minded people, eager to warm both hands at the fire of material life, and dragooned into obeying their Kaiser and Church. He spoke with some complacency of the attentions paid him by all classes of Viennese society, and said that the slumbrous capital of Austria was more favourable to literary work than London or New York.

After his return to England in 1899, Mark Twain renewed his relations with ourselves. He had been known to resent crude attempts to draw him out with some asperity, but was always ready to pour his rich store of humour into tactful ears. On one occasion I asked him to fix his own day for one of these symposia. "Well, I'll come and swap lies with you on Wednesday, if that will suit," was his reply. It was our earnest desire to bring him into touch with SirW. W. Hunter of *Indian Gazettser* fame, who was a kindred spirit. After several failures, a little party was arranged for January 24th, 1900, which is thus described at p. 477 of my *Life of Sir William Wilson Hunter.*

Next day he (Hunter) spent the morning in his workroom, labouring at the "History of British India" and, after writing ten or twelve pages did his last piece of literary work. It was a review for *The Times* of Lord Northbrook's "Manual of Devotion for Natives of India." Then, without a moment's rest, he hurried to London on a bitterly cold day, to dine with us and meet Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Clemens, Mr. Frankfort Moore, and others. We saw at once that he was not himself. His features were of an ashen grey, and, though his conversation was full of sympathy and life, there were periods of abstractedness which we had never seen before. But despite our uneasiness, we observed with pleasure that two men who, each in his own province, had reached the highest distinction, foregathered at our board; and the impression left on the great American humourist by this glimpse of Hunter did honour to the hearts of both,

It was poor Hunter's last dinner-party. Exactly a fortnight later he fell a victim to influenza. In announcing his death to Mark Twain I told him that "The Innocents Abroad" was probably the last book that Hunter read; for it was left open on his library table at Cumnor when he started on that fatal journey to London. He assured me, in reply that "he was grateful for the opportunity to shake the hand and look into the kind eyes of that great, and gifted, and noble man." (Letter of February 26th, 1900.)

During the next eighteen months Mark Twain dined with us repeatedly, sometimes alone, at others with his wife and daughters: Miss Joan Clemens, the younger of them, differed widely from her gentle sister. She had a large share of the paternal enthusiasm for right, and hatred of injustice. I remember assisting her in a crusade against the cruelty with which London van-drivers sometimes treated their horses. Miss Joan's sudden death from apoplexy in November last was her father's "sorrow's crown of sorrow."

It was always possible to start Mark Twain on a string of anecdotes by telling him something unusually funny, which he was eager to cap. Many of them have appeared in print, but I do not recollect reading either of the following:—

Fifty years ago an old farmer and his wife, Brown by name, were living near Hartford in Connecticut. Above their kitchen mantelpiece an eighteenth century blunderbuss had hung since the British war of 1812. One of their grandsons came to spend Christmas with the Browns, and teased the old folk out of their lives to be allowed to let it off. One morning after breakfast, Brown said, "Now Tommy, you shall have a great treat: I'm going to fire off that gun." So saying, he took it down, poured a quantity of powder into the pan, cocked it, and thrust the barrel out of the window. Mrs Brown hurried up, and stood looking over his shoulder, while Tommy danced about the kitchen in high glee. Brown shut his eyes, and pulled the trigger. There was a fearful explosion: and both the old people fell senseless. From the fact that two of Mrs. Brown's front teeth were found embedded in her husband's skull it was conjectured that he stepped back with some celerity. Would you believe it? The only remark Tommy made when reproached with causing his grandfather's death was, "I thought she'd kick some!"

A pressman whom I knew in California was terribly extravagant. He earned a big income but spent it all, and more, on euchre. At last his possessions were reduced to a gold watch, which his father had made him swear never to part with. He took it to the pawnshop intending to have a good time with the proceeds and then blow his brains out. But he noticed that the pawnbroker tested the gold by apylying acid to a particular part of the case, near the handle, and then let him have $10. So the artful scoundrel bought half a dozen rolled gold watches, and got a working jeweller to insert a scrap of the real article on the very spot where it would be tested. He managed to pawn them for $25 each, and went on repeating the process, until he realized quite a little fortune, which was judiciously invested in oil. That man is now a millionaire and a pillar of the local Baptist church.

After sojourning a while at Wellington Court, Knightsbridge, the Clemens family removed to Dollis Hill, on the north-western fringe of London, formerly well known as the residence of William Ewart Gladstone. Here we were invited to dine on the very last night of their stay in England. We drove through rural surroundings from the station to the house, which stood in rather extensive grounds; and were welcomed in the porch by dear Mark Twain, his wife and daughter Joan, all of whom, alas! have joined the great majority. The hall and groundfloor rooms were full of portmanteaus and packing-cases; and the meal reminded me of those hurried repasts which we used to consume in India, while elephants and bullock-carts were shifting our movable home to another camping-ground. Mark Twain was in great form. For the first time within my recollection he discussed his own works, avowing preference for "Huckleberry Finn." I ventured to assert that "The Innocents Abroad" would rival "Don Quixote" in longevity. One could take up either book and read a few pages for the hundredth time with unflagging zest. It was characteristic of all works of genius that they "grew on one." After musing awhile, Mark Twain said, "Perhaps you're right: but it won't matter much to you or me whether we are remembered or forgotten in 2002." He was unusually prodigal of stories at this, our last trysting place: and I cannot refrain from repeating the best of them.

In the fall of 1890, I stood on the quay of port in Florida, while a steamer was loading for New York. You, perhaps, know that the State is a sort of Riviera for New Englanders. Consumptive people flock there to escape the northern winters, and die like flies. Their corpses are generally sent home for burial in the family vault, either embalmed, or headed up in a cask of spirits. Ashore there was a little squeaky-voiced clerk, tallying cargo as it was swung by a steam-crane into the hold, while one of the mates aboard repeated his description of each package. This is what I heard :—

Boy clerk (pipingly), "One case bananas."
Mate (very gruffly), "One case bananas."
Boy-clerk, "One crate oranges."
Mate, "One crate oranges."
Boy-clerk, "One pickled Yankee."
Mate, "One pickled Yankee."
Boy clerk, "One tinned ditto."
Mate, "One tinned ditto."

We had told the cabman who brought us from the station to return in ample time for the last train to London. As the hour approached without his appearance, we resolved to start on foot. Mark Twain insisted on accompanying us, and taking our respective arms, he sallied forth into the darkness. Half way down the hill we met the fly, and halted. One of its acetylene lamps shot forth a tunnel of light, which framed the dear old man's noble features and his mass of silver hair. "What a picture this would make!" I said as he bade us an affectionate farewell.

I had a final glimpse of him in 1907, when he came to England in order to receive the D. C. L. degree. Brown's Hotel, Dover Street, where he occupied a handsome suite, was swarming with press-men, autograph-hunters, and others desirous of an interview. Mark Twain did not keep me long waiting, and received me with all his old warmth of feeling. He said that the welcome given him by the people of England was simply "astounding." He had no idea that he was so universally popular on this side of the Atlantic: and was especially flattered by the Oxford degree. I cut short my visit, as he was harrassed by a multitude of callers, and on taking leave, ventured to say a few words of sympathy with the cruel bereavement he had suffered in his wife's death in 1904. "Yes," he said, mournfully, seizing my hand, "I have lost my sheet anchor, and I'm drifting towards a lee-shore." We never met again.

I reckon it the greatest privilege of my life that Samuel Langhorne Clemens should have honoured me with his friendship. Of such as he, survivors who knew and loved them may say in words whose poignant terseness defies translation : "Eheu quanto minus est cum aliis versari quam meminisse tui !"

FRANCIS H. SKRINE.

TWO MEN OF DEVON IN CEYLON.

Chapter III.

JAN WITHYCOMB GETS HIS "FAIRIN."

Preparing for the Fair was a great matter to us at Bridworthy, for we had not much of land to till, and what we did till was more of barley and hay than of wheat ; but we kept good cows of the best breed, and our mother was famous for the working of our diary, and for the excellent pure butter which came forth out of it.

And this did not a little surprise people when they considered of her youth, and how she was brought up a fine lady in Portugal. But it was not to her taste to talk of those days with those who were not to the house, and it was often on her tongue that she was now a true woman of Devon, and it behoved her to do all that a Devon woman could do.

And Bob and I did often look in at her in the diary, and watch her as she turned the butter on the slab of black slate, and wondered how she, not being Devon born, had caught the trick of it ; and it was in the diary that she did always look her best and neatest. There were no women who did compare with her, we said, even in Devonshire. It was also, haply, thar we were attracted by the cream which lay in thick flakes that were yellow and white and crinkled ; and Bridworthy cream was mighty pleasant to the taste, and our souls loved it.

For the Michaelmas Fair, however, all the cream was needed for butter, of which many a basketful was carried into the town; and likewise of geese that had been well fed, and that did swell out with fatness, many were taken to the Bridworthy stall, at which William Stidston stood, and sometimes I myself; for any good work connected with our farm was never thought of as lowering to the pride of our house.

And when our father was at home for the Fair, and this he loved to be, it was always his pleasure to appear as much a farmer as possible, both in dress and gait; but there were little tricks of speech which would always bewray him, much to the amusement of William Stidston, our hind, who would laugh with a great heart, and say, "Dost a hear th'ould maister? And he don't knaw A from a bull's foot in farming. Every man to his trade, I du say. A purty old beauty I shud be, shudn'.I, to go abroad maister's gurt ship and talkee to the men about mallin' spikes and sheet-anchors and trade of that sort?"

And our father would take a stroll through the stalls and then return to ours, and would cry with great glee, an he were still a boy, "We've a dood mun, we've a dood mun, Will! Shiver my timbers if we han't. Thee shust have some fairin', my hearty, after this." And this had reference to the Middlebrooke stall; and when our father was excited, he did ever talk in the broadest tongue of Devon.

The Middlebrooke stall would have doubtless done better if the folk of the House had not thought of themselves too highly to look more after it themselves; for they did seldom come near the place, and that may have been also because there was much bitter feeling and hate to the Papists among our farmer people, as, indeed, there hath alway been a feeling which I have since learnt to be not warranted of Christ.

But at this Fair of which I speak, while our father and William Stidston were away seeing to some cattle, for William would never let our father purchase without his aid, I stood by the goods, and who should come to the stall but Mistress Joan Waldron of Middlebrooke. I had only seen her a few times since that time the reader wots of, when the priests were present; and there had been no intercourse between us. And I had no wish for intercourse with Middlebrooke. But to-day, as the daughter of that House walked across the grounds towards our stall, I thought I had never seen a vision so lovely. She looked altogether radiant of Devon. In dress she seemed the daughter of a well-to-do farmer, and yet there was about it a refinement which one does not see in the dress of the lasses in our farms. Her walk was also different, and I think the walk telleth often more than aught else of elegance in training. None that I had ever seen did walk so queenly as did she. Her hair was of pale gold, and in her face I did see nothing but the roses which nearness to Dartmoor begetteth, and the deep blue of the eyes which were fixed on me.

I remember now that, an it were by an instinct, I did put up my hand to feel that the knot which tied the tail of my hair was well-conditioned, and I felt the heat of my blood flooding into my countenance. And yet, with my admiration of her beauty there did mingle the old antipathies of Middlebrooke and the Papists.

In a voice that was not at all like Devon talk, full, musical, and sweet, sounding as if it had come from some foreign land where song-birds do abound, she asked some common places—only they were not common place to me—about the geese and the butter, and seemed not at all put out at the successes of o r sales; nor did I enlarge on them. Then she spoke in warmth of the butter, which lay on broad chestnut leaves in large pats with the Bridworthy stamp upon them—a carved-out likeness of our father's East Indiaman. And as I could not talk of this without a word in praise of our mother, she dwelt on this matter and drew me out, not with intention, I do believe, in a way I had not thought, and I was nothing loth. "Ah, how I should love to know thy mother, Master John !" quoth she, with great eagerness. "I have talked with thy brother of her, and he, they say, is like her. Methinks she must be good and beautiful ; and goodness and beauty belong to all religions, and yet are they only of one."

"And is that the Roman religion ?" asked I, in my foolish haste of speech.

"Nay, I said not so," quoth she, "for that were to wrong thy mother and thee, ay, and friends of my own religion ; but goodness and beauty like the Mother of God, and belong to all, and are above are all our religious parties and strifes. This, however, is not such speech as beseemeth me and Michaelmas Fair.'

And much did I marvel to hear her speak so, for, said I unto myself, such talk savoureth not of the Pope. And then she bore on to talk of Bob, my brother, and his life at sea,—and from that I learnt that she had had intercourse with him, but something within my breast did tell me that it was not the intercourse of love. And on she spoke of our first meeting, which, she said, she well remembered, and how frightened was I of the priests, and was I afraid of them still?

"Fair mistress," I replied, "I do not think quite the same of them now."

Whereat she smiled, and the Dartmoor roses reddened with a deeper hue in her face, and she said, "That is well, for thou mayest see one of them ere long."

And then a tall young gentleman, whom I took to be Master Giles Waldron, who had returned from foreign places where he had long dwelt, so I heard, came into the midst of the stalls, and seeing his sister where she was, approached with a scowl on his face. It might have been the old Middlebrooke feud, or, perchance, it was anger at seeing his lady sister talking to a stall-holder. Little thought I of that then, nor were my thoughts much with the geese and the pats of butter; and Dorothy Balkwill of the school came not into my mind at all. Right glad I was to give the stall over into William Stidston's hands again, for there was a raging conflict within me. I felt as if, in being impressed as I had been, I was guilty of treachery to Bridworthy.

This conflict was greatly heightened by what my brother Bob said to me on our way home that evening. "Jan," said he, "I've been wantin' to tell thee somethin' for ever s'long, for I du hate to keep anything from thee, old lad. Tes about Mistress Joan Waldron and Middlebrooke folk, Jan. I've 'a seed um nearly every time I've 'a been home from sea, and I've 'a got tu know um well, and they bain't so bad as we've been gove to understand, Jan, leastways Mistress Joan bain't. And the long and the short of it is, for I du hate tackin' round the ship to catch the wind, I du love her dearly! and there it is, all out for ee!"

I was walking before him in the path, and was right glad he could not see me. So I said, controlling my feelings as well as I could, that I had seen there was something in the wind, but had refrained from speaking hitherto, waiting till he should unfold himself; and I asked whether he thought Mistress Joan had returned his affection.

At which he came forward and flung his arm around me. "Dear old bookworm," saith he, "precious little thee dost knaw about these things, unless it be thou still dost banker after little Dorothy, the schoolmaister's maid, but thee'rt not that sort. Art 'a, Jan? Well, no, old lad, I don't knaw that her du exactly, but it'll come, lad, it'll come! Her talk be mostly about out mother and about thy learnin', for her's uncommon well-learnt herself, and sometimes her talketh about that priest thee dost wot of, Father Alphonso. Her would like to bring about peace between the two houses, Jan, and so would I too; for they Romans can't be so bad as people say if her's one, and somehow salt water and salt air seem to make men charitable, lad, though it seemeth not to act that way with our father. I'll make her take to me, Jan, you'll see, spite o' young Squire Grimston, who'th got into a way o' hangin' round and sayin' purty things to her. Not but what he's a fine, strapping gurt chap; but I'll thraw en, Jan; you'll see!"

Little did the dear boy understand what was in my heart, and how the battle raged there; but it ended in a victory for Bob, and I threw my arm round his neck, and assured him that my sympathies and good wishes were with him ever. And he said, "It's cruel gude of thee to take it like this, Jan; but thee wert always gude to me. Art a thinkin' o' little Dorothy, then? I was gone there once myself."

The next day was the day of the games; and as the weather was rarely fine for Tavistock, the Abbey Mead was covered with those who came to witness the sports, and amongst them were many of the gentry of this part of Devon.

Now it was customary for many of the gentlemen as well as the miners and farming men to engage in these matches. A great ring had been formed, with a fence around, and outside that were seats ranged on the high bank of the old Abbey grounds for the onlookers. Amongst those who did watch the games, I saw the Middlebrooke party, also our father holding his head high, as was his wont, in another part of the grounds.

There were some rough games which the gentry did not partake in, such as running after the pig with a greased tail, and climbing the greased pole for a leg of mutton; but when it came to single-sticks, and bull-baiting, and, last of all, the great event of the Fair, the wrestling matches, then did the strong and trained young men of the gentry throw in their lot with the men of the poor and rougher class. And we brothers, for the honour of Bridworthy, did venture in.

It happened so that on that day things did go well in our favour in the wrestling, which is a trial both of skill and strength. The first great match—there were many smaller ones—was for the championship amongst the men of Devon, and this had been held for two years by Master Richard Grimston of Grimston Court. To him came in the ring, to the surprise of many, even of those who knew how lithe and sinewy he was, for Master Grimston was a man great of stature, and was mighty in the strength of his legs and arms,—to him came my brother Bob, amidst cries of "Hooray for the darkee Here's tu ee little Portugal !" words which I noted with displeasure, and which made my father wince. But Bob heeded not, or if he did, it only made him firmer and stronger for the contest.

And now I could not help looking at the Middlebrooke party as these two met. Mistress Joan seemed to be scarcely regarding them but rather looking towards me, as if she wanted to speak to me of something. The sympathies of the others were all, as could well be seen, with the champion, for whom all predicted an easy victory. But they had not felt Bob's wiry muscles as I had, nor did they know, as my father did, how nimble he could be on his feet.

They shook hands, the champion with a grim smile. And then Bob danced around him for a while, when suddenly he sprang into Master Grimston's arm ; and with those mighty arms he was lifted high into the air, and the Abbey woods rang with cheers, for it seemed of a certain that Bob would come down on his back ; but he had ever a way of falling on his feet like a cat, and on his feet he came, to the surprise of all and the relief of many.

Then did they rest for a space of two or three minutes, when the word was given to begin afresh, and at it they went with a great spirit, amid much cheering. A little dancing preliminary, on the part of Bob, took place as before ; then with marvellous quickness he did spring under the champion's arm, clasped him around the body, threw his legs around his legs—and I saw what would follow, for I knew the "hitch." In the twinkling of an eye Bob's heels were struck into the hollows behind the champion's knees, and Master Grimston lay flat on his back on the Abbey Mead.

There was great cheering from the men, while the ladies waved their kerchiefs; and our father came down into the ring, with many other gentlemen, to shake hands with his boy, who was now the Champion of Devon.

After this, however, was to come a more exciting event. For it sometimes happened, at Michaelmas, that the Cornishmen came from the other side of the Tamar with a challenge to the champion wrestler from amongst the men of Devon. And so it was that, after a long pause which followed the fall of Master Grimston, a Cornishman, very strongly built, of about my own height, and much taller than Bob, entered the ring, wearing the belt of silver which denoted him the Champion of his county. And he, in set phrase, which few could hear, and which sounded like "Fee-Fo-Fi Fum," challenged Bob to the contest.

Nor was he unwilling; but the poor lad's strength hand been severely tried in the previous match, and the Cornishman was notorious for his successes in the ring. After two rounds, Bob was laid on his back, to the great joy of the Cornish present. But he took it well, as was alway his manner. He looked me in the face, and said, "Now thee tryen, Jan, and see what thee'st can do!"

I had taken little part in public matches; but Bob and I did often practise in the field near our house. And now a great determination rose within me to wrest the championship of the West Country from the Cornishman, for the honour of Bridworthy. He had a right to refuse the engagement because of the victory he had secured, but he reckoned upon an easy fall for me, and I think he was a good-hearted man.

When the preparations were made afresh, and it was seen that I was to wrestle the Cornishman, the cheers seemed to rise but faintly, for I was not well known in this character; nor was it to my liking, but a strong resolve did bear me on. And as I went forward to meet my antagonist I looked around the ring, and noted on my father's face a look of doubt and surprise; and Mistress Joan Waldron's countenance seemed white, and the thought came to me, was it shame to see one of my education in such place?

For strength, we were about equal, but his skill was great. We held each other as in the grasp of a vice for some time, and then, for these moves are always sudden, immediately I was on the ground, and I had pulled the Cornish champion on me. There were ringing cheers from the Cornish people, and methought I heard a faint scream from the bank where the Middlebrooke party were; but of that I was not sure. It was decided by both sides that it was not a right fall, so that it had to be tried again; and to this the Cornishman, with frankness, consented. Then, as I grasped his hand, the spirit of the old Devon men sprang up within me, and with it the strength of two. I had hauled the champion across my back in an instant, and, with the "hitch" know among wrestlers as the "flying mare,," I laid him down with a thud, fairly on his back on the turf.

Then did there rise such a cheer and demonstration of joy as I had never once heard at the games before. But, for all that, was I not over-pleased to myself. I looked to the Middlebrooke party; and there was Mistress Joan with a whitened face, and there, by her side—it took only a moment to see all this—and there, by her side, was a face that I should always remember. It was the face of Alphonso the priest.

The praises did overwhelm me. Of these I will not speak, except to say that it was good to feel dear Bob's warm grasp of the hand, and to have our father clap me cheerily on the back as he said, "Thee'rt the rail old Devon, Jan. We've a dood mun, lads! We've a dood mun!"

In the evening the winners assembled round Dame Glanville's carriage to receive the prizes. And when I did take the belt, which made me the Champion of two counties, from her ladyship's hands, and heard the words of compliment she was pleased to give, I can honestly say it was with a feeling that was more of shame than of pride, for my taste lay not in that way of securing favours obtained by animal strength.

Bob and I left the Fair together. Now it is the custom in Devon for men at the fairs to give their sweethearts paper bags of comfits which they do call "fairin'," and this "fairin'" is somewhat regarded in the light of a token. Bob had bought several at the standings, and dispensed the same generously, and one bag he gave to Mistress Dorothy, who was mighty pleased therewith.

I bought one bag only—for our mother. One was given me, however. It was as we were turning to go over the bridge which spanneth the Tavy; a bag of comfits was put into my hand by some person I wot not of, and it was easy for him to get away, unbeknown, because it was darkening, and there were much people about.

Wondering from whom it might come, I said nothing of the matter to Bob. And when we reached home I took opportunity when alone to examine the "fairin'" by the light of the kitchen fire; and there on the bag I traced the letters "J. W." Then did I wonder for whom these letters were meant, for they were the first letters of my name and also of Mistress Joan Waldron's. And the wonder grew within me, and at times I thought they meant the one and at times the other. Nor did I learn for years for which they were. The comfits I ate, but the bag I kept, and it was more to me than the champion's belt of silver.

SAMUEL LANGDON.

RAJSINGHA.

PART VI.

THE IGNITION.

Chapter I.

FIRE-STICK—URBASHI.

The ignition part is to be commenced from the transmission of Rajsingha's letter, which was a home thrust, to Aurangzeb. But to find a bearer for the message was a nut to crack. For although an elchee has the privilege of safety it was well known that the unscrupulous Aurangzeb had killed a good many of them. Hence Rajsingha had no inclination to send a man who was afraid to die—at least not sagacious enough to ensure his own safety. Maniklal now volunteered to undertake the matter, and Rajsingha finding him befitting, entrusted him with the affair.

Having learned the above Chanchal Kumari sent for Nirmal and asked her, "Had you not better accompany your husband—eh?

Nirmal (surprised). Whereto? Delhi? Why?

Chanchal: To go about the interior of the harem once.

Nirmal: It is said that the place is a so-called hell.

Chanchal: Should you never have to go to hell? The length you go in your tyranny over poor Maniklal will scarcely leave you room for an avoidance.

Nirmal: Why, but why did he marry me for my attractiveness?

Chanchal: Methinks he asked you to lie lifeless under the tree.

Nirmal: But after him I never was. Now what is the good of this useless undertaking—this journey to Delhi? Tell me, pray.

Chanchal: A letter of invitation is to be delivered to Udipuri.

Nirmal: For what?

Chanchal: Filling the chillum.

Nirmal: My eye! I had lost sight of it. That bootless burden of yours cannot be got rid of without the empress doing your bidding.

Chanchal: Bosh! wicked girl. I myself am now such a burden. Either the Empress will become my maid or poisoning will be resorted to; such to be sure is the purport of the astrological calculation.

Nirmal: But would an invitation by letter only bring her here?

Chanchal; No. But what I want is to pick a quarrel, and I believe in that case the Maharana will be victorious and the begum will become a slave. I intend also to get you become familiar with the identity of the begums before your return.

Nirmal: But then, put me up to the plan of procedure.

Chanchal: Listen. You know that the Jodhpuri begum's seal is with me. Arm yourself therewith. By virtue thereof you will be able to obtain access to the harem, and meet with the Jodhpuri begum. Acquaint her with everything and show her my letter to Udipuri. She will somehow have it delivered to her. Whenever you are at sea on any point, become a debtor to the superior intelligence of your husband.

Nirmal: Pish! It is to the wisdom of no other than my ownself that he owes his housekeeping.

Nirmal took the letter of invitation and passed out laughing. She busied herself with the outfit for the journey in time with her husband accompanied by a befitting suite.

Chapter II.

FIRE STICK—PURURABA.

It was Maniklal who had taken greater pains for the preparation, a token whereof he one day showed to Nirmal. She was surprised to find a new finger in the place of the lost one; and she enquired, "What may it be here that meets my gaze?"

Manik: It has been made to order.

Nirmal: Of what material?

Manik: Ivory. The mechanism is in exact resemblance to nature. It is in a kid-skin sheath painted to my complexion. It can be attached and detached at pleasure.

Nirmal: And the need hereof?

Manik: You will come to know in Delhi. Disguise may be required there. A limbless person cannot pass incognito, but if both the aspects are at command, it is easy.

Nirmal laughed. Manik now took a tame pigeon in a cage. The bird was well-trained and a skillful carrier. Those who are acquainted with the abilities of the carrier pigeons of modern Europe will be able to form an idea. Formerly the services of such birds were in vogue in India. Maniklal clearly explained the utility of the bird to Nirmal Kumari.

It was the custom to send some presents with a pursuivant when necessary to depute one to the court of Delhi. The Kings of England, Portugal &c. observed this. Rajsingha sent some articles with Maniklal but as it was not an embassade of amity they were small in number. Among other things there were some made of white marble studded with gems and of artistic workmanship. Maniklal had them loaded separately. On the appointed day he set out with great pomp accompanied by Nirmal Kumari and supplied with the Rana's written order and a letter to Aurangzeb, taking with him servant-men and maids, followers, elephants, horses, camels, oxen, carriages, *ekkas*, palanquins and a party of cavalry. The journey occupied many days. Within a few miles of Delhi he pitched his tent and leaving Nirmal and others therein left with a single confidential follower for Delhi. He took the marble wares away with him entrusting the false finger to the care of his wife and saying, "I shall be back to-morrow."

Nirmal enquired, "What's to do?"

Manik showed her a small mark on one of the articles of white stone and said, "I have marked all the marble goods similarly."

Nirmal: Why?

Manik: We must be separated in Delhi, and if we are prevented by the Moghuls from knowing each other's whereabouts, send some one to the bazar to purchase marble goods; and inquire after me at the shop where they are marked in this way.

Having thus preconcerted his plan he went to Delhi with the faithful person and the marble goods. He hired a place there and set it up as a marble shop with the man as the proprietor. He came back to the tent which he now struck and proceeded to Delhi with his wife, troops and other things. He formally encamped there and sent intimation to the Emperor.

Chapter III.

THE STRIKING OF FIRE.

Aurangzeb having taken his seat at the durbar in the afternoon, Maniklal entered appearance. The general and special features of the court of Delhi have been described in many books—we do not intend giving details thereof. Manik bowed his head down touching the ground after ascending the first flight of stairs. He had to go further up. Having risen another step he bowed again and did the same when on the next step. Having gone up three such steps he found himself near the peacock throne. With formal salutations he placed the unostentatious presents before the Emperor who was displeased at their uncostliness, but did not express his feelings. Among the articles sent there were two swords—one in a scabbard and the other sheathless. He accepted the latter with the exception of everything else.

Maniklal handed over Rajsingha's letter the purport whereof made the Emperor mad as a hatter. When angry he would usually keep his countenance. He inquired of Maniklal very cordially and ordered his body guard (*Bakshi*) to provide him with comfortable habitation. He told Manik he would reply to the Rana's letter next morning and sent him away.

The durbar was immediately dissolved and forthwith Aurangzeb left it he ordered the assassination of Maniklal. The mandate emanated but those who were to carry it out could not find Manik, he was also missed by those that had been charged with showing him courtesy. They rummaged for him every where in Delhi but could not trace him. He had given them the slip before the order had been announced. Needless to say that he was handling marble goods incognito in his shop while this perscrutation was in progress. The myrmidons of the law failing to find Maniklal arrested all present at his camp and took them to the Commissioner of Police, Nirmalkumari too not being excepted.

The Commissioner did not find any clue from the statement of any one of them—threatening and personal violence proved unavailing. For how could they give any information on the point since they were really unaware of Manik's whereabouts? The Commissioner now began examining Nirmal Kumari who, as a purdah lady, had so long been kept separated from the group. He now questioned her who replied, "I do not know the Rana's elchee."

Commissioner: He is called Maniklal Singha.

Nirmal: I am ignorant of his identity.

Commissioner: Who then are you?

Nirmal: I am a Hindu slave of her imperial Majesty the Jodhpuri begum.

Commissioner: Her Majesty's slaves do not leave the precincts of the seraglio.

Nirmal: I too never did so, but on this occasion the Begum Sahiba having learned of the advent of a Hindu elchee has sent me to his camp.

Commissioner: Do tell! and wherefore?

Nirmal: For procuring the water consecrated by the touch of the feet of the image of Krishnji, which all Rajputs keep.

Commissioner: You are apparently unattended. How could you come out of the harem?

Nirmal: By virtue of this.

And taking out the seal of the begum from her apparel she displayed it to his view, whereupon he salamed three times, and said "Go your way, none will interfere." Nirmal here said, "I would request you, sir, for a further act of kindness. I am much unnerved at the sight of the arrests and violences of this day. You will be doing me a great favour if you order a policeman or spikeman to conduct me to my destination." He immediately gave instruction to an armed officer and sent Nirmal with him to the harem where the eunuchs did not object to her entrance as they saw the seal of the principal consort of the Emperor. By means of a little quesitive artfulness she traced the Jodhpuri begum whom she bowed to and showed the seal. The Begum was instantly put on her guard and stepping aside with her asked, "Where did you get this seal from?"

Nirmal replied, "I shall give you the full account of everything." She at first told her who she was, and then spoke of Devi's visit to Rupnagar, of her leaving the seal there, and of all that had happened to Chanchal Kumari and herself. She made her acquainted with particulars as to Maniklal. She said that she had come with him with Chanchal Kumari's letter, and delineated how she had put her head into the lion's mouth at Delhi, how she had saved her skin, and by what tricks she had effected an entrance into the apartment. She now handed over to her the letter of Chanchal Kumari to Udipuri. At last she said, "I have come to you to be instructed how to deliver it to Udipuri begum." Her Majesty replied, "A contrivance can be put into practice as regards that. It depends upon the order of Begum Jebunnissa. Requesting her for that now, will create a sensation. Means will be adopted when at night these wretches will drink till all's blue. Stay for the present with my Hindu slaves, you will be able to have meals cooked by Hindu hands." Nirmal agreed and the Begum gave orders accordingly.

Chapter IV.

GATHERING FIRE-WOOD—UDIPURI.

When the night was somewhat advanced the Jodhpuri Begum gave necessary instructions to Nirmal Kumari and sent her with a Tartar female guard to Jebunnissa. On entering Jebunnissa's chamber Nirmal Kumari was charmed with the fragrance of perfumes and heaps of flowers and the flavour of of tobacco. She was struck with wonder at the sight of the floor, furniture and ornamental bed clothes, all embellished with a variety of jewelry. Above all she was astonished at the brilliancy of her ornaments made of gems and flowers and at the radiancy of her beauty like that of the sun and the moon. Thus bedecked the wretch seemed to be a hourie.

But the hourie's eyes were then half closed, face rubific and mind confused. The vinaceous ambrosia was then reigning supreme. When Nirmal Kumari stood before her she inquired, "Who art thou ?"

Nirmal: I am a messenger of the Rani of Udaipur.

Jeb: Hast thou brought the peacock-throne of the Moghul Emperor ?

Nirmal: No. I have brought a letter.

Jeb: What is the good of it ? Wilt thou burn it for illumination ?

Nirmal: No. I shall make it over to Begum Saheba Udipuri.

Jeb: Is she alive or no more ?

Nirmal: Perhaps she is in the flesh.

Jeb: No. She is dead. Some of you here take this woman to her.

By her ravings she meant to have Nirmal killed by some of her menials, but the Tartar guard could not read between the lines. Actuated by the plain interpretation that she put upon the command, she took Nirmal to Udipuri.

Here Nirmal found that Udipuri's eyes were glowing, she was laughing loudly and was in merry pin. She salamed her bending herself low. Udipuri inquired, " Who may you be ?"

Nirmal: I am a messenger from the rani of Udaipur. I have come with a letter for your Majesty.

Udipuri: No, no. You are the Emperor of Persia, come to snatch me away from the hands of the Moghul Emperor.

Suppressing her laughter Nirmal handed over the letter to her. Udipuri making as if to read it, went on—" What does he write ? He says, 'Come my graceful lady-love, my sweat heart. I am out of my senses—I have gone mad at the report of your beauty and wealth. Favour me with an early visit and make my heart happy,' Yes I shall do so. I must go with you. But wait a trice till I finish tippling. Will you please drink to the health of those present here ? The wine is excellent. The elchee of the Feringhee has sent this as a nuzzer. Such a luxury is not brewed in your country." Udipuri raised the cup to her lips. At this opportunity Nirmal issued from the chamber and went to Jodhpuri. On being asked, she exactly delineated all that had happened. The begum smiled on hearing this and said, "She will read the letter when she has slept off the fumes to-morrow. Make yourself scarce at this opportunity, otherwise they may raise the dust in the morrow. I shall spare one of my faithful eunuchs who will conduct you out and escort you to your husband's camp. If you find any of your own people there, leave Delhi with him this very night. If you fail to obtain such help, get yourself beyond the limits of the city with this person. Probably your husband has been waiting for you somewhere outside Delhi. If you do not meet him on the way this eunuch will see you as far as Udaipur. If you require travelling expences, I shall provide you with that too, but see to it that I be not implicated."

Nirmal replied, "Please your Majesty, set your mind at rest on that point—I am the daughter of a *Rajput.*

The begum here summoned his faithful eunuch, Banasi, who was given details of all that were required to be done, and she asked, "Can you leave immediately ?"

Eunuch : Yes, your Majesty. But I dare not go such a length without a warrant signed by the Begum Sahiba.

Jodhpuri : Get me a warrant written as required. I shall have it signed.

The eunuch brought the document. The begum handed it over to the Tartar female guard saying, "Have it signed by the Begum Saheba." The slave asked, "And if she inquires about the matter it refers to ?" The begum replied, "Tell her that it is your death warrant. But take writing materials with you and forget not to have the warrant sealed."

The guard presented the warrant to Jebunnissa who continued in the same condition as before and asked, "To what does the warrant refer ?"

Guard : To my death.

Jeb : What have you stolen ?

Guard : The garment of her Majesty, Udipuri.

Jeb : Well done. Put it on after you are beyond the grave.

She now signed the warrant. The guard sealed it and took it to Jodhpuri begum. Banasi supplied with the document started with Nirmal from the apartment. Very happily was Nirmal proceeding with the eunuch.

But all on a sudden her happiness dispersed—when near the gate of the seraglio the eunuch stood aghast, amazed, and saying, "Oh what a mischance ! Fly ! Fly !" took to his heels at the top of his speed.

Chapter V.

GATHERING FIRE-WOOD — PLUTO IN PERSON.

Nirmal failed to see what made running away necessary. She plunged her gaze up and down but no ground for flight met her eyes. The only thing that she saw was an elderly person dressed in white standing near the gate. "Is it an apparition" she thought within herself, "that made the eunuch flee in fright ?" She for her part was not so susceptible to the fear of spooks, and thus she was hesitating instead of running away. Meantime the white-robed person came up and stood near her. Eying her he inquired, "Who are you ?"

Nirmal : Whatever my identity, what matters it to you ?

Quidam : Where were you going ?

Nirmal : Outside.

Quidam : Why ?

Nirmal : On business.

Quidam : Without business no body does any thing and that is known to me. But what is the nature of this business ?

Nirmal : I will not tell you.

Quidam : Who was coming with you ?

Nirmal : I will not disclose.

Quidam : You appear to be a Hindu. To what caste do you belong ?

Nirmal : Rajput.

Quidam : Do you belong to Jodhpuri Begum's suite ?

Nirmal firmly resolved not to mention the name of the Jodhpuri Begum in any one's hearing, lest any harm befalls her. So she replied, "I do not remain here. I have arrived here to-day."

Quidam : Wherefrom ?

Nirmal reasoned thus, "Why should I tell lies ? What can this man do to me ? For fear of whom will a Rajput woman speak an untruth ?" So she replied, "I have come from Udaipur."

Quidam : And wherefore ?

Nirmal now thought, "Why should I give him all these details ?" and her reply was, "What is the good of giving you all these particulars ? I shall feel much favoured if you see me out of the gate instead of going on with your queries."

Quidam : If I am satisfied with your answers to my queries, I can comply with your request.

Nirmal : I will not inform you all these unless I know who you are.

Quidam : I am Alamgir, the Emperor.

The portrait crushed beneath Chanchal Kumari's foot now rushed to her mind and pressing her teeth on the tip of her tongue she said within herself, "Yes it is he, and no mistake !"

Touching the ground she made her obeisance with due formality and with clasped hands said, "Please to favour me with your Majesty's commands."

Emperor : Whom did you visit here ?

Nirmal : Her Majesty the Begum Shahiba Udipuri.

Emperor : What ? What did you say ? From Udaipur to Udipuri ? And why ?

Nirmal : There was a letter.

Emperor : Whose ?

Nirmal : The Rani's.

Emperor : Where is it ?

Nirmal : I have delivered it to Her Majesty the Begum Sahiba.

The Emperor was much surprised. He said, "Come with me."

He went with Nirmal to Udipuri's apartments. He made her wait at the entrance telling the Tartar female guards to hold her in custody. Having entered the Begum's bed-chamber he found her fast asleep. The letter lay on her bed. He took up and perused it. It had been written in Persian according to the fashion of the time. Having finished he came out with the frowning aspect of the evening summer clouds and said to Nirmal, "How didst thou effect ingress into this apartment ?"

Nirmal joined her hands and submitted, " Please your Majesty pardon this disobedience of your humble slave—I will not answer this question." Aurangzeb was astonished. He vociferated, "What ! Such an audacity ? I, the Emperor of the world, question you, and you will not answer me ?"

Nirmal (with clasped hands) : The world belongs to your Majesty, but the tongue to me. Whatever I will not say, the

Emperor of the world can, by no manner of means, make me give utterance to.

Emperor: Although I cannot do that, I can at once have the tongue of which you brag clipped off by the Tartar female guard and make it a morsel for the dog.

Nirmal: That depends on the pleasure of the Emperor of Delhi, but in that case the means of disclosing the information you want will be destroyed for ever.

Emperor: That is why I spare the tongue. I pass the order now that the Tartar guards cover you up with cloths and go on burning you inch by inch; what you will not say at my bidding shall be given out when the burning sensation shall be felt.

Nirmal laughed and retorted, " The Hindu female is not afraid to burn herself to death. Has not your Majesty ever heard that in Hindustan women cheerfully ascend the blazing pyres of their husbands and thus embrace death ? The form of death you threaten me with, was embraced by my grand-mother, mother etc., in successive descents. I also desire to gain, by God's grace, a place alive by the side of my husband on the pyre and burn myself to death.

The Emperor said inwardly, " Admirable ! Excellent !" but rejoined openly, " That shall be decided later on. At present remain locked up in a chamber here. Though hungry or athirst you will not have any thing to eat or drink. But when on the brink of death, knock at the door which the guards will open and take you to me, and then if you answer me fully you will have eatables.

Nirmal: Oh king of kings, have you not heard that Hindu women observe religious rites—that thus they go without even a drop of water for one, two or three days—that they undergo such self-denial for securing specific divine favour—and that sometimes they willingly die of starvation ? Oh, shelterer of the world, this your humble servant too can do the same. You can put her to the test till her death if you will.

Aurangzeb was convinced that threats would not do, and killing her would not serve his purpose. It would be better to test the power of temptation beforehand. So he said, " Well, granted that I give up the idea of oppression, but disclose all these truly to me and I shall let you off with rich reward."

Nirmal: A Rajput girl sets at naught riches even as death. I am an humble woman, be pleased to let me depart true to your imperial greatness.

Aurangzeb : There is nothing that the Emperor of Delhi cannot grant. Is there nothing that you may like to ask him for ?

Nirmal : Yes, there is—unconditional permission to depart.

Aurangzeb : That only is not to be allowed now. Is there nothing except that in the world which you may desire or stand in awe of ?

Nirmal : Desirable thing there is to be sure, but that gem is wanting in the strong room of the Emperor of Delhi.

Aurangzeb : What may that be ?

Nirmal : We are Hindus, and we fear and desire to acquire virtue only. The Emperor of Delhi is a non-Hindu and he is wealthy. How to the best of his abilities can he give or take what I yearn for ?

The Emperor had cooled and been astonished at the fortitude and sagacity of Nirmal Kumari, but at this raillery he fired up again, and said, " Ah, in fact I had forgotten that." He then told a Tartar female guard, " Go to the culinary apartments, bring some beef and thrust it into her mouth holding her motionless two or three of you." But even this could not shake her firmness, she said, "Your notoriety in that acquirement is well-known to me. By dint of that alone you have snatched this land of gold. It is undeniable that the Mussalman has defeated the Hindu by having recourse to the pettifoggery of fighting from behind herds of cattle in the battle-field, otherwise the strength of a Rajput arm to that of a Mussalman's is like the sea to the water in a bovine hoof-mark. But another thing I am obliged to put you in mind of. Have you not heard that a Rajput woman does not stir an inch without having provided herself with poison ? I have such a drastic poison with me that if I use it even after your menials have set foot in this chamber with the beef, they shall not be able to put it into my mouth before my death. Great monarch, having assassinated your elder brother, Dara, you attempted to force his two widows to join you, but could you succeed ? The Christian rouncy came to you as is known, but did not the Rajput lady depart to heaven and thereby slapping the sides of your imperial face seven times with the patten ? I too will at once rise to heaven bestowing on you the same reward for your troubles," The Emperor was struck speechless. He who was known as the ruler of the world—whose glory was spread all over the world—who was the terror of India—was today insulted—beaten by this unprotected, friendless, weak girl. He threw up the cards, and thought within himself, "She is a rare gem, she should not be destroyed, I shall gain upon her." He now spoke out, "What is your name, my love ?"

Nirmal : Hi ! What means this, your Majesty ? Do you yet entertain the desire of having more Rajput empresses ? But you are to give up the idea—I am married. My Hindu husband is alive.

Aurangzeb : Drop the matter. Stay in this seraglio for sometime. I trust you will not disobey this order.

Nirmal : Why do you detain me ?

Aurangzeb : You will speak volumes of ill of me, if you now return to your native place. Henceforth my treatment to you will be such as will lead you to speak in high terms of me ; and then I shall let you go.

Nirmal : I am powerless to go if you do not allow me ; but I can sojourn here if you accede to a few requests of mine.

Aurangzeb : What are they ?

Nirmal : I shall not touch anything cooked or served by a non-Hindu.

Aurangzeb : Be it so.

Nirmal : No Mahomedan will touch me.

Aurangzeb : That also I grant.

Nirmal : I shall put up with some Rajput begum.

Aurangzeb : That too will be done. I shall make you an inmate of the Jodhpuri Begum's appartments.

The Emperor kept his word as to the above.

K. C. KANJILAL, B.L.

THE ROBBER—THE FATHER OF POETRY.

In pre-historic times there lived in India a Brahman named Ratnakar. He had a family of several members to maintain, but fortune did not smile on him. On the contrary he became a prey to poverty—starvation stared him in the face and he was driven to go the length of taking to nefarious practices to keep body and soul together. In short he became a notorious robber unscrupulous even to commit murder on provocation. One day he happened to find some *rishis* coming his way and he roughly demanded immediate delivery of all they had on pain of death. His strange behaviour touched their kind hearts as they noticed his sacred thread, so they said, " Why do you stoop to this cruel pursuit so unlike a Brahman ?" Ratnakar repled, " How can I do otherwise ? I have got to maintain my parents, wife and children. I am compelled to rob wayfarers and murder those that do not readily submit to my will." The *rishis* rejoined, " We are ready to obey you but one thing first—go home and ask your relations whether they would like to bear the consequences of your misdeeds even as they enjoy the fruits of your ill-gotten gain. If you fear we may escape, you can leave us fastened to the trees here." The brigand agreeably to their proposal secured them against the trees and went home On being asked as directed, his wife replied, "Alas, how am I at all concerned with the means of your procuring the wherewith to maintain me ? You have taken me to your bosom and as is customary all the world over, you are to provide me with the necessaries of life. How may I be held responsible for your own choice of any opening for earning ? As the merits or demerits of a particular individual bring to him alone encomium or opprobrium here, so his doings reserve reward or punishment for him alone hereafter. And as you are the author of your childrens' being, you are in duty bound to rear them—these know-nothing, innocent darlings of tender years. How can they be at all liable in all justice and fairness to suffer for a parent's wrong-doings ? For it is said :

বৃদ্ধৌ চ মাতাপিতরৌ সাধ্বীভার্য্যা সুতঃ শিশুঃ
অপকার্য্যশতং কৃত্বা ভর্ত্তব্যাঃ মনুরব্রবীৎ
ভরণং পোষ্যবর্গস্য প্রশস্তং স্বর্গসাধনম্
নরকং পীড়নে চাস্য তস্মাদ্ তং যত্নেন ভরেৎ ।"

His parents, when asked, echoed his wife's sentiment and said, "You have been carefully and affectionately reared by us, we are now infirm, and it is your duty to look to keeping the pot boiling. And as we never asked or forced you to diviate from rectitude, and as none desires punishment for others' misdeeds, we cannot find in our heart to bear the consequences you allude to."

This unexpectedly cruel blow struck him dumb—his heart of stone yielded to this tremendous shock. Those whom he had all along considered his own in this wide world now seemed to him as mere summer friends, and this was the rock on which his hopes of worldly happiness split. In his eyes now his family members and outsiders were all one—the spell of the ties of affection broke. Retrospection winged its way back to a period several years ago, when he first tasted the fruits of villainy, and scanning his career be came to see that his enormities were too great to merit divine mercy—and his spirit sank under the terror of heaven's retributive justice. He made a long face and with tear-bedewed eyes came back to the sages, set them free and informed the result of his visit. He was stuck in a slough of despond, and could not move in any direction to get out of it, and this made him eat dirt and throw himself on their forbearance with entreaty to put him in the way, if any, of deliverance. The scene melted the hearts of the rishis, but as they were aware that spiritual instructions would be thrown away upon him since he had grown quite grey in inequity, they told him to go on pronouncing the holy name, Rama, which, they said, would absolve him. But strangely enough he could not articulate the word, though he put forth his best efforts, so low had he sunk in the abyss of moral degradation. The sages felt much disappointed, but a plan soon suggested itself, and they asked him to utter the word, Mara, so well familiar to him; as its repitition without interval sounds as if its letters were reversed. Then and there he sat down and threw himself into the work with feverish impetuousity. The sages now went their way.

Long, long years elapsed but there was no relaxation in him although he was self-absorbed and out of touch with everything external. Through the inscrutable ways of God, the same sages happened to appear there again. The surroundings put them in mind of their meeting with Ratnakar at the place, and a desire to learn his fate was excited in their minds. They looked for him here and there, and thus approached an ant-hill and noticed that a low sound like a hum was emitting therefrom. This was a clue, they carefully removed the coating of earth and the mummy like body of Ratnakar was presented to view. All his organs had long ceased work, consciousness of existence had been lost, but most miraculously he was still giving soft utterance to the hallowde name and so says the poet—

> There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
> Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

However, he was soon made to be himself again by the sages, and came to be known as *valmiki* in connection with the ant-hill, *valmik.* He ranked in time among the foremost of the *rishis.* One day he chanced to witness one of a couple of pairing birds shot by a fowler. The struggle of the innocent creature pained him much and from his lips fell the first couplet—

মা নিষাদ প্রতিষ্ঠাং ত্বমগমঃ শাশ্বতীঃ সমাঃ
যৎ ক্রৌঞ্চ মিথুনাদেকমবধীঃ কামমোহিতম্ ।—

an unparallelied gem to the literary world. Later on and myriad of centuries before Rama saw the light he composed the great epic, Ramayan, a work of inestimable value. The great benefit he thus conferred upon humanity goes to show that his former name Ratnakar (mine of gems) was not inappropriate.

On scrutinizing his character it is seen that an exceedingly strong desire for deliverance was at the bottom of his marvellous change, that an unrestrained mental condition kept the burning desire alive and that mental restraint was removed when the observations of his parents and wife opened his eyes to his true relation with the world. If one can by careful discursion convince oneself that desires and aversions, love and hatred, &c, are but fetters that impede one's progress, one can by practice get rid of them, and the mind thus unrestrained, must take pains, if it cherishes a desire for something, and in time attain success even if one does not leave home. Many a king of the solar dynasty may be cited as instances. *Yoga* is that condition of the mind which remains unaffected by desires and aversions, by enconium and opprobrium, by weal and woe &c. This is contentment and this is most desirable as it ensures freedom from pain and enables men to achieve wonders if united with strenuous efforts. Pleasure or enjoyment should not be sought for as they must be followed by sufferings and troubles, and thus put a spoke in one's wheel.

PRAN KUMAR CHAKRAVARTY.

A SHORT REVIEW OF THE REPORT OF THE BENGAL RETRENCHMENT COMMITTEE.

It is hard to come across a more compact, lucid and clear cut report than the one issued by the Retrenchment Committee, Bengal. Most reports are very bulky in form and rather vague and involed in language. But the report under consideration does not suffer from any of these faults. It is impossible for any report to satisfy all sections of the community and I do not believe that any committee on retrenchments could have had that end in view. It is bound so offend departments and services to which it applies its pruning knife or its axe. Some of its recommendations affect changes of policy or method which for one reason or another may not be viewed favourably by the Government or the Legislature.

It is not proposed nor can it be expected that in the course of these few pages any elaborate or detailed criticism would be attempted. For this sort of work vast amount of information and statistical figures would be necessary, which the writer has not at his disposal. All that could be done is to cursorily discuss some of the recommendations.

Settlement Department.

The proposal made by the Committe in regard to the Settlement Department is that only 5 p.c. of the cost of major settlements should be borne by Government and that 95 per cent. together with interest calculated at 25 p.c. should be recovered from landlords and tenants. This would mean that the raiyat would have to pay roughly nine annas per acre instead of seven annas and the landlord something like 6 annas in the rupee upon the annual income from his land. The argument that in view of the substantial benefits gained there could be no hardship in this since the land revenue was no higher at the time than it had been in 1793, seems to be sound,

Survey Department.

It appears that a huge building is being erected in Calcutta for the Survey Department at a cost of several lakhs of rupees and that after the reduction of the department which is under consideration only one-third of the accommodation would be required. Within the last few years Government has been constructing building at Dacca, Hizli in the Midnapore District, and elsewhere which are being put to some other use than those for which they were originally built. On the other hand, there are places where Deputy Collectors, Sub-Deputy Collectors and Munsiffs are put to much difficulty for want of proper quarters. Government is always in sympathy with such officers but it declares that it has no money for undertaking such works.

Excise and Salt.

It is obvious from the figures quoted in the report that since the Re-organisation of the Excise Department in 1914-15 into a Separate and exclusive department, there has been a tremendous growth in its staff and expenses varying from 100 to 300 per cent. In the meantime, the sale and demand for exciseable articles have considerably decreased, owing to the *gandhi* movement. Many shops have had to be abolished in certain areas.

The Excise staff is employed for two classes of work (i) Supervision and (2) Prevention and detection of crimes against the excise law. It is doubtful whether supervision is more effective now than in years previous to 1914, when the Excise Department was in charge of a Deputy Collector. As regards preventive work it is not worth mentioning. It is common knowledge that smuggling of opium, cocain. &c. and illicit distillation is even on the increase. It is said that this is done with the connivance, very often, of the Excise Staff. The cases detected are mostly trumpery ones. The method employed is of a steriotyped nature. A spy, a few marked pice, and lo ! The discovery of a few grains of cocain or fraction of a tola of *Ganja,* or opium in a most unprotected part of the house. There is big staff toppling over one another, having no brain work at all to do, and yet this hopeless dearth of ingenuity or originality ! The detection of real crime means hard work which the staff is incapable of putting in.

The Retrenchment Committee's recommendation that there should be a return to the system in force before the reorganisation and a considerable reduction in the staff of Inspectors &c. is commendable. It has further suggested the abolition of two posts of Deputy Commissioner, the Excise Intelligence Bureau and the

Excise Intelligence Gazette which cost much money but serve no useful purpose.

The Committee has also urged the abolition of posts filled by officers of the Salt Department on the ground that the work could easily be carried out by the ordinary Excise staff.

Reward & T. Allowance.

It is a notorious fact that the amounts given away in rewards to officers of the Excise Department is abnormally high. There is hardly any petty case in which reward is not given. We do not see at all why reward should be given to any body merely for the performance of their legitimate duties. Large sums are also drawn by officers of this department in the shape of travelling allowance for practically doing no work.

The Registration Department.

The recommendations in regard to the Registration Department are to abolish the post of the Inspector General of Registration, Inspectors of Registration, to remove superfluous Sub-Registry offices and double the fees charged for copying, registering and searching documents, as the fees have not been revised for the last 25 years The department is to be put in charge of the Commissioner of Excise. There is nothing unreasonable in these proposals.

In the Secretariat the main changes recommanded are an amalgamation of the Revenue Department with the Board of Revenue on the ground that there is much unnecessary reduplication of work, the functions of the two departments not being clearly defined. The appointment of a second member of the Board is recommended on the ground of increase of work. Under this arrangement one post of Secretary could be dispensed with. A reduction of staff would necessarily follow in consequence of the elimination of references between the two departments.

Further proposals are that the Civil Secretariat should consist of the Chief Secretary assisted by three other Secretaries namely, Financial Secretary, Judicial Secretary and Local Self Government Secretary. The post of Deputy Secretary (Political and Appointment Departments would be dispensed with, as also the posts of Assistant Secretaries in the Judicial and the Public Warks Department on the ground that there is the no apparent need for the retention of these officers. The abolition of the posts of Registrars is also recommended.

Divisional Commissioner.

The recommendation regarding the abolition of the post of commissioners is one which would meet with general approval. The delegation of the revenue powers of the Commissioners to the Collectors would satisfy the District officers. In special case where a collector is not considered competent to be vested with appellate powers, the appeal would lie to the Board of Revenue.

It is recommended that the inspection of the revenue side of a district should be done by the Board of Revenue, in case Commissionerships are abolished. It is considered that the appointment of two Sheristadars would be necessary to help the members to examine in detail district registers. We think that such inspections would hardly be necessary in the case of districts manned by senior or experienced Collectors.

District Administration.

The chapter on district administration is very important and interesting involving as it does a change of policy. The proposals are made on the basis of the Indianisation of services along certain lines. The view taken is that there should not be increased association of Indians in the All India Services but rather that the All India Services should be gradually provincialised. That is, the percentage of Europeans required should be appointed to the Provincial Services with a fixed oversea allowance. In other words, the Provincial Services should be recruited with a view to provide District Officers. It is considered that there should be a Subordinate Judicial Service similar to the Subordinate Executive Service. It is admitted that members of the Subordinate Executive Service do carry out and are capable of carrying out the duties ordinarily performed by Deputy Magistrates and Collectors. In recognition of this fact it is proposed that the theoretical and artificial bar imposed by Government should be removed and that this service should be manfully utilised. It is recommended that there should be a reduction of 123 officers out of a total of 323 officers in the Provincial Executive branch and that their work should be carried out by the substitution of Subordinate Service officers. It comes about that the brunt of the work is to be thrust upon the shoulders of of poorly paid officers. They are expected to undertake greater responsibilities, have a larger share in the disposal of revenue and criminal work of a district, with very little addition to their pay or prospects. The present scale of Sub-Deputy Collectors is Rs. 150—400 with a selection grade of Rs. 450. The stinted recommendation of the Committee is that there may be, a possible extention of the maximum pay to Rs. 500, with a selection grade of "not more than Rs. 550." This consideration, however small it may be, from the members of a Retrenchment Committee speaks volumes and shew which way the public sympathies go. The members of the service, on the other hand, feel that their top grade should not be less than that of Rs. 600 and that there should be a selection grade of not less than of Rs. 650. So long the goverument have been resisting further increase in the pay of Sub-Deputy Collectors, on the ground of distinction of work, although this so-called distinction had been all along very much blurred. Now that all the works done by Deputy Collectors and Magistrate are going to be transferred to Sub-Deputy Collectors and Magistrate that argument can have no place. If nature of the work damanded is going to be the criterion of pay then there is no reason why a pay of Rs. 200 to Rs. 600 should be recommended in the case of police officers of less than district rank. His work is certainly, not more intricate, arduous, or, important than the work of a Sub-Deputy Collector and Magistrate even as things are at present. In all justice Sub-Deputy Collectors and Magistrates should get Rs. 200 to Rs. 650. Government would still be effecting a Saving of Rs. $\frac{200}{350}$ per head on the upper grades and proportionately so in the lower grades. It is no use raising artifical barrier merely on the principle of uniformity in the scale of pay of the Provincial and Subordinate services and harbouring inefficiency and discontentment. Even from this point of view the giving of Rs. 600 as the maximum pay would not clash with the recommendation of the Committee to the effect that the highest range of pay of Provincial Service men of a rank lower than that of a District Officer should be between Rs. 650 so Rs. 750.

The argument that all Departments of the Subordinate Service should have one uniform rate of pay is absurd. For then the

Indian Civil Service ought not to receive a higher salary than the Imperial Police Service.

There is no doubt that the distinctions between the Provincial and Subordinate Executive Services have been, generally speaking, a theoretical one. It is claimed " that the proposal made by the Retrenchment Committee affords a rational and definite distinction between the two Services that is now lacking." The scheme for provincialisation of the All India services is a plausible one. But it seeks to introduce an innovation in the garb of economy which would not be popular with any service. It is recommended that the Indian members of the Service should receive two-thirds of the pay of the European members. This would only help to widen the gulf, already existing, between the position and prestige enjoyed by the European members of the service and Indian members. As it is, the Indian members of the service are treated with scant courtesy. It is no use discussing this problem now because nobody knows how the Lee Commission would view the matter. We are afraid Provincial Governments have no hand in the decision of questions affecting the All India Services.

Moreover, the recommendation of the Retrenchment Committee seek to tamper with the All India Services and the Executive and Judicial branch of the Provincial Services to a very great extent. It seems so us that the simpler, more rational and practical plan would have been to leave the Indianisation of the service out of consideration for the present. One could not be sure that Indianisation would proceed along provincial lines and in the pace in which the Committee thinks it would. If not, the Retrenchment Committee's reccommendations would lose all value and usefulness. The axe has been freely applied in the case of the Deputy Collectors on the purely hypothetical assumption that Indianisation would be rapid leading to the ultimate elimination of the Indian Civil Service. This may not come about for years and the sudden reduction of Provincial Service would put terrible burdens on the shoulders of the already over-worked officers. There are some district head quarters where the work is light and the number of officers larger than is necessary but such districts are few in number. The better plan would have been so leave the services as they are at present. Cuts could be made whenever necessary. And instead of creating a subordinate service on the Judicial side it would have been the saner thing so remodel the Provincial and Subordinate Executive services on the lines of the Judicial side. Circle officers could be formed into a separate service as their numbers are going to be much larger than the number of Sub-Deputy Collectors before the introduction of the Circle system. Besides, the nature of their work involves very little brain work compared with the Judicial work done by Sub-Deputy Magistrates (particularly those vested with first class powers). At any rate, this ought to be done when the separation of the Executive and Judicial functions takes place. Those officers of the Subordinate Civil Service who are selected for Judicial work should be put on the same scale of pay as Munsiffs. We urge this matter seriously for the consideration of the Government. If necessary they could also be vested with the powers of a Munsiff as in the non regulated provinces.

The present scale of pay of Deputy Collectors is Rs. 250 to 850 with a selection grade of Rs. 1000. Their scale of pay is to be arranged as in the case of Judicial officers as noted below. The Provincial Service would embrace posts of district rank. But what about the officers not holding district rank ? What would be the difference between their work and the work of Sub-Deputy Collectors and Magistrates as proposed now ? The difficulty of the Situation lies in this. You cannot successfully create a distinction when there is absence of real distinction. We therefore recommend strongly that the two services be arranged as in the Judicial branch.

On the Judicial side the recommendations are (i) Employment of Honorary Munsiffs for the disposal of suits for money and moveables not exceeding Rs. 50 in value, (ii) Reduction of the cadre of Munsiffs by 22 and of Sub-Judges by 5. The pay of Judicial officers is to be as follow :—

Rs. 275 on confirmation.

Rs. 275 to Rs. 750 as a Judicial officer of less than district rank.

Rs. 900 to Rs. 1250 as an Assistant Sessions Judge.

Rs. 1000 to Rs. 1500 as a District and Sessions Judge.

X. Y. Z.

UNFORGOTTEN.

I found the Persian rose and kiss'd the leaves
That crown'd you once a queen of fantasies,
When Philomel that night within the nest
Sat silent while you sang and thought it best
Your plaintive notes—like hers the lost to speech—
Thrill'd through the heart—a music none could teach,
Now memory echoes back—the song of each!

The Minaret stands fair against the sky,
Faint blue outlines its marble tracery,
The pathway is the same, but not to me,
Yet living buds adorn that scented tree:
There is another spot with roses set,
Where sweeps a strain of passionate regret.
Ah! would you say to both—forget! forget!

How vain the thought! The nightingale still sings,
The throes of love, its sweet and bitter things,
Between tall palms the pale stars shine again,
Beyond is Paradise without life's pain,
In fadeless gardens, with a soul refresh'd
You walk along, a silent timid guest—
Here sorrow is confusion—there 'tis blest!

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